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NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS

MURAT.

NAPOLEON

AND HIS MARSHALS

BY

J. T. HEADLEY

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VOLUME II

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1908

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Achille, the eldest son of Murat, formerly king of the two Sicilies, is now a planter in Florida. Fleeing from France, he came to our country, and found an asylum on our shores, the place of refuge to so many of those strong and restless spirits that once unsettled Europe from her repose. Kings, and princes, and marshals, and nobles, have in turn been forced to take shelter under our eagle, to escape imprisonment and death at home.

There are three classes of men which a state of war brings to the surface to astonish the world by their deeds. The first is composed of those stern and powerful men whose whole inherent force must out in action or slumber on forever. In peaceful times they acquire no eminence, for there is nothing on which they can expend the prodigious active energy they possess; but in agitated times, when a throne can be won by a strong arm and a daring spirit, they arouse themselves and move amid the tumult completely at

home. At the head of this class stands Marshal Ney —the proud, stern, invincible soldier, who acquired the title of "the bravest of the brave."

A second class of reckless, daring spirits, who love the excitement of danger, and the still greater excitement of gaining or losing every thing on a single throw, always flourish in great commotions. In times of peace they would be distinguished only as roving adventurers or reckless, dissipated youth of some country village. In war they often perform desperate deeds, and by their headlong valor secure for themselves a place among those who go down to immortality. At the head of this class stands Marshal Junot, who acquired the soubriquet of "*la tempête*," "the tempest."

A third class is composed of the few men left of a chivalric age. They have an innate love of glory from their youth, and live more by imagination in the days of knighthood, than amid the practical scenes that surround them. Longing for the field where great *deeds* are to be done, they cannot be forced into the severe and steady mental labor necessary to success in ordinary times. To them life is worthless, destitute of brilliant achievements, and there is nothing brilliant that is not *outwardly* so. In peace such men simply do nothing, and dream away half their life, while the other half is made up of blunders, and good and bad impulses. But in turbulent scenes, they become decided characters. The doubts and opposing reasons that distract others have no influence over them. Following their impulses, they move to a higher feeling than the mere calculator of good and evil. At the head of this class stands, as a patriot, the lazy Patrick Henry, and as a warrior, the chivalric Murat.

The latter, however, was an *active*, rather than a *passive* dreamer—pursuing, rather than contemplating, a fancied good, and he acquired the name of the "*prieux chevalier*."

Joachim Murat was born March 25th, 1767, in Bastide, a little village, twelve miles from Cahors. His father was the landlord of a little tavern in the place. He was honest and industrious, with a large family of children, none of which exhibited any striking qualities with the exception of Joachim, who was regarded the most reckless, daring boy in the village. He rode a horse like a young Bedouin, and it was around his father's stable he first acquired that firm and easy seat in the saddle, that afterwards made him the most remarkable horseman of his time. The high and fiery spirit of the boy marked him out, at an early age, as a child of promise, and he became the Benjamin of his parents. The father had once been a steward in the Talleyrand family, and through its influence young Murat was received, when nine years old, into the college of Cahors, and entered on a course of studies preparatory to the church.

His parents had destined him to the priestly office, for which he was about as much fitted by nature as Talleyrand himself. But nothing could make a scholar of him. Neglecting his studies and engaged in every frolic, he was disliked by his instructors and beloved by his companions. "The Abbé Murat," as he was jocularly termed, did nothing that corresponded to his title, but on the contrary everything opposed to it. His teachers prophesied evil of him, and declared him, at length, fit for nothing but a soldier, and they, for once, were right. Leaving Cahors, he entered the college at Toulouse no wiser than when he commenced

his ecclesiastical education. Many adventures are told of him while at the latter place, which, whether apocryphal or not, were all worthy of the reckless young libertine. At length, falling in love with a pretty girl of the city, he fought for her, and carrying off his prize lived with her concealed till the last sous was gone, and then appeared among his companions again. This put an end to his clerical hopes, and throwing off his professional garb, he enlisted, in a fit of desperation, into a regiment of chasseurs that happened at that time to be passing through the city. Becoming tired of the restraint of the camp, he wrote to his brother to obtain his dismission, which was promised, on condition he would resume his theological studies. The promise was given, and he returned to his books, but the ennui of such a life was greater than that of a camp, and he soon left school, and went to his father's house, and again employed himself in the stables. Disgusted with the business of an ostler, he again entered the army. The second time he became sick of his employment, and asked for his dismissal. It was about this time he cheated an old miser out of a hundred francs, by passing off a gilded snuff-box for a gold one. But money was not the motive that prompted him to this trick. A young friend had enlisted in the army, and had no way of escape except by raising a certain sum of money, which was out of his power to do. It was to obtain this for his friend, Murat cheated the old man.

But the revolution beginning now to agitate Paris, Murat's spirit took fire, and having obtained a situation in the constitutional guard of Louis Sixteenth, he hastened with young Bessières, born in the same department, to the capital, and there laid the foundation of his after career, which made him the most distinguished

of Napoleon's marshals. An ultra-republican, his sentiments, of which he made no secret, often brought him into difficulty, so that it is said he fought six duels in a single month. At this time he was twenty-two years of age, tall, handsome, and almost perfectly formed, and with a gait and bearing that made him the admiration of every beholder.

During the reign of terror he was a violent republican, and advanced through the grades of lieutenant and captain to that of major. In 1795, having aided Napoleon in quelling the sections, the latter, when he was appointed to command the army in Italy, made him a member of his personal staff. Here, beside the rising Corsican, commenced his brilliant career. With the words, "Honor and the Ladies," engraved on the blade of his sword—words characteristic of the chivalric spirit of the man—he passed through the Italian campaign second only to Bonaparte in the valorous deeds that were wrought. At Montenotte, Milesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Rivoli, &c., he proved the clear-sightedness of Napoleon in selecting him for a companion in the perilous path he had marked out for himself. He was made the bearer of the colors taken in this campaign, to the Directory, and was promoted to the rank of general of brigade.

He soon after accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt, where he grew weary and discontented in the new warfare he had to encounter. In the first place, cavalry was less efficient than infantry against the wild Mamelukes. When twenty thousand of those fierce warriors, mounted on the fleet steeds of the desert, came flying down on their mad gallop, nothing but the close and serried ranks of infantry and the fixed bayonet could arrest their progress. Besides, what

was a charge of cavalry against those fleet horsemen whose onset and retreat were too rapid for the heavy armed French cuirassiers to return or pursue? Moreover, the taking of pyramids and deserts was not the kind of victory that suited his nature.

But at Aboukir, where he was appointed by Napoleon to force the centre of the Turkish lines, he showed what wild work he could make with his cavalry. He rode straight through the Turkish ranks, and drove column after column into the sea; and in one of his fierce charges dashed into the camp of Mustapha Pacha, and rode directly up to the Turkish chieftain as, surrounded by two hundred Janizaries, he stood bravely defending himself. The Pacha, seeing him approach, advanced rapidly to meet him, and drawing a pistol, aimed it at his head. The bullet grazed his cheek, just starting the blood, and the next moment Murat's glittering sword gleamed before the eyes of the Pacha as it descended on his hand, crushing two of his fingers with the blow. The Pacha was seized and carried a prisoner into the French camp. His brilliant achievements in this battle fixed him forever in the affections of Napoleon, who soon after chose him one of the few who were to return with him to France. During that long and anxious voyage Murat was by his side, and when the vessel in which they sailed was forced by adverse winds into the port of Ajaccio, he visited with the bold Corsican the scenes of his childhood.

In the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, which placed Bonaparte in power, Joachim took a conspicuous part, and did perhaps more than any other single general for him in that trying hour. In that crisis of Napoleon's life, when he stalked into the Council of the Five Hundred, already thrown into tumultuous excitement by the

news of his usurpation, and the startling cry, "Down with the tyrant" met his ear, Murat was by to save him. "Charge bayonets," said he to the battalion of soldiers under him, and with firm step and leveled pieces they marched into the hall and dissolved the Assembly.

Soon after, being at the time thirty-three years of age, he married Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest sister of the Emperor, then in all the bloom and freshness of eighteen. The handsome person and dashing manners of Murat pleased her more than the higher-born Moreau. In a fortnight after his marriage he was on his way with his brother-in-law to cross the St. Bernard into Italy. At Marengo he commanded the cavalry, and for his great exploits in this important battle, received from the consular government a magnificent sword.

Bonaparte, as Emperor, never ceased lavishing honors on his favorite brother-in-law. He went up from General of Brigade to General of Division, then to Commander of the National Guard, Marshal, Grand Admiral, Prince of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, Grand Duke of Berg and Cleves, and was finally made King of Naples.

"The Abbé Murat" had gone through some changes since he was studying theology at Toulouse.

It is not my design to enter in detail into the history of Murat, but having given the steps by which he ascended to greatness, speak only of those acts which illustrate the great points of his character. In the campaign of 1805—at Wertingen, Vienna and Austerlitz, and other fields of fame—in 1806–7 at Jena, Lubeck, Eylau and Friedland—in 1808 overthrowing the Spanish Bourbons, and placing the crown in Napoleon's hands, he is the same victorious leader and intrepid man.

His three distinguishing characteristics were, high chivalric courage, great skill as a general, and almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril. Added to all this, Nature had lavished her gifts on the mere physical man. His form was tall and finely proportioned—his tread like that of a king—his face striking and noble, while his piercing glance few men could bear. This was Murat on foot, but place him on horseback, and he was still more imposing. He never mounted a steed that was not worthy of the boldest knight of ancient days, and his incomparable seat made both horse and rider an object of universal admiration. The English invariably condemn the theatrical costume he always wore, as an evidence of folly, but it was in perfect keeping with his character. He was not a man of deep thought and compact mind, but resembled an oriental in his tastes, and loved every thing gorgeous and imposing. He usually wore a rich Polish dress, with the collar ornamented with gold brocade, ample pantaloons, scarlet or purple, and embroidered with gold. Boots of yellow leather, with a straight diamond-hilted sword, like that worn by the ancient Romans, hanging from a girdle of gold brocade, completed his dashing exterior. He had heavy black whiskers, and long black locks, which, streaming over his shoulders, contrasted singularly with his fiery blue eye. On his head he wore a three-cornered chapeau, from which rose a magnificent white plume that bent under its profusion of ostrich feathers, while beside it, and in the same gold band, towered away a splendid heron plume. Over all this brilliant costume, he wore in cold weather a pelisse of green velvet, lined and fringed with the costliest sables.

Neither did he forget his horse in this gorgeous ap

pareling, but had him adorned with the rich Turkish stirrup and bridle, and almost covered with azure-colored trappings. Had all this finery been piled on a diminutive man, or an indifferent rider like Bonaparte, it would have appeared ridiculous; but on the splendid charger, and still more majestic figure of Murat, with his lofty bearing, it seemed in place and keeping. This dazzling exterior always made him a mark for the enemy's bullets in battle, and it is a wonder that so conspicuous an object was never shot down. Perhaps there never was a greater contrast between two men, than between Murat and Napoleon, when they rode together along the lines previous to battle. The square figure, plain three-cornered hat, leather breeches, brown surtout, and careless seat of Napoleon, were the direct counterpart of the magnificent display and imposing attitude of his chivalric brother-in-law. To see Murat decked out in this extravagant costume at a review, might create a smile, but whoever once saw that gaily-caparisoned steed with its commanding rider in the front of battle, plunging like a thunderbolt through the broken ranks, or watched the progress of that towering white plume, floating high over the tens of thousands that struggled behind it—a constant mark to the balls that whistled like hailstones around it—never felt like smiling again at him. Especially would he forget those gilded trappings when he saw him return from a charge, with his diamond-hilted sword dappled with gore, his gay uniform riddled with balls and singed and blackened with powder, while his strong war-horse was streaked with foam and blood, and reeking with sweat. That white plume was the banner to the host he led, and while it continued fluttering over the field of the slain, hope was never

relinquished. Many a time has Napoleon seen it glancing like a beam of light to the charge, and watched its progress like the star of his destiny, as it struggled for awhile in the hottest of the fight, and then smiled in joy as he beheld it burst through the thick ranks of infantry, scattering them from his path like chaff before the wind.

Napoleon once said, that in battle he was probably the bravest man in the world. There was something more than mere success to him in it. He invested it with a sort of glory in itself—threw an air of romance about it all, and doubtless fought frequently, almost in an imaginary world. The device on his sword, so like the knights of old—his very costume copied from those warriors who lived in more chivalric days, and his heroic manner and bearing, as he led his troops into battle, prove him to be wholly unlike all other generals of that time. In his person at least, he restored the days of knighthood. He himself unconsciously lets out this peculiarity, in speaking of the battle of Mount Tabor. At the foot of this hill, Kleber, with 5,000 men, found himself hemmed in by 30,000 Turks. Fifteen thousand cavalry first came thundering down on this band of 5,000, arranged in the form of a square. For six hours they maintained the unequal combat, when Napoleon arrived with succor on Mount Tabor. As he looked down on the plain, he could see nothing but a countless multitude covering the tumultuous field, and swaying and tossing amid the smoke that curtained them in. It was only by the steady vollies and simultaneous flashes of musketry, that he could distinguish where his own brave soldiers maintained their ground. The shot of a solitary twelve pounder, which he fired, first announced to his exhaust

ed countrymen that relief was at hand. The ranks then, for the first time, ceased acting on the defensive, and extending themselves, charged bayonet. Murat was on the banks of the Jordan and took the enemy as they rolled towards the bridge, and with his little band performed prodigies of valor and outdid himself. Once he was nearly alone in the centre of a large body of Turkish cavalry. All around, nothing was visible but a mass of turbaned heads and flashing scimetars, except in the centre, where was seen a single white plume tossing like a rent banner over the throng. For awhile the battle thickened where it stooped and rose, as Murat's strong war-horse reared and plunged amid the sabre strokes that fell like lightning on every side,—and then the multitude surged back, as he burst through with a shout that rung over the wild "Allah" of his foes. His steed staggered under him and seemed ready to fall, while the blood poured in streams from his sides. But Murat's eye seemed to burn with four-fold lustre, and with a cry, those who surrounded him never forgot to their latest day, he wheeled his exhausted steed on the foe, and at the head of a body of his own cavalry trampled everything down that opposed his progress. Speaking of this terrible fight, Murat said that in the hottest of it he thought of Christ, and his transfiguration on that same spot nearly two thousand years before, and it gave him ten-fold courage and strength. He was promoted in rank on the spot. This single fact throws a flood of light on Murat's character, and shows what visions of glory often rose before him in battle, giving to his whole movement and aspect, a greatness and dignity that could not be assumed.

None could appreciate this chivalrous bearing of

Murat better than the wild Cossacks. In the memorable Russian campaign, he was called from his throne at Naples to take command of the cavalry, and performed prodigies of valor in that disastrous war. When the steeples and towers of Moscow at length rose on the sight, Murat, looking at his soiled and battle-worn garments, declared them unbecoming so great an occasion as the triumphal entrance into the Russian capital, and retired and dressed himself in his most magnificent costume, and thus apparelled, rode at the head of his squadrons into the deserted city. The Cosssacks had never seen a man that would compare with Murat in the splendor of his garb, the beauty of his horsemanship, and, more than all, in his incredible daring in battle. Those wild children of the desert would often stop, amazed, and gaze in silent admiration, as they saw him dash, single-handed, into the thickest of their ranks, and scatter a score of their most renowned warriors from his path, as if he were a bolt from heaven. His effect upon these children of nature, and the prodigies he wrought among them, seem to belong to the age of romance rather than to our practical times. They never saw him on his magnificent steed, sweeping to the charge, his tall white plume streaming behind him, without sending up a shout of admiration before they closed in conflict.

In approaching Moscow, Murat, with a few troops, had left Gjatz somewhat in advance of the grand army, and finding himself constantly annoyed by the hordes of Cossacks that hovered around him, now wheeling away in the distance, and now dashing up to his columns, compelling them to deploy; lost all patience, and obeying one of those chivalric impulses that so often hurled him into the most desperate straits, put

spurs to his horse, and galloping all alone up to the astonished squadrons, halted right in front of them, and cried out in a tone of command, "Clear the way, reptiles!" Awed by his manner and voice, they immediately dispersed. During the armistice, while the Russians were evacuating Moscow, these sons of the wilderness flocked by thousands around him. As they saw him reining his high-spirited steed towards them, they sent up a shout of applause, and rushed forward to gaze on one they had seen carrying such terror through their ranks. One called him his "hetman,"—the highest honor that could be conferred on him. They would now point to his steed and now to his costume, while they fairly recoiled before his piercing glance. Murat was so much pleased by the homage of these simple-hearted warriors, that he distributed among them all the money he had, and all he could borrow from the officers about him, and finally his watch, and then the watches of his friends. He had made many presents to them before; for often, in battle, he would select out the most distinguished Cossack warrior, and plunging directly into the midst of the enemy, engage him single-handed, and take him prisoner, and afterwards dismiss him with a gold chain about his neck, or some other rich ornament attached to his person.

He was also a good general, though I know this is often disputed. Nothing is more common than the belief that an impulsive, headlong man cannot be clear-headed, while history proves that few others ever accomplish anything. From Alexander down to Bonaparte, your impetuous beings have always had the grandest plans, and executed them. Yet, men will retain their prejudices, and you cannot convince them that the silent, grave owl is not wiser than the

talkative parrot, though the reverse is indisputably true. There could hardly be a more impetuous man than Bonaparte, and he had a clearer head and a sounder judgment than all his generals put together. Murat's impulses were often stronger than his reason, and in that way detracted from his generalship. Besides, he was *too* brave, and never counted his enemy. He seemed to think he was not made to be killed in battle, or to be defeated. Bonaparte had great confidence in his judgment when he was cool, and consulted him perhaps more than any other of his generals upon the plan of an anticipated battle. On these occasions Murat never flattered, and expressed his opinions in the plainest, most direct language, and often differed materially from his brother-in-law. Perhaps no one ever had greater skill than Napoleor in judging of the position of the enemy; and in the midst of battle, and in the confusion of conflicting columns, his perceptions were like lightning. Yet, in these great qualities, Murat was nearly his equal. His *plans* were never reckless, but the manner he carried them out was desperation itself. Said Bonaparte of him, "He was my right arm—he was a paladin in the field—the best cavalry officer in the world."

Murat loved Bonaparte with supreme devotion, and bore with his impatience and irascibility, and even dissipated them by his good-humor. Once, however, Bonaparte irritated him beyond endurance. Murat foresaw the result of a march to Moscow, and expostulated with his brother-in-law on the perilous undertaking. The dispute ran high, and Murat pointed to the lateness of the season, and the inevitable ruin in which the winter, so close at hand, would involve the army. Bonaparte, more passionate than usual, because Murat

had the right of it, as he had, a few days before, when he besought him not to attack Smolensko since the Russians would evacuate it of their own accord; made some reply which was heard only by the latter, but which stung him so to the quick that he simply replied, "A march to Moscow will be the destruction of the army," and spurred his horse straight into the fire of a Russian battery. Bonaparte had touched him in some sore spot, and he determined to wipe out the disgrace by his death. He ordered all his guard to leave him, and dismounting from his magnificent steed, with his piercing eye turned full on the battery, stood calmly waiting the ball that should shatter him. A more striking subject for a picture was scarce ever furnished than he exhibited in that attitude. There stood his high-mettled and richly caparisoned charger, with arching neck and dilated eye, giving ever and anon a slight shiver at each explosion of the artillery that ploughed up the turf at his feet, while Murat, in his splendid attire, stood beside him with his ample breast turned full on the fire, and his proud lip curled in defiance, and his tall white plume waving to and fro in the air as the bullets whistled by it—the impersonation of calm courage and heroic daring. At length, casting his eye round, he saw General Belliard still by his side. He asked him why he did not withdraw. "Every man," he replied, "is master of his own life, and as your Majesty seems determined to dispose of your own, I must be allowed to fall beside you." This fidelity and love struck the generous heart of Murat, and he turned his horse and galloped out of the fire. The affection of a single man could conquer him, at any time, whom the enemy seemed

unable to overcome. His own life was nothing, but the life of a friend was surpassingly dear to him.

As proof that he was an able general as well as a brave man, it is necessary only to refer to the campaign of 1805. He commenced this campaign by the victory of Wertingen—took three thousand prisoners at Languenau, advanced upon Neresheim, charged the enemy and made three thousand prisoners, marched to Norlingen and compelled the whole division of Weernesk to surrender, beat Prince Ferdinand, and hurrying after the enemy, overtook the rear-guard of the Austrians, charged them and took 500 prisoners —took Ems, and again beat the enemy on the heights of Amstetten, and made 1800 prisoners—pushed on to Saint Polten, entered Vienna, and without stopping, pressed on after the Russians, and overtaking their rear-guard, made 2000 prisoners, and crowned his rapid, brilliant career with prodigies of valor that filled all Europe with admiration, on the field of Austerlitz.

Bonaparte usually put from ten to twenty thousand cavalry under Murat, and placed them in reserve behind the lines, and when he ordered the charge he was almost certain of victory. After a long and wasting fight, in which the infantry struggled with almost equal success, and separate bodies of horse had effected but little, Bonaparte would order him down with his enormous weight of cavalry. It is said that his eye always brightened as he saw that magnificent body begin to move, and he watched the progress of that single white plume, which was ever visible above the throng, with the intensest interest. *Where* it went he knew were broken ranks and trampled men, and *while* it went he knew that defeat was impossible. Like Ney, he carried immense moral force with him. Not only

were his followers inspired by his personal appearance and incredible daring, but he had acquired the reputation of being invincible, and when he ordered the charge, every man, both friend and foe, knew it was to be the most desperate one human power could make. And then the appearance of twenty thousand horsemen coming down on the dead gallop, led by such a man, was enough to send terror through any infantry.

The battle of Valentina exhibited an instance of this moral force of Murat. He had ordered Junot to cross a marshy flat and charge the flank of the Russians while he poured his strong *cuirassiers* on the centre. Charging furiously with his own men, he was surprised to find that Junot had not obeyed his command. Without waiting for his guard, he wheeled his horse, and galloping alone through the wasting fire, rode up to him and demanded why he had not obeyed his order. Junot replied that he could not induce the Westphalian cavalry to stir, so dreadful was the fire where they were ordered to advance. Murat made no reply, but reining his steed up in front of the squadrons, waved his sword over his head and dashed straight into the sharp-shooters, followed by that hitherto wavering cavalry as if they had forgotten there was such a thing as danger. The Russians were scattered like pebbles from his path; then turning to Junot, he said, "There, thy marshal's staff is half earned for thee; do the rest thyself."

Soon after, at the battle of Borodino, as the redoubts were carried and Bagration was driven back, and while Murat was endeavoring to rally his men, disordered with victory, the second Russian line advanced, and the latter became entirely surrounded

before he was aware of it. To escape being made prisoner, he threw himself into one of the redoubts, where he found only a few soldiers, panic stricken, and running in affright around the fort seeking a way of retreat. Instantly calling them to halt, he stood and waved his plume, as a banner, over his head, and finally rallied them to resistance, and held the redoubt till Ney advanced to his deliverance. As these two heroes stood and breasted the terrible tempest that then burst upon them, Murat saw the soldiers of Friand's division beginning to break, and heard one of the officers order a retreat. Running up to him, he seized him by the collar, and exclaimed, "What are you about?" The colonel pointed to the ground, on which lay half his troops, and said, "You see it is impossible to stand here." "Very well," replied Murat, "*I* will remain." The officer stopped, looked at him a moment in surprise, and then turning round, coolly said, "You are right! Soldiers, face the enemy: let us go and be killed!"

Throughout this fatal campaign he bore himself like one who could not be killed, and when the mournful retreat commenced, he fought with the same unshaken courage. Though his cavalry had melted away, and his gorgeous apparel had given place to the soiled and tattered garments of a fugitive, and the gay and brilliant knight had disappeared before the rigors of winter, the claims of hunger, toil, and defeat; he still charged with the same impetuosity as ever. His apparel, dazzling as it was, had nothing to do with his courage. He once said to Miot, at the siege of Jaffa, who asked him what he would do if the enemy should surprise him in the night, "Well, I would mount on horseback in my

shirt, and I should be the better distinguished in the dark." His showy exterior simply corresponded with his chivalric sentiments.

But it is impossible to speak of all the engagements in which he took a part. He was in constant service, and he never fought a battle without performing some heroic deed. On the plains of Italy, over the sands of Egypt, by the waters of Jordan, by the Danube and Rhine, through the snow-drifts of Russia,—everywhere, over hundreds of battle-fields, he moves the same intrepid leader and chivalric warrior. Resistless in the onset, deadly in the pursuit, he flies from one scene of strife to another, as if war were his element.

CHARGE AT EYLAU.

But it is at Eylau that he always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had yet occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a *complete* victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all—no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that lay scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-five thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept the night of the 7th of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, as described in the preceding volume, was utterly

routed early in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm, so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm. Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow-storm clearing up revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectations than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle—but there was no other resource left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. *Seventy squadrons*, making in all 14,000 well-mounted men, began to move over the slope, with the Old Guard marching sternly behind. Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow-storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance. The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the thousands of glittering helmets and flashing sabres above the dark and angry

mass below, looked like the foam of a sea wave as it crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor and the muffled thunder of their tread drowned all the roar of battle, as with firm set array and swift, steady motion, they bore down with their terrible front on the foe. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost-work before it. Then commenced a protracted fight of hand-to-hand and sword-to-sword, as in the cavalry action at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together. The Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again and again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through a broken host that, gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with ten-fold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glancing through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory. He raged like

an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eye, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the tumult of the strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that, for a long time had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guard, that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by.

Though the cavalry were at length compelled to retire, the Russians had received a check that alone saved the day. Previously, without bringing up their reserve, they were steadily advancing over the field, but now they were glad to cease the combat and wait for further reinforcements under Lestocq, before they renewed the battle. I have spoken of the progress of the fight during the day in another place. Prodigies of valor were performed on all sides, and men slain by tens of thousands, till night at length closed the awful scene, and the Russians began to retire from the field.

Such was the battle of Eylau, fought in the midst of a piercing snow-storm. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and painter But let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, if he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fifty-two thousand men* lay piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while

the snow, giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a wintry morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses were scattered amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more fearful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down upon this fallen multitude, while the pale faces of the thousands that were already stiff in death, appeared still more appalling in their vast winding sheet of snow. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and disemboweled corpses were scattered thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of woe were here visible. No modern war had hitherto exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest. *Two days* after the battle *five thousand* wounded Russians lay on the frozen field, where they had dragged out the weary nights and days in pain. The dead were still unburied, and lay amid wrecks of cannons, and munition wagons, and bullets, and howitzers;—whole lines had sunk where they stood, while epaulettes, and neglected sabres, and muskets without owners, were strewed on every side, and thrown into still more terrible relief by the white ground of snow, over which they lay. Said Napoleon, in his bulletin home, after describing the dreadful appearance the field presented,—"The spectacle is sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and horror of war."

I have said little of his conquest at Madrid, because

it was done without effort. The sudden rising of the population of the city, in which were slaughtered seven hundred Frenchmen, was followed by the public execution of forty of the mob. Much effort has been made to fix a stain on Murat by this execution, and the destruction of some hundred previously, in the attempt to quell the insurrection, by calling it a premeditated massacre. But it was evidently not so. Murat was imprudent, there is no doubt, and acted with duplicity, nay, treachery, in all his dealings with the royal family of Spain, but also acted under instructions. He doubtless hoped to receive the crown of Spain, but Bonaparte forced it upon his brother Joseph, then king of Naples, and put Murat in his place.

Of his civil administration, one cannot say much in praise. He was too ignorant for a king, and was worthless in the cabinet. The diplomacy of a battle-field he understood, and the management of 20,000 cavalry was an easier thing than the superintendence of a province. Strength of resolution, courage, and military skill he was not wanting in, while in the qualities necessary to the administration of a government, he was utterly deficient. He was conscious of his inferiority here, and knew that his imperial brother-in-law, who gazed on him in admiration, almost in awe, in the midst of battle, made sport of him as a king. These things, together with some unsuccessful efforts of his own, exasperated him to such a degree that he became sick and irresolute. Four years of his life passed away in comparative idleness, and it was only the extensive preparations of Napoleon in 1812 to invade Russia, that roused him to be his former self. Bonaparte's treatment of him while occupying his throne at Naples, together with some things that transpired in the Ru-

sian campaign, conspired to embitter Murat's feelings towards his imperious brother-in-law; for his affection, which till that time was unwavering, began then to vacillate.

It is probable that it had been more than hinted to him by the emperor that he intended to deprive him of his crown. At least, not long after Bonaparte left the wreck of the grand army in its retreat from Russia in his hands, he abandoned his post, and traveled night and day till he reached Naples. It is also said by an acquaintance of Murat, that Bonaparte, at the birth of the young Duke of Parma, announced to the King of Naples, who had come to Paris to congratulate him, that he must lay down his crown. Murat asked to be allowed to give his reply the next morning, but no sooner was he out of the Emperor's presence than he mounted his horse and started for his kingdom. He rode night and day till he reached Naples, where he immediately set on foot preparations for the defense of his throne. Being summoned anew by a marshal of France, sent to him for that purpose, to give up his sceptre, he replied, "Go, tell your master to come and take it, and he shall find how well sixty thousand men can defend it." Rather than come to open conflict with one of his bravest generals, he abandoned the project, and let Murat occupy his throne. If this be true it accounts for the estrangement and final desertion of Napoleon by his brother-in law. Still, in Napoleon's last struggle for his throne on the plains of Germany, Murat fought nobly for him, and helped to gain the battle of Dresden, and chased Blucher over the Elbe. But after the disastrous battle of Leipsic, he returned to Naples

and immediately entered into negotiations with the allied powers, and in this act sullied forever his fame.

In 1814 he concluded a treaty with Austria, by which he was to retain his crown on the condition he would furnish 30,000 troops for the common cause. Bonaparte could not at first credit this defection in the husband of his sister, and wrote to him twice on the subject. These letters show that Murat was playing a double game, and endeavoring, in the uncertainty of things, to secure his throne. In his first letter Napoleon says, "You are a good soldier on the field of battle, but excepting there, you have no vigor and no character. Take advantage of an act of treachery, therefore, which I attribute only to fear, in order to serve me *by useful information.* I rely upon your intentions, upon your promises. I suppose you are one of those who imagine the lion is dead; if such are your calculations, they are false. * * * The title of king has turned your head. If you wish to preserve the power, behave right and keep your word." The second commences, "Sir, my brother, I have already communicated to you my opinion of your conduct. Your situation had turned your head. My reverses have finished you. You have surrounded yourself with men who hate France, and who wish to ruin you. What you wrote to me is at variance with your actions. I shall, however, see by your behavior at Ancona if your heart be still French, and if you yield to necessity alone. Recollect that your kingdom, which has cost so much blood and trouble to France, is yours only for the benefit of those who gave it you. * * * Remember that I have made you king solely for the interest of my system.' The truth is, Bonaparte tampered

with the affection of Murat. The latter had so often yielded to him on points where they differed, and had followed him through his wondrous career with such constant devotion, that Napoleon believed he could twist him round his finger as he liked, and became reckless of his feelings. But he found the intrepid soldier could be trifled with too far, and came to his senses barely in time to prevent an utter estrangement.

Shortly after, Napoleon abdicated, and was sent to Elba. But before the different allied powers had decided whether they should allow Murat to retain his throne, Europe was thrown into consternation by the announcement that Bonaparte was again on the shores of France. Joachim immediately declared in favor of his brother-in-law, and attempted to rouse Italy. But his army deserted him, and hastening back to Naples, he threw himself into the arms of his wife, exclaiming, "All is lost, Caroline, but my life, and that I have not been able to cast away." Finding himself betrayed on every side, he fled in disguise to Ischia. Sailing from thence to France, he landed at Cannes, and dispatched a courier to Fouché, requesting him to inform Napoleon of his arrival. Bonaparte, irritated at his former defection, and still more vexed that he had precipitated things so in Italy, contrary to his express directions, sent back the simple reply, "to remain where he was until the Emperor's pleasure with regard to him was known." This cold answer threw Murat in a tempest of passion. He railed against his brother-in-law, loading him with accusations, for whom, he said, he had lost his throne and his kingdom. Wishing, however, to be nearer Paris, he started for Lyons but while changing horses

at Aubagne, near Marseilles, he was told of the disastrous battle of Waterloo.

Hastening back to Toulon, he lay concealed in a house near the city, to await the result of this last overthrow of Napoleon. When he was informed of his abdication, he scarcely knew what to do. At first he wished to get to Paris, to treat personally with the allied sovereigns for his safety. Being unable to accomplish his purpose, he thought of flying to England, but hesitating to do this also, without a promise of protection from that government, he finally, through Fouché, obtained permission of the Emperor of Austria to settle in his dominions. But while he was preparing to set out, he was told that a band of men were on the way to seize him, in order to get the 40,000 francs which the Bourbons had offered for his head; and fled with a single servant to a desolate place on the sea-shore near Toulon. Thither his friends from the city secretly visited him, bringing information of the designs respecting him. Resolving at last to proceed to Paris by sea, he engaged the captain of a vessel bound to Havre, to send a boat at night to take him off. But by some strange fatality, the seamen could not find Murat, nor he the seamen, though searching for each other half the night; and the sea beginning to rise, the boat was compelled to return to the ship without him. As the morning broke over the coast, the dejected wanderer saw the vessel, with all her sails set, standing boldly out to sea. He gazed for awhile on the lessening masts, and then fled to the woods, where he wandered about for two days, without rest or food. At length, drenched with rain, exhausted and weary, he stumbled on a miserable cabin, where he found an old woman, who kindly gave him

food and shelter. He gave himself out as belonging to the garrison at Toulon, and he looked worn and haggard enough to be the commonest soldier. The white plume was gone, that had floated over so many battle-fields, and the dazzling costume, that had glanced like a meteor through the cloud of war, was exchanged for the soiled garments of an outcast. Not even his good steed was left, that had borne him through so many dangers, and as that tall and majestic form stooped to enter the low door of the cabin, he felt how changeful was human fortune. The fields of his fame were far away—his throne was gone, and the wife of his bosom ignorant of the fate of her lord.

While he sat at his humble fare, the owner of the cabin, a soldier belonging to the garrison of Toulon, entered, and bade him welcome. But there was something about the wanderer's face that struck him, and at length remembering to have seen those features on some French coin, he fell on his knees before him, and called him king Murat. His wife followed his example. Murat was astonished at the discovery; and then overwhelmed at the evidence of affection these poor, unknown people offered him, he raised them to his bosom, and gave them his blessing. Forty thousand francs were no temptation to this honest soldier and his wife.

Here he lay concealed, till one night the old woman saw lights approaching the cabin, and immediately suspecting the cause, aroused Murat, and hastening him into the garden, thrust him into a hole, and piled him over with vine branches. She then returned to the house, and arranged the couch from which he had escaped and began herself to undress for bed, as if nothing had occurred to disturb her ordinary house-

hold arrangements. In a few moments sixty gens d'armes entered, and ransacked the house and garden, passing again and again by the spot where Murat was concealed. Foiled in their search, they at length went away.

But such a spirit as Murat's could not long endure this mode of existence, and he determined to put to sea. Having, through his friends at Toulon, obtained a skiff, he on the night of the 22d of August, with only three attendants, boldly pushed his frail boat from the beach, and launched out into the broad Mediterranean, and steered for Corsica. When about thirty miles from the shore, they saw and hailed a vessel, but she passed without noticing him. The wind now began to rise, and amid the deepening gloom was heard the moaning of the sea, as it gathered itself for a tempest. The foam-crested waves leaped by, deluging the frail skiff, that struggled almost hopelessly with the perils that environed it. The haughty chieftain saw dangers gathering round him that no charge of cavalry could scatter, but he sat and looked out on the rising deep, with the same composure he so often had sat on his gallant steed, when the artillery was mowing down everything at his side. At length the post-office packet-vessel for Corsica was seen advancing towards them. Scarcely had Murat and his three faithful followers stepped aboard of it, before the frail skiff sunk to the bottom. It would have been better for him had it sunk sooner. He landed at Corsica in the disguise of a common sailor. The mayor of the Commune of Bastia, the port where the vessel anchored, seeing a man at his door, with a black silk bonnet over his brows, his beard neglected and coarsely clad was about to

question him, when he looked up; and "judge of my astonishment," says the mayor, "when I discovered that this was Joachim, the splendid king of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell on my knees." Yes, this was Murat—the plume exchanged for the old silk bonnet, and the gold brocade for the coarse gaiters of a common soldier.

The Corsicans received him with enthusiasm, and as he entered Ajaccio, the troops on the ramparts, and the populace greeted him with deafening cheers. But this last shadow of his old glory consummated his ruin. It brought back to his memory the shouts that were wont to ring Naples when he returned from the army to his kingdom, loaded with honors and heralded by great deeds. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he resolved to return to Naples, and make another stand for his throne. At this critical period, the passports of the emperor of Austria arrived. Murat was promised a safe passage into Austria, and an unmolested residence in any city of Bohemia, with the title of Count, if he, in return, would renounce the throne of Naples, and live in obedience to the laws. Disdaining the condition he would a few weeks before have gladly accepted, he madly resolved to reenter his kingdom.

With two hundred and fifty recruits and a few small vessels, he sailed for his dominions. The little fleet, beat back by adverse winds, that seemed rebuking the rash attempt, did not arrive in sight of Calabria till the sixth of October, or eight days after his embarkation. On that very night a storm scattered the vessels, and when the morning broke, Murat's bark was the only one seen standing in for land. Two others at length joined him, but that night one of the

captains deserted him, and returned with fifty of his best soldiers to Corsica. His remaining followers, seeing that this desertion rendered their cause hopeless, besought him to abandon his project and sail for Trieste, and accept the terms of Austria. He consented, and throwing the proclamations he had designed for the Neapolitans into the sea, ordered the captain to steer for the Adriatic. He refused, on the ground that he was not sufficiently provisioned for so long a voyage. He promised, however, to obtain stores at Pizzo, but refused to go on shore without the Austrian passports, which Murat still had in his possession, to use in case of need. This irritated Murat to such a degree, that he resolved to go ashore himself, and ordering his officers to dress in full uniform, they approached Pizzo. His officers wished to land first, to feel the pulse of the people, but Murat, with his accustomed chivalric feeling, stopped them, and with the exclamation, "I must be the first on shore!" sprang to land, followed by twenty-eight soldiers and three domestics. Some few mariners cried out, "Long live King Joachim!" and Murat advanced to the principal square of the town, where the soldiers were exercising, while his followers unfurled his standard, and shouted, "Joachim for ever?" but the soldiers made no response. Had Murat been less infatuated this would have sufficed to convince him of the hopelessness of his cause. He pressed on, however, to Monte Leone, the capital of the province, but had not gone far before he found himself pursued by a large company of *gens d'armes*. Hoping to subdue them by his presence, he turned towards them and addressed them. The only answer he received was a volley of musketry. Forbidding his followers to

return the fire, with the declaration that his landing should not cost the blood of one of his people, he turned to flee to the shore. Leaping from rock to rock and crag to crag, while the bullets whistled about him, he at length reached the beach, when, lo! the vessel that landed him had disappeared. The infamous captain had purposely left him to perish. A fishing-boat lay on the sand, and Murat sprang against it to shove it off, but it was fast. His few followers now came up, but before the boat could be launched they were surrounded by the blood-thirsty populace. Seeing it was all over, Murat advanced towards them, and holding out his sword, said, "People of Pizzo! take this sword, which has been so often drawn at the head of armies, but spare the lives of the brave men with me." But they heeded him not, and kept up a rapid discharge of musketry; and though every bullet was aimed at Murat, not one touched him, while almost every man by his side was shot down. Being at length seized, he was hurried away to prison. Soon after, an order came from Naples to have him tried on the spot. One adjutant-general, one colonel, two lieutenant-colonels, and the same number of captains and lieutenants, constituted the commission to try a king. Murat refused to appear before such a tribunal, and disdained to make any defense.

During the trial he conversed in prison with his friends in a manner worthy of his great reputation. He exhibited a loftiness of thought and character that surprised even his friends that had known him longest. Once, after a pause in the conversation, he said: "Both in the court and camp, the national welfare has been my sole object. I have used the public revenues for the public service alone. I did nothing

for myself, and now at my death I have no wealth but my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation." After talking in this strain for some time. the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered and read the sentence. Murat showed no agitation, but immediately sat down and wrote to his wife the following letter:

"My dear Caroline—My last hour has arrived; in a few moments more I shall have ceased to live—in a few moments more you will have no husband. Never forget me; my life has been stained by no injustice. Farewell my Achille, farewell my Letitia, farewell my Lucian, farewell my Louise. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of the multitude of my enemies. Be always united: prove yourselves superior to misfortune; remember what you are and what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Believe that my greatest suffering in my last moments is dying far from my children. Receive your father's blessing; receive my embraces and my tears.

Keep always present to you the memory of your unfortunate father.

JOACHIM NAPOLEON.

Pizzo, 13th October 1815."

Having then enclosed some locks of his hair to his wife, and given his watch to his faithful valet, Amand, he walked out to the place of execution. His tall form was drawn up to its loftiest height, and that piercing blue eye that had flashed so brightly over more than a hundred battle-fields, was now calmly turned on the soldiers who were to fire on him. Not

a breath of agitation disturbed the perfect composure of his face, and when all was ready he kissed a cornelian he held in his hand, on which was cut the head of his wife, and then fixing his eyes steadily upon it, said. "Save my face, aim at my heart!" A volley of musketry answered, and Murat was no more.

He had fought two hundred battles, and exposed himself to death more frequently than any other officer in Napoleon's army. By his white plume and gorgeous costume a constant mark for the enemy's bullets, he notwithstanding always plunged into the thickest dangers, and it seems almost a miracle that he escaped death. His self-composure was wonderful, especially when we remember what a creature of impulse he was. In the most appalling dangers, under the fire of the most terrific battery, all alone amid his dead followers, while the bullets were piercing his uniform and whistling in an incessant shower around his head, he would sit on his steed and watch every discharge with the coolness of an iron statue. A lofty feeling in the hour of peril bore him above all fear, and through clouds of smoke and the roar of five hundred cannon, he would detect at a glance the weak point of the enemy, and charge like fire upon it.

As a general he failed frequently, as has been remarked, from yielding his judgment to his impulses. As a man and a king he did the same thing, and hence was generous to a fault, and liberal and indulgent to his people. But his want of education in early life rendered him unfit for a statesman. Yet his impulses, had they been less strong, would not have made him the officer he was. His cavalry was the terror of Europe. Besides, in obeying his gener

ous feelings, he performed many of those deeds of heroism—exposing his life for others, and sacrificing everything he had, to render those happy around him, which make us love his character. He was romantic even till his death, and lived in an atmosphere of his own creation. But unlike Ney, he was ashamed of his low origin, and took every method to conceal it. He loved his wife and children and country with the most devoted affection. His life was the strangest romance ever written, and his ignominious death is an everlasting blot on Ferdinand's character.

That the moral character of Murat could not be be very correct according to our standard, is evident from the fact that his life was spent in the camp. The only way to judge of such a man, is to balance his actions, and see whether the good or evil preponderate.

But whatever his faults were, it will be a long time before the world will see another such man.

XII.

MARSHAL LEFEBVRE.

His Early Life—Character—Siege and Capture of Dantzick—Campaign in the Tyrol—Bloody Combat in an Alpine Gorge—His Death—Ignorance of his Wife—Her Generosity.

It was not my intention to speak of those four Marshals whose appointments were designed as honorary by Napoleon, but Lefebvre continued in active life to the close of the war, and hence belongs to the history of the Empire. Old age did not drive him into repose, and he battled bravely for freedom and for France till Paris capitulated. Though nearly fifty years of age when created Marshal, having fought for the republic on the Rhine and in Germany, he did not retire on his honors, but followed Napoleon through his wonderful career, and though verging on sixty, survived even the terrible Russian campaign.

François Joseph Lefebvre was born at Ruffach, in the department of the Upper Rhine, Oct. 25th, 1755. His parents were poor, ignorant, and belonged to the humblest rank of citizens. They were unable to give their son even a common education, but they instilled in his mind principles of honesty and incorruptible integrity, from which he never departed. A youth of eighteen, he enlisted as a private in the Guards, but did not reach even the rank of a sergeant till thirty-three years of age. At thirty-seven he found

himself captain of the Light Infantry, and in the midst of the French Revolution. He was in Paris during those terrible scenes, amid which the Bourbon throne went down, and though a good republican, was twice wounded in endeavoring to shield the king from popular violence.

In 1793, war being declared, Lefebvre's promotion became rapid, for in a few months he went up to adjutant-general, general of brigade, and general of division. Under the first republican generals, Hoche, Jourdan, Moureau, and Pichegru, he fought with a bravery that showed him worthy of his command. At the terrible battle of Fleurns he covered his division with glory, and at Stockach, where one of the fiercest actions that had occurred during the war took place, he proved himself worthy to fight beside St. Cyr and Soult, who that day performed prodigies of valor. Amid the most wasting fire, he, with eight thousand men, withstood, hour after hour, the onset of thirty thousand Austrians, holding his men by his example and personal exposure to the shock as if they had been walls of iron, until at length he was borne severely wounded from the field. Fighting for liberty and his country, he continued his career of glory till Napoleon's return from Egypt; and on the 18th Brumaire helped to place him in the Consular seat. He commanded the guards of the Ancients and Council of Five Hundred, and was supposed to be in favor of the Directory, and he undoubtedly was. But it was of the utmost importance to Napoleon that the commander of the guards of the Legislative bodies should operate with him in his bold attempt to overthrow the government, and so the night before, at midnight, he sent an aid-de-camp to Lefebvre, re-

questing the latter to call on him at six o'clock in the morning. In the morning early all was in commotion. The cavalry went pouring along the streets, and distinguished generals were seen hastening in full uniform to the Rue Chautereine. Lefebvre, as he was passing along in compliance with Bonaparte's invitation, was surprised to find his troops in motion without his orders, and asked Colonel Sebastiani what it meant. Without answering him, the latter told him to go to Bonaparte. The old veteran marched into the presence of the general-in-chief with a cloud on his brow, but the latter turning to him, said, "Well, Lefebvre; you, one of the pillars of the republic, will you suffer it to perish in the hands of these *lawyers?* Join me and assist me to save it." As he was about to depart, Napoleon stopped him, and offering him a beautiful sword, said, "Here is a sabre which I wore at the Pyramids; I give it to you as a token of my esteem and confidence." "Yes," replied Lefebvre, now fairly brought over by the confidence and generosity of Napoleon, "let us throw the lawyers into the river." During all that stormy day and the next he was faithful to his new master.

In 1804 he was made Marshal of the Empire, and went through the campaigns of 1805 and '6 with honor, and fought on foot at the head of the Guards at Jena. In 1807 he invested Dantzick and took it, and in 1808 was placed over the fourth corps of the army in Spain. He fought and won the battle of Murango, but though he gained the victory, his conduct displeased Napoleon, as it opened the campaign before his plans were all matured. In 1809 he is found bravely fighting at Landshut, and Eckmuhl, and Wagram, and soon after struggling heroically

amid the mountain passes of the Tyrol. He commanded the Old Guard in the Russian campaign, and though approaching his threescore years, bravely met the wintry storm, and hunger, and cold, and with the remnant of his devoted followers closed sternly around the Emperor, stemming the tide to the last. In the campaigns that followed, the old veteran, still unsubdued, marched at the head of his columns, and in the last struggle of Napoleon for his Empire defended the soil of his native land inch by inch, and led his children (as he was wont to call his soldiers) into battle at Montmirail, Arcis-sur-Aube, and Champ Aubert. Wherever the soldiers saw those gray locks streaming they would follow, if into certain death. In almost the last battle he ever fought he had a horse shot under him.

After Napoleon's abdication, Louis made him Peer of France and Knight of St. Louis. When the Emperor returned from Elba, Lefebvre gave in his adhesion, and accepted a seat in the Chamber of Peers. He remained inactive, however, during the short struggle that followed. At the second restoration he was deprived of his honors and rank for a while, but the next year he received again his marshal's truncheon, and three years afterward his seat in the Chamber of Peers. This was in 1819, and, on the occasion of taking his seat, Marshal Suchet pronounced a eulogium on the brave old soldier, now sixty-four years of age.

Lefebvre was one of those few characters that circumstances never change. Simple in his manners, rank and honors brought no extravagance in dress or appearance. Honest and frugal in his youth, he never practised extortion when in power, or retained

the wealth that fortune flung into his hands. Of incorruptible integrity, no temptations could shake his truth, or provoke an ignoble action. Generous to a fault, he was weak only when his gratitude or affection were assailed. Born in poverty, and of humble parentage, he passed through the horrors of the Revolution, the corruptions of the camp, and a long military life, and finally became Duke of Dantzic and Marshal of the Empire, without losing any of his simplicity of character or love of virtue. A child of nature, he was never ashamed of his parentage. He owed nothing to education, but all to himself. He had not the genius of many of the other marshals, but he possessed in its place a well-balanced mind and strong common sense. He affected neither sumptuousness of living nor brilliancy of style. There was the same simplicity and *naïveté* in his language when Marshal of the Empire, as when a private in the Guards. He seemed utterly unconscious of the petty ambitions and rivalries that disturbed the happiness of others, and moved straight forward in the path of duty, without any concern for himself. His disinterestedness was proverbial, and the needy never left his door empty-handed. The tear of a poor soldier moved him more than the baubles of rank or fame; and it is the greatest eulogium than can be passed upon him when it is said that, amid all the changes, and turbulent scenes, and temptations he passed through, he never *lost his heart.* His soldiers worshiped him, and no wonder. Not one of them ever asked his help in vain, and his fatherly treatment of all bound him to them with cords of iron. In the latter part of his career, they were more anxious for his life in battle than for their own, and whenever a

desperate charge was to be made, they besought him to retire.

In early life he married a servant girl, similar in character to himself. Honest, affectionate, disinterested, truthful. and simple, she never changed with her change of rank, and was as plain-spoken and good-hearted when duchess as when a servant girl. Like her husband, she appreciated excellence of character alone, and seemed utterly unconscious that rank gave any claim to respect. Lefebvre loved her to the last, and cared no more than she for the jokes her ignorance of etiquette and good language gave rise to in the gay circles of Paris.

Lefebvre was bravery itself. The most impulsive man in the army would not face death with more composure than he. Through the blaze of artillery, the close fire of musketry, and on the point of the bayonet, he would move with unflinching firmness. He could not carry his soldiers so far as a more impetuous man would have done, but he would hold them in their place as long. Still, when thoroughly aroused, he was a terrible man in battle, and moved amid its chaos and carnage with fearful energy and strength. He was also an excellent tactician on the field, and would bring his men into position with admirable order. His coolness was not so much the steadiness of a determined man as the composure of one perfectly unconscious of surrounding danger This gave to his manner a quietness in executing a dangerous movement, or making a desperate assault, that robbed it, in the view of the soldier, of half its power to injure. This peculiarity increased with years. He was more impetuous in youth, but age and long familiarity with danger made a battle like

a common occurrence to him, and he viewed it apparently with as much sang froid as he would an ordinary review.

He loved his country with devotion, and those who see nothing but fierce fighters in Napoleon's marshals, would do well to take a lesson of patriotism and disinterestedness from Lefebvre. Though giving his youth, manhood, and old age, all to the service of France, he was so poor that he could not send his son to college.

After the peace of 1799, he was without the means of subsistence, and wrote thus to the Directory:—"The definitive conclusion of peace enables the country to dispense with my services. I beg you to grant me a pension, that I may live in comfort. I want neither carriages nor horses, I wish only for bread. You know my services as well as I do. I shall not reckon up my victories, and I have no defeats to count." Noble man! after pouring out his blood like water for his country, the only return he asked was simply bread.

But, during Bonaparte's career, he exhibited nowhere, perhaps, his great qualities as a commander, and the steadiness with which he prosecuted his plans, amid the most discouraging circumstances, than in the

SIEGE OF DANTZIC.

Before the battle of Eylau, Lefebvre had made some progress towards reducing this town, but that great conflict had suspended for awhile his operations. But after the battle he was again sent to invest it with twenty-seven thousand soldiers, of whom but twenty thousand were effective troops.

Dantzic, which, in the last unholy partition of Poland, had been given to Prussia, was an important place, not only a fortress into which the enemy could at any time throw a large army, but being situated at the mouth of the Vistula, was the great commercial dépôt of all Poland. At the time Lefebvre invested it, it was surrounded by a firm rampart and a deep ditch filled with water, strong palisades, and all the outworks necessary for its defence. Added to all this, the ground around was marshy and soft, impeding all the operations of a besieging army, while the inhabitants, by opening the sluices of the Vistula, could at any time deluge two-thirds of the entire flat that surrounded the city with water, till the walls of the town became a mere island in a lake several miles broad. Seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers garrisoned the place, who, with the armed inhabitants, could present double the force Lefebvre could bring to the assault. To complete this formidable defence, nine hundred cannon stood ready to open their thunder on the daring enemy that should presume to approach the ramparts.

From this statement it will be seen that it was no ordinary task Lefebvre had given him; and it was no ordinary energy and skill he brought to its fulfillment. He sat down before the city the middle of February, and marched his victorious army into it the latter part of May. For more than three months he struggled against the most overwhelming obstacles, and exhibited a tenacity of purpose, a personal bravery and greatness of resource, which stamp him the great general.

After a fierce combat, he cleared the narrow strip of land called the Peninsula of Nehrung, and com

pleted the investment of the town on one side. The siege was fairly commenced by an attack on the fort of Hagelsberg, which stood on a little eminence outside the walls. Its elevation prevented it from being inundated, so that approaches to it could be made. After several weeks' incessant toil, and amid desperate sorties from the garrison, the second parallel was finished, and nearly sixty cannon and mortars together opened their fire within twenty-two rods of the walls. This tremendous battery, as if on purpose to add terror to the scene, commenced its thunder at night. Night and day the earth groaned under its heavy and constant explosions, while the cannon of the besieged answered it till it was one succession of deafening thunder-claps over the city, and it shook and trembled on its strong foundations. Amid storms of sleet and hail—in the full blaze of the noonday sun—at solemn twilight and at deep midnight—without cessation or relief, for an entire week, that volcano thundered on, driving sleep from the alarmed inhabitants, while the bombs hissed and blazed above their dwellings and fell in their midst, and the heavy shot came crashing into their apartments, and the cry of "fire" rung through every street. Nothing can be more terrible than this incessant play of heavy cannon on a town. During this week, Lefebvre worked his guns with a rapidity and skill that threatened to leave not one stone upon another. The only intermission to the fire was when the garrison made some desperate sortie on the batteries, and the musketry and the bayonet took the place of cannon.

But this tremendous cannonade produced but little effect on the ramparts, for they were covered with

earth, which broke the force of the balls, and Lefebvre, finding that he could not make a breach for the assaulting companies, commenced sapping the place. He ran mines under the walls, but the besieged countermined, and thus week after week wore away before any serious demonstration could be made.

But the mines at length being completed, so as to render the defense of the place much longer hopeless, and the garrison not being strong enough to cut its way through Lefebvre's army, the Emperor Alexander determined to relieve it by a combined attack both by sea and land. His arrangements were kept secret from the enemy, and in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to Lefebvre, a feigned attack was to be made on the other portions of the army more remote at the same time. Oudinot and Lannes, with their strong corps, were stationed so as to prevent the Russians from interrupting the operations of the besiegers, while they also formed the rear-guard of the army. The Russian emperor had arranged everything skillfully, and the storm that was ready to burst on Lefebvre threatened to destroy him utterly. But some little delay in the arrival of a Swedish man-of-war enabled Napoleon to get wind of the intended attack, and immediately perceiving the imminent danger to which his marshal was exposed, he ordered Lannes and Oudinot to advance to his help. They came not a moment too soon; for, on the 15th of May, the enemy were seen to issue in formidable numbers from the trenches and march swiftly on Lefebvre's fortifications, which they swept with irresistible fury. But while the shouts of victory were still ringing, Lannes, at the head of the brave grenadiers of Oudinot, moved sternly to the assault. The in-

trenchments were carried, and the Russians driven back. Rallying again, however, they returned to the attack with such impetuosity that the French were again driven out, and Oudinot's horse being shot under him, he fell upon Marshal Lannes, and the two chieftains after that fought on foot, side by by side, leading the repeated charges till the Russians were compelled to retire into the city.

This settled the fate of Dantzic, but for more than a week the resistance was kept up. Several sorties were made by the garrison, one of which was successful, and a redoubt was carried of great importance to the French. No sooner did Lefebvre see his troops flying before the enemy, than he put himself at the head of his brave grenadiers, saying, "*Now for our turn my children*," and moved intrepidly to the assault. But the redoubt was fiercely contested, and so deadly was the fire to which he was exposed, that his escape from death seemed impossible. Fearing for their beloved chief, and forgetful of all danger to themselves, those grenadiers—his "children," as he termed them—closed darkly around to form a rampart with their bodies. But the old veteran pushed them affectionately one side, saying "No, no, let me fight as you do," and, marching straight through the storm, swept over the redoubt, carrying everything before him. Those "children" would have died every one in his footsteps before he would have left the side of Lefebvre.

Resistance at length became useless, and on the 24th the place capitulated. Lefebvre, with a generosity and nobleness of heart that always characterized him, delayed entering the town in order to send to Oudinot and Lannes, who had so bravely succored

him on the 15th, requesting them to be present at the capitulation, and share the honor of entering the city But with equal nobleness those brave generals refused to pluck one laurel from the head of the old veteran, and repassed the Vistula on purpose to compel him to enter the city alone and receive all the glory.

Four days after the capitulation, Napoleon conferred on him the title of Duke of Dantzic, and never was an honor more worthily bestowed.

But two years after this, he was destined to count at least one defeat among his victories. After the battle of Wagram, and during the armistice that followed, Napoleon sent him, as before remarked, into the Tyrol, to quell the inhabitants that had taken up arms with Austria.

CAMPAIGN IN THE TYROL.

With thirty thousand men he marched on Innspruck, the Tyrolese capital, while ten thousand more advanced from the northern side. The armies met at Innspruck, and to all appearance the war was terminated. The Archduke John issued proclamations, informing the people that peace was established, and recommending submission. But these brave mountaineers determined to carry on the war in their own strength, and letting the Austrian army depart without a murmur, began to assemble on all their hills to defend their country; and on the 4th of August fell on the advanced guard of Lefebvre, who was leading his army down the southern side of the Brenner mountains, along the banks of the Eisach torrent. He was pushing for a bridge below, the entrance to which was through a deep and dark defile

made by the overhanging cliffs. The forest around was silent, and not a living man was seen, to excite any fear of an attack, and the army marched boldly into the mountain gorge. The green fir-trees stood silent in the summer air; and the huge cliffs, that, with their ragged fronts, rent here and there the leafy curtain that fell down the face of the mountain, stood motionless as ever. But no sooner had the head of the army moved partly through the defile, than the whole breast of the mountain was covered with smoke, as the rapid vollies of the sharp-shooters sent death amid the ranks. Not an enemy was visible, and yet the ranks melted like wax before the deadly aim of those mountaineers. The affrighted column stopped, uncertain whether to advance or recede, when the Tyrolese rushed from their ambuscade, and with their thrilling war shouts, rolled, like one of their own mountain torrents, on the foe, and pouring themselves through the confused ranks, fought hand to hand with the soldiers. Lefebvre, however, hurried up other troops, who moved with the stern front of disciplined bravery through the confusion, rolling the disordered mountaineers from the sides of their close column, as a strong ship cleaves the waves. The Tyrolese were routed, and the column, now relieved, pushed on through the defile. All was still again as the hush of death, and the mountain seemed to have swallowed up the enemy, when suddenly some loose stones came rolling down the steep, frightening the horsemen in front. The officers had scarcely turned their eyes up the cliffs to see what this new movement betokened, when the rapid blows of axes were heard, and several immense fir-trees began to wave to and fro above them as if swept by a sudden

wind. This was succeeded by a crackling sound, and the next moment the huge trunks pitched heavily forward, and fell headlong down the mountain, followed by avalanches of rocks, earth, and logs, which crushed with the sound of thunder on the column, burying whole squadrons in one wild grave. This immense mass of rubbish had been piled against the trees, which were then cut nearly asunder, so that a few blows of the axe, with the pressure behind, would overthrow them and send the whole of it down the steep. So awful was the shock, and so sudden the death, that the column, broken through and shattered into fragments, again halted; and amid the deep silence that followed, was heard distinctly the roar of the Eisach through the forest as it poured its turbulent flood down the mountain. The silence, however, was but momentary—the Tyrolese immediately opened a destructive fire, but the intrepid column moved steadily forward—those behind mounting over the heaps of ruins that lay piled above their buried comrades—and reached the bridge. But alas! it was on fire, and the crackling, blazing timbers were rapidly falling, one after another, into the waters below. A bold Bavarian spurred forward, and rushed in a gallop on the flaming arch—the smoke covered him from sight, and the next moment both horse and rider were seen falling together through the broken and blackened timbers into the torrent that swept fiercely beneath. The bridge was destroyed, and the two armies separated by an impassable gulf.

Soon after, Lefebvre attempted to lead his army over the Brenner, into the Italian Tyrol. It was twenty miles to the top of the pass, and up this steep ascent the marshal was compelled to lead his twenty

thousand men. After the most wasting toil, he had succeeded in carrying his army part way up the heights, when from every cliff, and hollow, and tree, a sudden rapid fire opened on his men. Unable to manœuvre on the steep ascent, and his cannon being almost useless, he saw at once the peril of his position. Without any field on which to deploy his men —without room for his cavalry, or even footing for a single division to manœuvre, he was compelled to trust solely to the almost useless fire of his infantry. The enemy being half concealed, the bullets of the French only rattled against the cliffs, or buried themselves harmlessly in the trunks of trees, while their own ranks, crowded together in the narrow path, presented an unerring mark to the Tyrolese sharp-shooters. Lefebvre struggled bravely to carry his men through this wasting fire, and his troops sustained, for some time, the unequal contest; but no soldiers will long contend in such a useless struggle, and the head of the column began to give way, and settle heavily back upon the army below. For a moment, the mighty mass balanced along the steep, and then, like a loosened cliff, broke headlong down the mountain, rolling horses and cannon, cavalry and infantry, in irretrievable confusion to the bottom. Lefebvre, borne back in the refluent tide, narrowly escaped being made prisoner; and the next night, disguised as a common trooper, entered again Innspruck.

The next day, a general battle took place before the town. It opened at six in the morning, and ended at midnight. All day long did Lefebvre manfully maintain his ground, and roll back the hardy mountaineers from the shock; and when darkness curtained in the mountain valley, it was one broad blaze of

light over the struggling hosts, and the Alpine heights shook to the incessant thunder of cannon. But at midnight the French were compelled to give way, and fall back into the town.

Lefebvre lost six thousand men in this bloody struggle, and immediately evacuated Innspruck, and marching out of the Tyrolese territory, finally collected the fragments of his army at Salzburg.

Bonaparte, however, sending reinforcements, Tyrol was again invaded, and after some hard fighting, conquered.

For six years after this he continued in active service, and, as before mentioned, finished his honorable and glorious career, by fighting bravely beside Napoleon, in his last struggle for France and his empire.

He died in Paris, September 14th, 1820, at the age of sixty-five. He left no children, and but little property. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, wishing to raise a monument over his grave, and having no money with which to defray the expenses, with a nobleness of heart, that always characterized her, sold all her jewels for that purpose, and reared the present splendid sarcophagus, of white marble, which stands in *Père la chaise.* On it is inscribed—*Soldat, Marechal duc de Dantzick, pair de France: Fleurus, Avante-Garde, Passage du Rhin, Altenkirchen, Dantzick, Montmirail*—names which recall the fields of his fame, and many a hard-fought battle, where the sleeping hero once poured out his blood for France.

Though Duchess of Dantzic, his wife was utterly unfitted, by her education, for the refined circles of Paris. Plain, direct, blunt, and honest, like her husband, she, by her frank, fearless manner of expressing

MASSÉNA

herself, committed many blunders, which, for a time, made her the joke of the drawing-rooms of the French capital. In Paris, moral worth is at such a discount, that the good heart, generosity, and kindness of the ignorant duchess went for nothing. She might have broken the rules of morality every day without exciting a remark, but to violate the laws of etiquette, and exhibit ignorance of the conventional forms of the society in which she moved, was an unpardonable offense. She could have possessed a doubtful reputation as a wife without injury, but ignorance made her the jest of the elegant.

Calling one day with Madame Lannes on the Empress Josephine, word was returned that her Majesty would see no one. "What! what!" said she, "not see any one? Tell her that it is Lefebvre's wife and *la celle à Lannes*"—meaning to say, Lefebvre's wife and the wife of Lannes. But the Parisians, following the pronunciation instead of the spelling, seemed never to weary of saying, Lefebvre's wife and "*la selle à l'âne.*"

But notwithstanding her ignorance of etiquette, she was not destitute of true delicacy of feeling. Generous to a fault, she seemed to love all soldiers for her husband's sake, and a poor officer especially called forth her sympathy. Hearing once that an old emigrant officer had returned to Paris poor, she went to the Marchioness of Valady, in whose house she served as a domestic when Lefebvre was private in the Guards, and said with her usual bluntness, but no less truth, "How little generosity there is among you folks of quality! We who have risen from the ranks know our duty better. We have just heard that M——, one of our old officers, has returned from em-

igration, and is starving from want. Now we were fearful of offending him by offering him assistance, but it is quite different with you. A kind act on your part will be grateful to him, so pray give him this as coming from yourself," handing her as she spoke a hundred louis. This delicate act of generosity shows a heart that is pure gold, and outweighs all the external accomplishments with which she could be invested. Such a heart could appreciate the upright and truthful character of Lefebvre, and was worthy the confidence and affection of the brave old soldier.

XIII.

MARSHAL MASSENA.

Outline of his Career—His Character—Conduct at Rivoli and Zurich—Siege of Genoa—Terrible passage of the Traun—Bravery at Aspern—Wagram—at Znaym—Campaign in Portugal—Death.

No one can visit Genoa without being reminded of the history of Massena. The heights around the city in which he struggled—the crippled and deformed beings that meet one at every turn, pointed to us the results of the fearful famine he brought on the inhabitants, when besieged by sea and land he obstinately refused to surrender—are constant mementoes of that iron-hearted man.

ANDREA MASSENA'S birth-place was only a hundred miles from Genoa. He was born at Nice on the 6th of May, 1758, and, while still an infant, was left an orphan in the world. Growing up without parental care, his education was neglected, and he was left to the mercy of almost any impulse that might move him. An uncle, captain of an ordinary merchant vessel, took him to sea with him while yet a mere boy. But after having made two voyages, the young Andrea, then only seventeen years of age, enlisted as a private soldier in the royal Italian regiment, in which another uncle ranked as captain. This service seemed more fitted to his tastes, and he performed its duties with such regularity and care that he was soon made corporal. Long after, when scarred with his

many battles, and standing on the highest pinnacle of military fame—Marshal of France and Duke of Rivoli—he frequently spoke of this first promotion as affording him more happiness than all the after honors that were heaped upon him From this he went up (gradually enough, it is true) to serjeant, and finally, adjutant, where he stopped. Unable by the most strenuous exertions and unimpeachable fidelity to reach the rank of under-lieutenant, he at length, after fourteen years' service, left the army in indignation, and, marrying the daughter of a shop-keeper, settled down in Nice. Here he doubtless would have remained and died a common man, but for the outbreak of the Revolution. Massena, like those other great men who afterwards shook Europe so, heard the call for brave and daring spirits, and immediately re-entered the army. At the age of thirty-five he found himself general of division, and had acquired in the army where he served, the reputation of a man of great courage and skill. He was present at Montenotte, Millesimo, Arcole, Lodi, and through all that brilliant campaign of Napoleon in 1796, in Italy. He did not long escape the eye of the young Corsican who was astonishing Europe by his victories, and he soon began to look upon him as he did upon Ney, Lannes, and Murat. He once said to him during this campaign, "Your corps is stronger than that of any other general—you, yourself, are equivalent to six thousand men." When peace was concluded with Austria, he was chosen to convey the ratification of it to the Directory, which received him in the most flattering manner.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena commanded the army on the eastern frontiers of France, and

after the return of the former, was intrusted with the defence of Genoa, invested by the Austrians and blockaded by the English. The next two or three years were passed at Paris or Ruel in comparative idleness. He bought the magnificent chateau of Richelieu at the latter place, and scarce ever appeared at court. He was a strong republican, and disliked the pomp and show the First Consul began to gather around him. Bonaparte was aware of this, but still he felt he could not do without him, and so, when made emperor in 1804, he created him Marshal of France. The next year the defense of Italy was intrusted to him, and at Verona, and afterwards at Caldiero, he beat and completely routed the Archduke Charles and drove him out of the country. The year following this, he commanded the army that accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Naples, and by the successful siege of Gaeta, fixed the new king firmly on his throne. These were years of glory to him; and the next year, 1807, he commanded the right wing of the Grand army in Poland. At the close of this campaign be was created Duke of Rivoli, and presented by Bonaparte with a large sum of money with which to support his new title.

In 1810, Napoleon placed him over the army in Portugal. Reducing Ciudad Rodrigo, after three months' siege, and taking Almeida, he advanced on Wellington, who retreated to the Torres Vedras. Here the English commander intrenched himself, and bid defiance to Massena, who, finding himself unable to dislodge him, and famine and sickness in the mean time wasting his army, was compelled to commence a disastrous and barbarous retreat into Spain. He was shortly after recalled, and from his

infirm health and shattered constitution, was left behind in the fatal Russian Expedition, though against his earnest request.

This ended his military career. He was at Toulon when told that Bonaparte landed from Elba. He could not at first believe the report, but was soon convinced of its truth by a letter from Napoleon himself. "Prince," said he, "hoist the banner of Essling on the walls of Toulon and follow me." But the old Marshal refused to break his new allegiance till the surrounding cities had gone over, and the Bourbon cause was evidently lost. He took no part in the military preparations during the Hundred Days, and after the overthrow of the Emperor at Waterloo was appointed by Louis commander of the National Guard, and was one of the council appointed to try Ney. But the old Marshal declared the court incompetent to perform such a task, and would have nothing to do with the dishonor and murder of his old comrade in arms.

Massena possessed scarcely a trait either of the Italian or French character, though, from his birthplace, he might be supposed to exhibit something of both. He was not an impulsive man like Junot or Murat, nor an impetuous creature like Lannes. He was not easily excited, but when once aroused he was one of the most terrible men in Bonaparte's army. He was like an enormous wheel that requires a great deal of force to set in motion, but when it does move crushes everything in its passage. Perhaps the prominent trait in his character was fixedness of purpose. He was more like Ney in this respect than any other of Napoleon's marshals. His tenacity was like death itself. A battle with him never seemed

over, unless he gained it. This obstinacy of resolution never forsook him. I do not know an instance in his whole career, where he appeared the least affected by the panic of others. The cry of *sauve qui peut*, never hastened his footsteps, or disturbed the regular movement of his thoughts. His own iron will was sufficient for any emergency. He wished no aid or sympathy from others to steady him, but fell back on himself in the most desperate straits with a confidence that was sublime. Amid the wildest hurricane of cavalry—face to face with a hotly-worked battery, while his dead and dying guard lay in heaps around him, or retreating before an overwhelming force he was the same self-collected and self-poised man. Amid the disordered ranks he stood like a rock amid the waves, and hurled back from his firm breast the chaos that threatened to sweep everything away. His stubbornness of will, however, was not mere mulish obstinacy, which is simply averse to change of purpose, but was based on decisions which evinced the soundest judgment and a most active and vigorous mind. It is true that his hatred of defeat, combined with his stubborn resolution, sometimes caused him to err in exposing his men to useless slaughter.

A braver, more fearless man never lived, and it required no excitement to bring him up. He did not seem to be aware of danger, and acted, not so much like a man who has made up his mind to meet the perils that environ him heroically, as like one who is perfectly unconscious of their existence. His frame corresponded with his character, and seemed made of iron; his endurance was wonderful. He had one peculiar trait—he grew clear-headed amid the disor

der of battle. It is said that on common occasions he appeared dull and heavy, and his remarks were of the most ordinary kind; but the thunder of cannon cleared up his ideas and set his faculties in motion. The effect of the first report of cannon, as it rolled heavily away over the field, shaking the plain with its sullen jar, was almost instantaneous, and his mind not only became active, but cheerful. It was the kind of music he liked, and his strong ambitious nature beat time to it. Neither was this a momentary excitement, but a steady effect, continuing throughout the contest. Amid the wildest uproar of conflicting thousands—buried in the smoke and tumult of a headlong charge—his thoughts were not only clear and forcible, but indicated the man of genius. Great emergencies often call out great mental and physical efforts; but there are few men whose minds the confusion and disorder of a fierce-fought battle-field brighten up into their clearest moods. Such a man must have within him the most terrible elements of our nature. This singular characteristic gave wonderful collectedness to his manner in the midst of battle. In front of the deadliest fire, struggling against the most desperate odds, he gave his orders and performed his evolutions without the least agitation or alarm. He never seemed disheartened by any reverses, and fought after a defeat with the same energy he did after a victory.

This self-control—this wonderful power of will—rendering a man equal in himself to any emergency—is one of the rarest qualities in man. Those who judge of Massena's ability as a general seem to overlook this characteristic entirely, or place it on a par with mere animal courage. But blind, dogged re

sistance is one thing—the same tenacity of will, combined with the powerful action of a clear and vigorous mind, is quite another. The former the most common man may possess, but the latter is found only in great men. It is mind alone that imparts that prodigious power. Mere obstinacy secures abou as many disasters as successes, but Massena acquired the title in the French army of "The Favored Child of Victory." No man could have won that title without genius. Nothing is more common than the absurd echo of the statement, that Napoleon's generals could do nothing of themselves, and were only engines—terrible, it is true—which *he* brought to act on the enemy's ranks. Men talk as if those conquerors of Europe—the Marshals of Napoleon—were mere senseless avalanches which he hurled where he wished. But said Napoleon, when on St. Helena, "Massena was a superior man; he was eminently noble and brilliant when surrounded by the fire and the disorder of battle. The sound of guns cleared his ideas, and gave him understanding, penetration, and cheerfulness. He was endowed with extraordinary courage and firmness, which seemed to increase in excess of danger. When defeated he was always ready to fight the battle over again, as though he had been the conqueror.

This is as true as any criticism Bonaparte ever passed on any of his marshals. The remark respecting his courage increasing "in excess of danger," is especially so. There seemed an exhaustless reserve force in him, which came forth as the storm gathered darker and the dangers thickened around him. That force his will could not summon up—perilous crises alone could do it, and then his very look and voice

were terrible. Towering in front of his shattered column, he moved like the God of War, amid the tempest that beat upon him. Sometimes, when advancing into the very teeth of destruction, he would encourage his shrinking troops by putting his hat on his sword and lifting it over his head, and thus like a pillar of fire to his men, march straight on death. There cannot be a more touching eulogy than that passed on Massena and others by Napoleon when, sad and disheartened, he wrote from before Mantua to the Directory, informing it of his perilous position. Said he, "I despair of preventing the rising of the blockade of Mantua; should that disaster arise, we shall soon be behind the Adda, and perhaps over the Alps. The wounded are few, but they are the *élite* of the army. Our best officers are struck down; the army of Italy, reduced to a handful of heroes, is exhausted. The heroes of Lodi, of Millesimo, of Castiglione, of Bassano, are dead or in hospitals. Joubert, Lanusse, Victor, Murat, and Charlot are wounded; we are abandoned in the extremity of Italy. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, of Berthier, is about to strike; what then will become of these brave soldiers?" In his moments of despondency he confesses how he leans on such men as Massena. Well he might, for a short time after, in the terrible fight on the dikes of Ronco, and at the passage of Arcola, another of his props went down in Lannes, and Massena escaped almost by a miracle. In the wasting fire to which he was exposed, Massena could not bring his men to charge, except by placing himself at the head of the column, and lifting his chapeau on the point of his sword above his head, and thus moving to the onset. It is

said that his bearing on this occasion was magnificent. As his column moved along the dike, he was seen in front bareheaded, with his glittering sword stretched high over his head, on the point of which swung his hat as a banner to the ranks that pressed after; while his hair streamed in the storm of battle, and his piercing eye flashed fire, as it surveyed the dangers that encompassed him. Thus, again and again did he charge on a run through the tempest of shot that swept everything down around him, and by this course alone was enabled to maintain his ground during the day.

But with all Massena's bravery, and firmness, and genius, he had some traits of character that stained his reputation and dimmed his glory. He was rapacious, it cannot be denied—though not to the extent his enemies assert—and at times cruel. He seemed almost entirely wanting in human sympathy, and cared no more for the lives of others than for his own, which was apparently not at all.

In the battle of Rivoli, which took place the winter after that of Arcole, Massena exhibited that insensibility to fatigue which always characterized him, and which he, by constant, unwearied discipline, imparted to his soldiers. In this engagement, Bonaparte opposed thirty thousand men to forty thousand. He arrived on the elevated plains of Rivoli at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 14th of January. The heights around were illuminated by the innumerable fires of the bivouacs of the enemy, revealing the immense force he was about to struggle against. Nothing daunted, however, he formed his army under the light of the silver moon that was sailing through the midnight heavens, shedding its quiet light on the

snow-covered Alps, and casting in deeper shadow the dark fir-trees that clasped their precipitous sides; and by nine in the morning was ready for action. The Austrian columns, moving down from the heights of the Montebaldo, which lay in a semi-circle around the French army, fell on the left with such power that it was forced back and overthrown. While the Austrians were following up this success, and the position of the French was every moment becoming more critical, the village of Rivoli, near by, suddenly rang with the clatter of horses' hoofs. Bonaparte, with his guard, was plunging through on a fierce gallop, to the head-quarters of Massena. This indomitable chief had marched the whole night, and was now resting his troops before leading them into action. In a moment Massena was on horseback, and, forming his weary troops into column, charged the Austrians in front with such desperation that they were forced to fall back, and the combat was restored. Bonaparte never called on the intrepid Massena in vain, and all that day he fought with resistless bravery.

The doubtful and bloody contest was at length, at nightfall, decided in favor of the French. But there was another Austrian army farther down, on the Lower Adige, where Augereau's position was every hour becoming more critical. With Massena and a part of his division, which had marched all the previous night, and fought with unconquerable resolution the whole day, Bonaparte started for Mantua. These indomitable troops, with their chief at their head, moved off as if fresh from their bivouacs, rather than wearied with a whole night's rapid march, and a succeeding day of hard fighting, and marched all that

night and the following day, and arrived after dark in the neighborhood of Mantua. At day-break the battle was again raging, and before night, Bonaparte was a second time victorious.

The next year found Berthier governor of Rome, and practicing the most extensive system of pillage on the poor Pope and his Ecclesiastical States. The soldiers at length became exasperated with the excesses of their commander, and to check the insubordination, Massena was appointed to supersede him. All the officers, from the captains down, had assembled and drawn up a protest against the conduct of Berthier. Massena, as soon as he assumed the command, ordered the insubordinate troops, except three thousand, to leave the capital. But they refused to march, and assembling again, drew up another remonstrance—complained of Massena—accused him of pillaging the Venetian States, and practicing extortion and immoralities of every kind. Even his iron hand was not strong enough to reduce the soldiers to allegiance, and, throwing up the command, he retired to Arona.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena was first appointed commander-in-chief over the army of Switzerland, and afterwards superseded Jourdan over those of the Switzerland and the Rhine together. After suffering various losses, and being finally driven from Zurich, he at length retrieved his fame by a masterly movement and great victory, and evinced not only his unconquerable tenacity by fighting his lost battles over again, but also his consummate skill as a general in arranging his plan of attack.

The battle of Zurich, to which reference is made also in the articles on Oudinot and Soult, was perhaps

one of the most glorious ones he ever fought. After a series of disasters and repulses, he found himself between two armies, for Suwarrow was marching over the St. Gothard on his rear, while Korsakow occupied Zurich in front. In this critical position he determined to fall on Korsakow before Suwarrow could come up. By a series of able movements, he succeeded completely in his plans, and hemming in Zurich, crushed with a single blow the Russian army. He then directed his concentrated strength on the victorious Suwarrow, as he came pouring his columns over the Alps. He turned this Russian bear at Lucerne, and forced him over a succession of mountains, along paths where only one man could tread at a time. He met him in the Muthenthal, and sending havoc through his ranks, compelled him again to take to the mountains. He followed on his flying traces, and while the disordered army was dragging its weary length over the precipices and Alpine passes, and through the snow, leaving its weary soldiers as bloody testimonials of its passage on every cliff and foot of ground, he thundered on it with his fierce battalions, and strewed the Alpine mountain with the dead. In a fortnight he had beaten two armies, and slain and wounded nearly thirty thousand Austrians and Russians. He broke up the coalition between Austria and Russia, and saved France, when midnight darkness was enveloping her prospects. Says Thiers, in speaking of these victories, "Everlasting glory to Massena, who thus executed one of the most admirable operations recorded in the history of the war, and who saved us at a more perilous moment than that of Valmi and Fleurus! * * * Zurich is the

brightest jewel in Massena's coronet, and there is not a military coronet that bears one more brilliant."

But perhaps there is no greater illustration of Massena's firmness, courage, and force combined, than the manner in which he sustained

THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, he appointed Massena over the army of Italy. Moreau, at the head of a hundred and thirty thousand men, was to advance on Swabia, while Napoleon himself, at the head of forty thousand, should descend from the Alps.

The 60,000 soldiers given to Massena had dwindled down through fever and famine to about 36,000 fighting men, which was required to defend both Genoa and Nice, though a hundred and twenty miles apart. Melas, with 120,000 soldiers in good condition, was the enemy he had to oppose. Leaving 50,000 in Piedmont to watch the passes of the Alps, Melas bore down with 70,000 on the gorges of the Appennines, for the purpose of cutting the French army in two, and shutting one half up in Nice, and the other half in Genoa. This he succeeded in doing; and though Suchet and Soult fought with unexampled bravery, the French line was divided, and they were separated from each other. The latter was now compelled to fall back on Genoa, with only 18,000 men. On the evening of the 6th of April, the Austrian flag was flying on the heights that overlooked the city; while at the same time a British squadron was seen slowly moving up the gulf to shut it in seaward. Without the speedy appearance of a French army over the Alps, that of Massena was evidently a doomed one He knew that he could hold the place against all the

force that could be brought against it; but the convoys of provisions, which had been kept back by adverse winds, were now effectually shut out by the English blockading squadron; while the Austrians, sweeping in an entire line around the walls of the city, were rapidly cutting off all supplies from the country, so that famine would soon waste his army. But it was in the midst of difficulties like these, that Massena's spirit rose in its strength. He seemed to multiply with exigencies, and there commenced with the siege of Genoa one of the most heroic struggles witnessed during the war.

Genoa is defended, both by nature and art, as I have never seen any other seaport. The Ligurian Gulf strikes its head deep into the Appennines, so that the ground slopes from the very verge of the water up to the mountain. Two moles running from the opposite shores, almost cross each other, cutting off the extreme point of the bay for the port of the city. Perpendicular walls rise from the water, forming the base of the houses that line the shore. Around these cannon are planted, while forts are on every commanding point above the city. Add to this, a double wall surrounds the town, one six miles in circumference, the other thirteen. The outer walls, corresponding to the shape of the hills, ascend it somewhat in the form of a triangle.

Two forts, the Spur and the Diamond, stood at the top of this triangle, protecting the fortified walls down on either side by their commanding fire. There were three other forts on the east side of the city, protecting commanding eminences that rose from the river Bisagno. On the west, or towards Nice, there were no forts, and the Polcevera came pouring its

waters into the gulf, without furnishing any strong positions.

Thus defended, Massena saw the immense Austrian army slowly contracting its lines around the city, like a huge anaconda tightening its folds about its victim He immediately resolved to attempt two desperate projects—first, to sally out on the east with his handful of men, and drive the enemy over the Appennines—and afterwards to sally forth on the west side and endeavor to cut the Austrian army in two, and restore his junction with Suchet. Following out his daring plans, he on the 7th of April took General Miollis's division, strengthened by some of the reserve, and dividing it into two columns, marched forth at their head to storm the heights of Monte Ratti. The Austrians were driven from every position by the desperate charges of the French columns, and forced over the Appenines; and Massena returned at evening, marching before him fifteen hundred prisoners, and among others the Baron D'Aspres, who had incited the peasants to a revolt. The inhabitants were crazy with excitement, rending the air with exclamations and shouts of joy—bringing litters for the wounded, and soup for the brave soldiers, and urging them into their houses—proud of the honor of sheltering one of the defenders of their city.

Allowing only one day to intervene, Massena on the 9th of April sallied forth on the west side of the town, in order to carry out his plan of effecting his junction with Suchet. Word had been sent to the latter general of the premeditated attack, with orders to rush on the Austrian forces on the opposite side, and cut his way through. Massena took ten thousand men with him, leaving the remainder to protect

the city. Gazan's division he put under Soult, with orders to keep along the ridges of the Apennines, while he, at the head of Gardanne's division, marched along the sea-coast below, the junction to take place at Sassello. Ten thousand French marched forth to meet forty thousand Austrians, under Melas. Soult, reaching Aqua Santa, made a brilliant charge on a superior body of Austrians, which threatened to cut off the retreat to Genoa. But this fierce battle prevented him from being at Sassello when Massena expected him, which broke up the plans of the latter so entirely, that had he been a less resolute and invincible man, it would have secured his ruin.

Marching unmolested along the beautiful riviera or sea-coast the first day, he came the second day upon the enemy. His force was divided into two columns, one of which he led in person. Supposing Soult to be at Sassello, and wishing to establish a communication with him, he had pushed on with only twelve hundred men, relying on his right column, now far in the rear, and Soult to sustain him.

In this position nearly ten thousand Austrians moved down upon him, and endeavored to inclose and crush him. Then commenced one of those desperate struggles for which Massena was so remarkable. With his 1200 men he kept the whole 10,000 at bay, while he slowly retreated in search of his lost column. Charge after charge of the overwhelming force of the Austrians was made on his little band; but he held it by his presence to the shock, with a firmness that perfectly surprised the enemy. Now it would be completely enveloped and lost in the cloud of Austrians that curtained it in, but the next moment would emerge from the thick masses of infantry, and

appear unbroken with its indomitable chief still at its head. Unable to find the column which had lagged far behind, on account of the tardy distribution of provisions, he scaled precipices, plunged into ravines, and cast himself among bands of hostile peasantry, fighting all the while like a lion. Having at length found it, he rallied his troops, and determined to cross the Apennines, and reach Soult, also. But his men were worn out with the desperate fighting of the day, and could not be rallied soon enough to make the attempt successful. So, sending off all that were ready to march, as a reinforcement to Soult, who was struggling in the mountains against the most desperate odds, he fell back along the sea-coast to protect the entrance to the city. His company now being dwindled to a mere handful, it seemed as if every charge of the mighty force that rushed on it must sweep it away. But still Massena, a host in himself, moved unhurt at its head. At length, however, his overthrow seemed inevitable. A sudden charge of Austrian hussars had surprised one of his battalions, and it was just laying down its arms, when, seeing the danger, he rallied with incredible rapidity thirty horsemen about him, and fell like a thunderbolt on the entire company. Stunned and driven back, they lost their advantage, and the battalion was saved. At length Soult, after proving himself fifty times a hero, joined him: and together, cutting their way through the enemy, they re-entered Genoa with *four thousand prisoners*—more than half the number of the whole army that led them captive. Wher the Genoese saw him return with his handful of men, preceded by such a column of prisoners, their admi

ration and wonder knew no bounds, and Massena's power at once became supreme.

But now he was fairly shut in. His army of eighteen thousand had become reduced to about twelve thousand fighting men. These, and over five thousand prisoners and the population, were to be fed from the scanty provisions which the city contained. But in the midst of the darkness that now hung over his prospects, Massena walked with a calm and resolute demeanor, looking the sufferings that awaited him and his army full in the face, without one thought of surrendering.

At length, one morning about a fortnight after this last sally, a general cannonading was heard all around the city, even from the gun-boats on the sea, telling of some decisive movement of the enemy. A general assault was making on Fort Diamond, which if taken, would shut up the army in the inner wall of the city. The plateau in front of the fort was soon carried, and the fort itself summoned to surrender. The Austrians were gaining ground every moment, and threatened to carry the position of the Madonna del Monte, from which the city could be cannonaded. Fort Quezzi had been taken, and Fort Richelieu was now threatened. The French were driven back on all sides, when Massena at noon hastened to the spot. He ordered Soult, with two demi-brigades, to retake the plateau in front of Fort Diamond, while he himself advanced on Fort Quezzi. Around the latter place the struggle became desperate. Col. Mouton, after performing almost incredible deeds of daring, fell, pierced by a musket ball. The combatants had advanced so close to each other that they could not fire, and fought with stones and

clubbed muskets. But superior numbers were fast telling on the French, and they were on the point of breaking, when Massena hurled his reserve, composed of only half a battalion, on the enemy. He himself was at its head, cheering it by his presence and voice; and, dividing the enemy before him as the rock flings aside the stream, he swept the dense masses over their own dead and wounded from the field.

Soult was equally successful, and Massena returned at evening with 1600 prisoners, having slain and wounded 2400 more. For three weeks he had fought an army of 40,000 men with one of 12,000 in the open country, and had slain and taken prisoners in all nearly 15,000 men, or almost the entire number of the whole army which he led into Genoa. Nearly every man had killed or taken his man, and yet there were 12,000 left.

On the 10th of May Massena made another successful sally with his diminished army. General Ott, of the Austrians, had sent a boast to him that he had gained a victory over Suchet, which was a falsehood. The only reply the marshal made to it was to fall on him with his brave columns. The Austrians were hurled back by his irresistible onset, and he returned at evening with 1500 more prisoners. Nothing shows the indomitable resolution and power of the man more than these successive assaults.

But without reinforcements he could not long assail such superior numbers; still three days after this last victory, another attack was made on Monte Creto. Massena was opposed to this movement, for he saw that his exhausted army was not equal to storming a position so strongly defended as this. But he yielded

to the earnest solicitation of his under officers; and the fearless Soult was allowed, at his own urgent request, to make the attempt. He ascended the slope with a firm step, and fought, as he ever had done, with a valor that threatened to overleap every obstacle, when suddenly amid the uproar of battle a thunder-cloud was seen to sweep over the mountain. The lightning mingled in with the flash of musketry while the rapid thunder-peals rolled over the struggling hosts, presenting to the spectators a scene of indescribable sublimity. In the midst of this war of the elements and war of men, Soult fell on the field. This decided the contest, and the French were driven for the first time before the enemy. Soult, with a broken leg, was taken prisoner.

This ended the severe fighting with the enemy, and now the whole struggle was to be with famine. Bonaparte knew the distress of his general, and he wrote to Moreau to accelerate his movements on the Rhine, so that Massena could be assisted. "That general," said he, in his letter to Moreau "wants provisions. For fifteen days he has been enduring with his debilitated soldiers the struggle of despair." And, indeed, it was the struggle of despair. Napoleon was doing, but too late, what could be done. His magnificent army was hanging along the Alpine cliffs of San Bernard, while Lannes was pouring his victorious columns into the plains of Italy. But famine was advancing as fast as they. The women ran furiously through the city ringing bells and calling out for food. Loaded cannon were arranged in the streets to restrain the maddened populace. The corn was all gone—even the beans and oats had failed them. The meat was consumed, and the starving soldiers fell or

eir horses. These, too, were at length consumed, and then the most loathsome animals were brought out and slain for food. Massena, still unyielding and unsubdued, collected all the starch, linseed, and cacao in the city, and had them made into bread, which even many of the hardy soldiers could not digest. But they submitted to their sufferings without a murmur. On its being suggested to them that their general would now surrender—"*He* surrender!" they exclaimed; "he would sooner see us eat our very boots." They knew the character of the chieftain who had so often led them into battle, and he held over them the sway of a great and lofty mind.

But the distress increased every day. Wan and wretched beings met the eye at every step, and, wasted with famine, fell dead beside the walls of the palaces. Emaciated women, no longer able to nourish their infants, roamed about with piteous cries, reaching out their starving offspring for help. The brave soldiers who had struggled for the past month so heroically against the foe, now went staggering through the streets faint for want of food. The sentinels could no longer stand at their post, and were allowto mount guard seated. The most desolate cries and lamentations loaded the midnight air; while at intervals came the thunder of cannon and the light of the blazing bomb as it hung like a messenger of death over the city. Added to all, rumors were abroad that the inhabitants were about to revolt and fall on the exhausted army. Still Massena remained unshaken. Amid the dying and the dead he moved with the same calm and resolute mien that he was wont to do amid the storm of battle. He, who could stand undisturbed amid the shock of armies, could also

meet without fear the slow terrors of famine. His *moral* power was now more controlling than the command he held. He disdained to reserve any food for himself, bnt fared like the meanest of his troops. Though burdened with the cares and responsibilities that pressed him down, he ate the miserable soup and more disgusting bread of the starving soldier, sharing cheerfully with him his dangers and his sufferings. He, too, felt the power of famine on his own nature. Day by day the blood coursed more sluggishly through his veins, and night by night he lay down gnawed by the pangs of hunger. His iron frame grew thin, and his bronze cheek emaciated, yet his brave heart beat calm and resolute as ever. The eye that never blanched even at the cannon's mouth now surveyed the distress and woe about him with the composure of one who is above the power of fate.

But now a new cause of alarm arose. The seven or eight thousand prisoners, grown desperate with famine, threatened every day to break out in open revolt. Massena had furnished them the same supplies he did his own soldiers, and sent first to the Austrian commander and then to Lord Kieth to supply them with provisions, giving his word of honor that none of them should go to the garrison. They refusing to obey his request, he was compelled, in self-defence, to shut up the miserable creatures in some old hulks of vessels which he anchored out in the port, and then directed some of his heaviest guns to be trained on them to sink them the moment the sufferers should break loose. The cries and howls of these wretched thousands struck terror to the boldest heart; and the muffled sound rising night and day

over the city, drew tears of pity even from those who themselves were slowly perishing with famine.

Still Massena would not yield. A courier sent from Bonaparte had passed by night through the English fleet in an open boat, and though discovered in the morning, and pursued, boldly leaped into the sea with his sword in his mouth, and, amid the bullets that hailed around him, swam safely to the shore. Massena thus knew that Bonaparte was on the Alps, and determined to hold out till the last. But several days had now passed, and no farther tidings were heard of him. Many of the soldiers in despair broke their arms, and others plotted a revolt. In this desperate strait Massena issued a proclamation to them, appealing to their bravery and honor, and pointing to the example of their officers enduring the same privations with themselves. He told them Bonaparte was marching towards the city, and would soon deliver them. But the weary days seemed ages, and when nearly a fortnight had passed without tidings, the last gleam of hope seemed about to expire. But suddenly one morning a heavy rumbling sound was heard rolling over the Appennines, like the dull report of distant cannon. The joy of the soldiers and populace knew no bounds. "Bonaparte is come!" ran like wild-fire through the city. "We hear his cannon towards Bochetta!" they exclaimed in transport, and rushed into each other's arms, and ran in crowds towards the ramparts to catch more distinctly the joyful sound. Massena himself hurried to the heights of Tanailles. Hope quickened his steps as the faint but heavy echo broke over the city, and a gleam of joy irradiated his countenance at the thought he should be saved the mortification of a surrender

But as he stood on the ramparts and gazed off in the direction of the sound that had awakened such extravagant joy in the hearts of the besieged, he saw only the edge of a thunder-cloud on the distant horizon; and what had been taken for the thunder of Bonaparte's cannon was only the hoarse "mutterings of the storm in the gorges of the Apennines." The reaction on the soldiers and people was dreadful. Blank melancholy and utter despair settled on every face, and Massena felt that he must at last yield; for even of the loathsome bread on which they had been kept alive there remained only two ounces to each man, and if they subsisted any longer it must be on each other. But the indomitable veteran did not despair until these two pitiful ounces were gone, and even then he delayed. "*Give me*," said he to the Genoese, in the anguish of his great heart, "*give me only two days' provisions, or even one, and I will save you from the Austrian yoke, and my army the pain of a surrender.*" But it could not be done, and he who deserved to be crowned thrice conqueror, was compelled to treat with the enemy he had so often vanquished.

The Austrian general, knowing his desperate condition, demanded that he should surrender at discretion. Massena, in reply, told him that his army must be allowed to march out with colors flying, with all their arms and baggage, and not as prisoners of war, but with liberty to fight when and where they pleased the moment they were outside the Austrian lines. "If you do not grant me this," said the haughty chieftain, "*I will sally forth from Genoa, sword in hand. With eight thousand famished men I will attack your camp, and I will fight till I cut my way*

through it"—and he would have done it, too. General Ott, fearing the action of such a leader the moment he should join Suchet, agreed to the terms if Massena would surrender *himself* prisoner of war. This the old soldier indignantly refused. It was then proposed that the troops should depart by sea, so as not to join Suchet's corps in time to render any assistance in the opening campaign of Bonaparte. To all these propositions Massena had but one reply: "Take my terms, or I will cut my way through your army." General Ott knew the character of the man he had to deal with too well to allow things to come to such an issue, and so granted him his own terms. When leaving, Massena said to the Austrian general, "I give you notice that ere fifteen days are passed I shall be once more in Genoa"—and he was.

Thus fell Genoa, defended by one of the bravest men that ever trod a battle-field. Nine days after, the battle of Marengo was fought, and Italy was once more in the hands of France.

I have thus gone over the particulars of this siege, because it exhibits all the great traits of Massena's character. His talents as a commander are seen in the skill with which he planned his repeatedly successful attacks, and the subordination in which he kept his soldiers and the populace amid all the horrors of famine—his bravery, in the courage with which he resisted forces outnumbering his own ten to one, and the personal exposure he was compelled to make to save himself from defeat—and his invincible firmness in the tenacity that would yield to no discouragement, and the calmness with which he endured the privations and horrors of famine. His fixed resolution to cut his way through the Austrian host with his fa

mished band, rather than yield himself prisoner of war, shows the unconquerable nature he possessed. With such leaders, no wonder Bonaparte swept Europe with his victorious armies. Neither is it surprising that, five years after, we find Napoleon intrusting him with the entire command of the army in Italy, although the Archduke Charles was his antagonist. He conducted himself worthy of his former glory in this short but brilliant campaign; and after forcing the Adige at Verona, he assailed the whole Austrian lines at Caldiero. After two days' hard fighting—repeatedly charging at the head of his column, and exposing himself to the fire of the enemy like the meanest soldier—he at length, with 50,000, gained the victory over 70,000, and drove the Archduke out of Italy.

After the campaign of Eylau, in 1807, Massena returned to Paris, and appeared at court. But his blunt, stern nature could not bend to its etiquette and idle ceremonies, and he grew restless and irritable. It was no place for a man like him. But this peaceful spot proved more dangerous than the field of battle; for, hunting one day with a party of officers of St. Cloud, a shot from the grand huntsman's gun pierced his left eye and destroyed it forever. He had gone through fifty pitched battles, stormed batteries, and walked unhurt amid the most wasting fire, and received his first wound in a hunting excursion.

In 1809, in the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, he added to his former renown, and was one of the firm props of Napoleon's empire on those fiercely fought battle-fields. Previously to the battle of Aspern, and after that of Eckmuhl, while Bonaparte was on the march for Vienna, chasing the Archduke

Charles before him, Massena had command of the advance guard. Following hard after the retreating army of the Archduke, as he had done before in Italy, he came at length to the river Traun, at Ebersberg, or Ebersdorf, a small village on its banks, just above where it falls into the Danube. Here, for a while, an effectual stop seemed put to his victorious career, for this stream, at Ebersberg, was crossed by a single long, narrow wooden bridge. From shore to shore, across the sand-banks, islands, &c., it was nearly half a mile, and a single narrow causeway traversed the entire distance of the bridge, which itself was about sixty rods long. Over this half mile of narrow path the whole army was to pass, and the columns to charge; for the deep, impetuous torrent could not be forded. But a gate closed the farther end of the bridge, while the houses filled with soldiers enfiladed the entire opening, and the artillery planted on the heights over it commanded every inch of the passage. The high-rolling ground along the river was black with the masses of infantry, sustained by heavy batteries, all trained on that devoted structure, apparently enough in themselves to tear it into fragments. To crown the whole, an old castle frowned over the stream, on whose crumbling battlements cannon were planted so as also to command the bridge. As if this were not sufficient to deter any man from attempting the passage, another row of heights, over which the road passed, rose behind the first, covered with pine-trees, affording a strong position for the enemy to retire to if driven from the shore.

Thus defended, thirty-five thousand men, supported by eighty cannon, waited to see if the French would attempt to pass. Even the genius and boldness of

Massena might have been staggered at the spectacle before him. It seemed like marching his army into the mouth of destruction to advance on the batteries that commanded that long, narrow passage. It was not to be a sudden charge over a short causeway, but a steady march along a close defile swept in every part by grape-shot and balls. Still this was the key to Vienna, and the Marshal resolved to make the attempt—hoping that Lannes, who was to cross some distance farther up, would aid him by a movement on the enemy's flank.

The Austrians had foolishly left four battalions on the side from which the French approached. These being first attacked, were driven from their position, and forced along the causeway at the point of the bayonet, and on the bridge, followed by the pursuing French. But the moment the French column touched the bridge, those hitherto silent batteries opened their dreadful fire on its head. It sank like a sand-bank that caves under the torrent. To advance seemed impossible; but the heroic Cohorn, flinging himself in front, cheered them on, and they returned to the charge, driving like an impetuous torrent over the crashing timbers. Amid the confusion and chaos of the fight between these fleeing battalions and their pursuers, the Austrians on the shore saw the French colors flying, and fearing the irruption of the enemy with their friends, closed the gate and poured their tempest of bullets on friend and foe alike. The carnage then became awful. Smitten in front by the deadly fire of their friends, and pressed with the bayonets behind by their foes, those battalions threw themselves into the torrent below, or were trampled under foot by the steady advancing column. Amid

the explosion of ammunition wagons in their midst, blowing men into the air, and the crashing fire of the enemy's cannon, the French beat down the gate and palisades and rushed with headlong fury into the streets of the village. But here, met by fresh battalions in front and riddled through by a destructive cross-fire from the houses, while the old castle hurled its storm of lead on their heads, these brave soldiers were compelled to retire, leaving two-thirds of their number stretched on the pavement. But Massena ordered up fresh battalions, which, marching through the tempest that swept the bridge, joined their companions, and regaining the village, stormed the castle itself. Along the narrow lanes that led to it, the dead lay in swathes, and no sooner did the mangled head of the column reach the castle walls, than it disappeared before the plunging fire from the battlements, as if it sunk into the earth. Strengthened by a new reinforcement, the dauntless French returned to the assault, and, battering down the doors, compelled the garrison to surrender. The Austrian army, however, made good their position on the pine-covered ridge behind the village, and disputed every inch with the most stubborn resolution. The French cavalry, now across, came on a furious gallop through the streets of the village, trampling on the dead and dying, and amid the flames of the burning houses, and through the smoke that rolled over their pathway, hurried forward with exulting shouts and rattling armor to the charge. Still the Austrians held out, till threatened with a flank attack, when they were forced to retreat.

There was not a more desperate passage in the whole war than this. Massena was compelled to throw his brave soldiers, whether dead or wounded,

into the stream, to clear a passage for the columns Whole companies falling at a time, they choked up the way and increased the obstacles to be overcome. These must be sacrificed, or the whole shattered column that was maintaining its desperate position on the farther side be annihilated. It was an appalling spectacle to see the advancing soldiers, amid the most destructive fire themselves, pitch their wounded comrades, while calling out most piteously to be spared, by scores and hundreds into the torrent. Le Grand fought nobly that day. Amid the choked-up defile and the close fire of the batteries, he fiercely pressed on, and in answer to the advice of his superior officer, deigned only the stern reply, "*Room for the head of my columns—none of your advice!*" and rushed up to the very walls of the castle.

The nature of the contest, and the narrow bridge and streets in which it raged, gave to the field of battle a most horrid aspect. The dead lay in heaps and ridges piled one across the other, mangled and torn in the most dreadful manner by the hoofs of the cavalry and the wheels of the artillery which were compelled to pass over them. *Twelve thousand* men thus lay heaped, packed and trampled together, while across them were stretched burning rafters and timbers which wrung still more heart-rending cries and shrieks from the dying mass. Even Bonaparte, when he arrived, shuddered at the appalling sight, and turned with horror from the scene. The streets were one mass of mangled, bleeding, trampled men, overlaid with burning ruins. Napoleon blamed Massena for this act, saying that he should have waited for the flank movement of Lannes; but I suspect this was done simply as a salvo to his own conscience as he

looked at the spectacle before him. If Massena had *not* made the attempt, he would, undoubtedly, have been blamed still more.

This opened Vienna to the French army, and eighteen days after, the battle of Aspern was fought. I have already, when speaking of Marshal Lannes, described that engagement. It will be seen by referring to the description, that Massena and Lannes were the two heroes of the day. They occupied the two villages of Aspern and Essling, which formed the two extremities of the French lines. At the commencement of the fight, Massena's position was in the cemetery of Aspern. Here he stood under the trees that overshadowed the church, and directed the defence. Calm and collected as he ever was in the heat of the conflict, he surveyed without alarm the dangers that environed him. The onset of the Austrian battalions was tremendous, as they came on with shouts that rang over the roar of cannon. But he stood rooted to the place, and watching every assailed point, supported it in the moment of need, while the huge branches above his head were constantly rending with the storm of cannon balls that swept through them, and the steeple and roof of the church rattled with the heavy metal that the close batteries hurled upon it. The conflict became murderous, but never did he exhibit greater courage or more heroic firmness. He was everywhere present, steadying his men by his calm, stern voice, and reckless exposure of his person, and again and again wringing victory out of the very grasp of the enemy. Thus, hour after hour, he fought, until night closed over the scene—and then, by the light of blazing bombs and burning houses, and flash of Austrian batteries, he

continued the contest with the determination of one who would not be beat. When an advancing column recoiled before the close and fatal fire to which it was exposed, he would rush to its head, and crying, "Forward!" to his men, carry them into the very jaws of death. In the midst of one of these desperate charges, every one of his guard fell by his side dead or wounded, and he stood all alone amid the storm that wasted so fearfully around him; yet, strange to say, he was not even wounded.

But at length, after the most superhuman efforts, he was forced from the village amid the victorious shouts of the Austrians. But he would not be driven off, and returned to the attack with unbroken courage, and succeeded in wringing some of the houses from the victors, which he retained through the night. The next morning—being always ready to fight a lost battle over again—he made a desperate assault on Aspern, and carried it. Again he stood in the churchyard where he so calmly commenced the battle, now literally loaded with the dead, which outnumbered those above whose tombs they lay. But after the most heroic defense he was again driven out, and the repulse of Lannes' column on the center, soon after, completed the disaster.

In the disastrous retreat of the French army across the Danube in the midst of the battle, Massena exhibited his unconquerable tenacity of will, and disputed every inch of ground as if his life were there. When the victorious Austrians pressed upon the ranks, crowded on the banks of the river, he and Lannes, as before remarked, alone prevented an utter rout. They fought side by side, with a heroism that astonished even Napoleon. Lannes fell, but this

only increased Massena's almost superhuman exertions to save the army. Now on horseback, while the artillery swept down everything around him, and now on foot to steady the shaking ranks or head a desperate charge, he multiplied with the dangers that encompassed him. He acted as if he bore a charmed life, and rode and charged through the tempest of balls with a daring that filled the soldiers with astonishment, and animated them with tenfold courage. His eye burned like fire, and his countenance, lit up by the terrible excitement that mastered him, gave him the most heroic appearance as he stormed through the battle. No wonder that Bonaparte, as he leaned on his shoulder afterwards, exclaimed, "Behold my right arm!" For the assistance he rendered in this engagement he received the title of "Prince of Essling."

Massena was with Bonaparte while he lay cooped up in the island of Lobau waiting for reinforcements, so that he could retrieve his heavy losses. Here again he was the victim of an accident that well-nigh deprived him of life. Though he had moved unharmed amid so many conflicts, and bore a charmed life when death was abroad in the battle-field mowing down men by thousands, and exposed his person with a recklessness that seemed downright madness, with perfect impunity; yet here, while superintending some works on the Danube, his horse stumbling, he fell to the ground, and was so injured that he was unable for a long time to sit on horseback. There seems a fatality about some men. Massena had more than once fallen from his dying steed in the headlong fight, and moved in front of his column when the air was black with balls without receiving a scratch; and

yet in a peaceful hunt, where there was no apparent danger, he lost an eye, and, riding leisurely along the shores of the Danube, was well-nigh killed by a fall from his horse. But this last accident did not keep him out of battle. He was too important a leader to be missed from the field. Lannes was gone, and to lose two such men was like losing thirty thousand soldiers.

At the battle of Wagram, which took place soon after, he went into the field at the head of his corps in a calash. Being still an invalid, one of the surgeons belonging to the medical staff accompanied him, as he did in several other battles. It is said that Massena was exceedingly amused by the agitation the timorous doctor exhibited the moment the carriage came within range of the enemy's batteries. The latter would start at every explosion of the artillery, and then address some careless remark to the old marshal, as much as to say, "You see I am not frightened at all;" and again, as a cannon ball went whizzing by, or plowed up the ground near the wheels, would grow pale, and turn and twist in the greatest alarm, asking of the probabilities and chances of being hit. The old veteran enjoyed his distress exceedingly, and laughed and joked at his fears in great delight. But when the storm grew thick, and the battle hot, his face took its stern aspect, and, forgetful of the poor doctor by his side, he drove hither and thither amid the falling ranks, giving his orders in a tone that startled this son of Esculapius almost as much as the explosion of cannon.

On the second day of the fight at Wagram, Massena's troops, after having carried the village of Aderklan, were repulsed by a terrible discharge of grape-shot and musketry, and a charge of Austrian cavalry

This being followed up by an onset from the Archduke Charles himself with his grenadiers, they fell back in confusion on the German soldiers, who, also breaking and fleeing, overturned Massena in his carriage. He was so enraged at the panic of his soldiers, that he ordered the dragoons about his person to charge them as enemies. But it seemed impossible to arrest the disorder which spread so rapidly that this part of the field appeared about to be lost. Massena, unable to mount his horse or head his columns, chafed like a lion in the toils. Disdaining to fly, he strove with his wonted bravery to rally his fugitive army. It was all in vain, and the disabled veteran was left almost alone in his chariot in the midst of the plain. Bonaparte, in the distance, saw the distress of his marshal, and came on at a swift gallop over the field, pressed hard after by his brave cuirassiers and the horse artillery of the guard, which made the plain smoke and tremble in their passage. Reining up his steed beside Massena's carriage, he dismounted, and springing into the seat beside him, began to discourse, in his rapid way, of his plans. With his finger pointing now towards the steeples of Wagram, and now towards the tower of Neusiedel, he explained in a few seconds the grand movement he was about to make. Remounting his milk-white charger he restored order by his presence and personal exposure, so that the designed movements were successfully made.

Massena commanded the advance guard after this battle, and pursued the Archduke to Znaym, where the Austrians made a stand. The position was an admirable one for defence, and there must evidently be a hard struggle before it could be carried. But

Massena advanced boldly to the assault. After various successes and repulses amid the most dreadful carnage, he, enraged at the obstinacy of the resistance and the frequent recoil of his own troops, declared his resolution, disabled as he was, to mount on horseback and charge at the head of his columns in person. His staff strove in vain to prevent him. With a single glance at the recoiling ranks, he leaped from his carriage and sprung to his saddle, but his feet had scarcely touched the earth, before a cannon ball crushed through the center of the vehicle, tearing it into fragments. If he had remained a moment longer he would have been killed instantaneously. Fate seemed to have a peculiar watch over him in battle, leaving him quite at the mercy of the most ordinary chances when out of it.

His conduct of the invasion of Portugal was a master-piece of generalship. With a force of between seventy and eighty thousand men, he was directed to drive Wellington out of the kingdom. Probably, Massena in no part of his military career, exhibited the qualities of a great commander so strikingly as in this campaign. Resistless in a charge—firm as a rock in the hour of disaster—possessed with a power of endurance seldom equaled by any man—he here demonstrated also his great abilities when left alone to plan and execute a protracted war.

It would be uninteresting to go over the details of his memorable pursuit and retreat. From the first of June to the middle of October, he chased Wellington through Portugal, and for four months and a half crowded the ablest general of England backwards until he came to the lines of the Torres Vedras. The English had been engaged on these lines for a year,

and they now rose before Massena, an impregnable barrier from which the tide of success must at last recoil. This monument of human skill and enterprise consisted of three lines of intrenchments—one within another—extending for nearly thirty miles. On these lines were a hundred and fifty redoubts and six hundred mounted cannon. This impregnable defense received Wellington and his exhausted army into its bosom, and Massena saw his foe retire from his grasp, and take up his position where his utmost exertions to dislodge him must prove abortive. To add to the security of Wellington, he here received reinforcements that swelled his army to a hundred and thirty thousand men, or more than double that of the French Marshal. To march his weary and diminished troops on these stupendous fortifications, defended by such a host, Massena saw would be utter madness. His experienced eye could sometimes see the way to success through the most overwhelming obstacles, but here there was none.

Besides the defenses which here protected Wellington, there were twenty British ships of the line, and a hundred transports ready to receive the army if forced to retire. Unwilling to retreat, Massena sat down before the Torres Vedras, hoping first to draw Wellington forth with his superior force to a pitched battle in the open field. But the British commander was too wary to do this, and chose rather to provoke an assault on his intrenchments, or starve his enemy into a retreat. Massena sent off to the emperor for instructions, and then began to look about for means to provision his army. For a month the scenes of Genoa were acted over again. The army was reduced to starvation, but still he, with his wonted tenacity,

refused to retreat. Wellington, in speaking of the position of the French at this time, declared that Massena provisioned his 60,000 men and 20,000 horses for two months where he could not have maintained a single division of English soldiers.

But at length, driven to the last extremity, and seeing that he must either commence a retreat at once, or his famine-stricken army would be too weak to march, he broke up his position, and began slowly to retrace his victorious steps. Arranging his troops into a compact mass, he covered it with a rear-guard under the command of Ney, and without confusion or disorder, deliberately retired from the Torres Vedras. Wellington immediately commenced the pursuit, and hovered like a destroying angel on his flight. But it was here that the extraordinary abilities of Massena shone forth in their greatest splendor, and this retreat will ever stand as a model in military history. He showed no haste or perturbation in his movements, but retired in such order and with such skill, that Wellington found it impossible to assail him with success. Taking advantage of every position offered by the country, the French Marshal would make a stand till the main body of the army and the military wagons passed on, then slowly, and in perfect order, fall back, still presenting the same adamantine wall to the foe.

Thus for more than four months in the dead of winter—from the middle of November to the first of May—did Massena slowly retreat towards the frontier of Portugal. At Almeida he made a stand, and the two armies prepared for battle. Wellington was posted along the heights opposite the town. The French commenced the assault, and fell with such vehemence on the British that they were driven from

their position in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. A counter-charge by the English retrieved a part of the village, and night closed the conflict. Early next morning Massena again commenced the attack, and in a short time the battle became general. So severely was Wellington handled, that he was compelled to abandon his position and take up another on a row of heights in rear of the first. In his retreat he had to cross a plateau four miles in breadth which was completely curtained in with French cavalry. Making his left wing a pivot, he swung his entire right in admirable order across the plain to the heights he wished to occupy. None but English infantry could have performed this perilous movement. Formed into squares, they moved steadily forward while the artillery of Ney was thundering on their rear, and his strong columns rolling in an unbroken torrent against them. Those brave squares would at times be lost to view in the cloud of the enemy that enveloped them, and then emerge from the disorder and smoke of battle, without a formation broken, steadily executing the required movement on which the contest hung. Had they given way, Wellington would have been lost.

It was during this day that three regiments of English soldiers met the Imperial Guard in full shock, and both disdaining to yield, for the first time during the war, bayonets crossed, and the glittering steel of those two formidable masses of infantry lay levelled against each others' bosoms. The onset was made by the British, and so terrible was the shock that many of the steadfast Guard were lifted from the ground and sent, as if hurled from a catapult, into the air. The clatter of the crossing steel and the intermingling in such wild conflict of two such bodies of men, is described as having been terrible in the extreme.

At night the English were forced back from all their positions; but the new stand Wellington had made was too formidable to be assailed, and after remaining three days before it, Massena again commenced his retreat. This ended the pursuit, and the latter fell back to Salamanca, having lost since his invasion of Portugal more than a third of his army.

The cruelties practiced during this retreat have given rise to severe accusations on the part of the British. But it remains to be shown, before they can be made good, that these were not necessary both to save himself and to harass the enemy. All war is cruel; and the desolation and barrenness that followed in the track of the French army, wasting the inhabitants with famine, were a powerful check on Wellington in his pursuit. The sympathy of the inhabitants with the English doubtless made Massena less careful of their wants and sufferings; but his barbarity has been greatly exaggerated by Walter Scott and other English historians. The track of a retreating and starving army must always be covered with woe; and one might as well complain of the cruelty of a besieging force, because the innocent women and children of the invested town die by thousands with hunger.

In 1816 the old marshal was accused in the Chamber of Deputies of plotting a conspiracy to bring back Napoleon. He indignantly and successfully repelled the charge, but the blow it gave his feelings hastened, it is thought, his death; and he died the next year at the age of fifty-nine.

Massena had two sons and one daughter. The daughter married his favorite aid-de-camp, Count Reille. The eldest son having died, the second succeeded to the father's estates and titles

XIV.

MARSHAL MARMONT.

His Early Life—Bravery at Marengo—Battle of Salamanca—Splendid Manœuvres—His Defense and Surrender of Paris—The Charge of Treason—Revolution of 1830—His Self-exile.

In contemplating the beginning and close of Marmont's life one seems to look on two different individuals. They present a contradiction, or, at least, an inconsistency very unfavorable to his fame. The truth is, he lived too long. If his career had closed nobly with that of Napoleon, his character would have presented greater harmony and completeness than now. To be moulded under the genius of Napoleon, and then have the life of activity passed under his direction transferred to the control of a Bourbon, must produce anomalies and changes that his admirers cannot but regret. If it be hard to serve two masters, it must be peculiarly so to serve two so unlike as Napoleon and Charles X. Still, by betraying Napoleon, instead of ending with him, he showed it needed no Charles X. to ruin his character.

Augustus-Frederic-Louis Viesse de Marmont was an exception to most of the other marshals, in that he belonged to a noble family, and, like a gentleman's son, was destined at an early age to the profession of arms. Born on July 20, 1774, at Chatillon-sur-Seine, he was, at the age of fifteen, placed in the

infantry as sub-lieutenant. Leaving this department for the artillery, he was present at the siege of Toulon. The young Bonaparte, commanding the artillery on that occasion, was so pleased with the bravery and skill of Marmont, that after he quelled the revolt of the sections, he made him his aid-de-camp, and the next year took him to Italy, to lay there the foundation of his future fame. At Lodi he charged the enemy's artillery at the head of a body of cavalry, and though his horse was shot under him, he succeeded in bringing off a cannon. For his gallantry on this occasion, he received a sabre of honor. In this first campaign of Bonaparte, young Marmont exhibited all the impetuosity, daring, and devotion, that could be wished. For leading a battalion of grenadiers into the thickest of the fight, in the battle of St. George, and aiding essentially in securing the victory, he was selected to present the colors taken in that action to the Directory. Ardent, joyous, and elated, the young soldier proceeded to Paris, and amid all the pomp and solemnity befitting the occasion, presented the standards in an enthusiastic address, in which he showered eulogies on the army of Italy and on the young chief at its head.

Returning to Italy, he went through the campaign of 1797 with honor, and, after the fall of Venice, returned to Paris. Being now twenty-three years of age, full of hope, and with a bright future before him, he, through the influence of Napoleon, obtained the hand of the daughter of M. Perregaud, one of the wealthiest bankers of Paris. Only a few weeks of leisure, however, were allowed to him, and he was summoned away from his young bride to accompany Bonaparte to Egypt.

On landing at Malta, he was one of the first ashore, and, in repelling a sortie of the besieged, took the standard of the Knights, and for his bravery was made, on the spot, general of brigade. He fought gallantly before Alexandria, and while Napoleon was in Syria, remained governor of the city. Returning with him to France, he stood by him in the revolution that overthrew the Directory, and, as a reward for his services, was made Counsellor of State, and invested with the chief command of the artillery and army of reserve. Young Marmont had gone up rapidly, and now stood in all the freshness of youth beside Bonaparte, who was just entering on his wondrous career. His youthful imagination was fired by the boundless field that opened before him, and it was with joyous feelings he found himself chosen by the first consul to accompany him over the San Bernard. One of the most energetic and efficient officers during that Alpine march, he won the admiration of all by his activity, force, and bravery. Descending with that shouting army into the plains of Lombardy, he commanded the artillery at the battle of Marengo. Borne away by his boiling courage, and panting after distinction, he showed on this terrible day the traits of a true warrior. He moved his hotly-worked guns up to within ten rods of the enemy's lines, and there poured his destructive into their ranks.

The rank of general of division was given him as a reward for his services during this campaign, and he was selected to negotiate the treaty of Campo Formio.

On his return to Paris he was made inspector-general of the artillery. After the rupture of the treaty of Amiens by England, and the commencement of

war, he was sent into Holland, and thence into Styria, and afterwards into Dalmatia, where with a small army, he occupied Ragusa, and defended himself, successfully, against the most overwhelming numbers. He fulfilled Napoleon's most sanguine expectations, and, day after day, marched or fought fourteen out of every twenty-four hours. For his able conduct he was made Duke of Ragusa. He employed his men, during the peace, in making over two hundred miles of road across marshes and over mountains. He was recalled from this province with other corps in different parts of the continent to relieve Napoleon, waiting for reinforcements, in the island of Lobau, whither he had been driven after the battle of Aspern. To fulfill the urgent commands of the Emperor, he was forced to fight his way through mountain gorges, and across hostile territory, to the shores of the Danube. Pushing the enemy before him, he steadily advanced, and finally brought his victorious columns in safety to that fearful rendezvous the night before the battle of Wagram. His corps formed a part of the reserve in this great conflict, and he was one of those ordered up to sustain the heroic Macdonald in his unparalleled charge on the Austrian center. Pressing on after the retreating army, he fought desperately at Znaym, and was made Marshal of the Empire. Soon after, he was appointed governor of the Illyrian provinces, and during an administration of eighteen months, exhibited the attributes of mercy and justice, and won the respect and love of the inhabitants.

In 1811 he was sent into Spain to take Massena's place over the army of Portugal. Napoleon's orders to him were precise and peremptory, but Marmont,

discouraged, and averse to the position in which he was placed, showed a dilatoriness and want of energy, that materially injured the plan of operations marked out for him. He, however, restored order among the dispirited and ill-conditioned troops over which he was placed, and effected a junction with Soult. The two marched together to relieve Badajos, and Wellington was forced to retreat. Marmont followed after, and occupying Salamanca, erected forts at Almarez. At length Wellington invested Cuidad Rodrigo, and took it before Marmont, though on the march, could arrive to its rescue. The French Marshal then re-collected his troops at Salamanca. Wellington, in the mean time, marched back to Badajos, and after a short siege, carried it by assault. Mar mont then made a demonstration on Cuidad Rodrigo, and after several combats, in which he was victorious, fell back to Salamanca. Eight months had now passed away, and nothing had been accomplished towards driving the English commander out of Spain. The Duke of Ragusa had certainly shown want of energy, but the truth is, the French generals were divided in their opinions—somewhat jealous of each other, and possessing no confidence in King Joseph. There was a head wanting to give force and activity to affairs. Marmont felt this, and earnestly desired to be recalled and join the army about to invade Russia. Besides, some of the best troops in Spain had been drawn off to swell the army that was to perish in the wars of the north, and every thing languished.

At length, however, he showed he was an enemy to be feared. He was fairly pitted againt Wellington, but a great portion of his forces being scattered

over the country, his immediate army furnished no adequate opposition to that of his adversary. He had retreated, therefore, to Salamanca. But the forts there being stormed and taken, he continued to retreat to the Duero. Separated from reinforcements which he needed, he dare not hazard a battle, and things began to look threatening around the French Marshal.

But soon after, he first redeemed his errors, then crowned them by one greater than all, at the

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

Having succeeded in concentrating his scattered forces, he finally, after two months more skirmishing and retreating, resumed the offensive, and determined to open his communication with King Joseph, which had been cut off by Wellington. The former was marching up to his relief, and if the two armies could effect a junction, the English general was lost, and he strained every effort to prevent it. Then commenced a series of marches, manœuvres, and military evolutions, seldom, if ever, surpassed by any army. If Marmont's genius, or even good judgment, had been equal to his military science, statues to the Duke of Wellington would not have filled, as now, the public sqares and edifices of England.

The French Marshal had taken the bold resolution to pass the Duero, and advance to the Guarena, and thus not only open his communication with Joseph, but outflank Wellington. To effect this he made several deceptive movements to bewilder the allies, and on the 16th and 17th of July began his march. Ascending the river, he crossed it in safety, and on the 17th, concentrated his army at Navadel,—having marched

some of his divisions forty and forty-five miles without halting to rest. At day break he was on the Trabancos, over which he had driven the English cavalry posts; and immediately made preparations to cross. The British troops under Cotton, stationed here, endeavored to dispute the passage, and a most singular scene presented itself. A heavy fog lay along the river, which concealed the French army from view, and Cotton, seeing nothing but horsemen there, advanced to the shore with his cavalry. The artillery, however, opening, followed by the rattle of musketry, he ordered up a regiment to support the horse. The conflict now became warm, and before the heavy explosions of the cannon in the bosom of the fog, the upper lighter portions sprung skyward in spiral columns, which, as they reached the rising sun, turned gold and red in its beams, while through the dark dense stratum below, were seen the black masses of cavalry, plunging about in the gloom, now appearing and now lost to the eye—mere phantoms careering through the mist. A hill across the river showed dimly through the fog, covered with French infantry, that seemed as they marched down to battle, to crumble off and slide noiselessly away. The English infantry stood and watched this strange spectacle, when suddenly, a single cavalry officer was seen to emerge on foot from the edge of the mist, and stalk towards them. He seemed to press a bloody handkerchief to his breast, as he strode firmly on. But that red spot was a ghastly wound—a cannon ball had torn away his breast, and his beating heart lay exposed to view.*

From daylight till seven o'clock the combat raged, when Wellington came hastily up, and began to ex-

* Vide Napier.

amine the movements of Marmont. Just then a body of French horsemen came galloping across the valley and rode straight up the hill on which Cotton's left wing was posted, and with unparalleled audacity drove back a whole line of English cavalry. The English reserve were brought up, and these brave fellows were rode under and hewn down without mercy. Still forty horsemen swept boldly up and onward, and dipped over the farther edge of the hill right in the midst of the enemy's lines. At the bottom of the hill were a body of infantry, and part way up a whole squadron of cavalry in order of battle. The bold officer at the head of these forty horsemen suddenly reined up his steed at this sudden apparition, and his followers gathered hastily around him. His destruction seemed inevitable, for the British were already rushing to the charge. But the next moment those reckless riders wheeled, and with a shout, rushed in a tearing gallop on the advancing squadron, and driving it back over its own guns, rolled it down the slope, carrying away the Duke of Wellington and all to the bottom. Here the mad irruption was stayed by another squadron of heavy dragoons, and the little band that made it, cut to pieces. The officer that led them on, however, escaped almost by a miracle. Surrounded by three troopers, he stretched one on the earth, then putting spurs to his noble steed fled back towards the French lines. For a quarter of a mile the two pursuing horsemen galloped side by side with him, hewing and hacking away at him with their swords, yet by his extraordinary strength and skill he escaped in safety.

At length Wellington began to retreat towards the Guarena, whither Marmont was already marching

The great struggle now was to see which should reach the Guarena first, and there prepare for battle. Then occurred a spectacle seldom witnessed in war. The two armies, in beautiful order, began to stretch forward. It was a hot July noon—the air was close and oppressive, rendered still more so by the clouds of dust kicked up by the cavalry and artillery as they thundered along. But in close array, and in splendid order, the panting soldiers pressed after their leaders; and the two armies, only a few rods apart, strained every nerve to out-march each other. The long black columns streamed forward, and the two hostile hosts, side by side within hailing distance of each other, did not fire a single shot, and to a careless spectator seemed but one army executing some grand manœuvre on a day of parade. A few cannon balls crushing through the ranks, from some of the heights, alone told they were foes. Under a broiling sun, covered with clouds of dust, they thus marched for *ten miles* side by side; while the officers, wrought up to the highest excitement, were seen pointing with their swords forward, hurrying on the columns, already moving in double quick time to the rapid beat of the drum—pausing now and then only to touch their chapeaus to each other in courtesy across the narrow space that intervened. The heavy German cavalry went thundering along this narrow lane as if on purpose to keep peace between the hostile ranks; and thus together they swept over the rolling country, and at night reached the Guarena. After some fighting, darkness closed over the armies, and the tired warriors slept.

Marmont had marched his army for two days and nights without cessation, and hence next morning was

in no condition to fight, while Wellington was equally averse to a battle. The day wore away with a few skirmishes, and Marmont, who had fairly outmanœuvred the English general, instead of giving battle, rested till the following morning, then began to march up the Guarena to outflank more perfectly his enemy and open his communication with his reinforcements, now rapidly coming up. Wellington, perceiving his design, immediately put his army in motion also to prevent it; and here the strange scene of two days before, was enacted over again on a grander scale. Only a narrow stream divided the two armies as on two parallel ridges they marched rapidly up the river. He who reached Contalpino first would win this battle of manœuvres. Forty-five thousand men on either side, massed together, moved all day in order of battle, within musket-shot of each other—the opposing officers waving their swords in recognition across the narrow interval as they strained every nerve to push the mighty columns onward, whose heavy, measured tread shook the banks of the stream. The long lines of bayonets flashed in the sun-light, while now and then, as the ground favored, the cannon opened on either side, and the English cavalry marched threateningly between, waiting for some disorder or unskillful movement in the French ranks to dash in and impede their march. But Marmont did not make a single mistake, and his forty-five thousand men moved in one solid wall beside the enemy, presenting the same beautiful array and the same resistless barrier of steel. You could almost hear the panting of the tired hosts as they strained forward like racers on the course; but towards evening, it was plain that Marmont had outmanœuvred

and outmarched the English general; and at night Wellington halted his troops with the painful conviction that he was fairly outflanked, and unless some unexpected good fortune turned up, must commence his retreat.

Marmont, in these few days, had restored all that he had lost, and had exhibited a skill and ability in manœuvring an army unsurpassed by any general of his time. He had regained the offensive, and unless he committed some unpardonable blunder, could drive Wellington before him in confusion. His hitherto dilatory and unskillful management of the war seemed about to be forgotten—obliterated in a glorious victory. The communication with King Joseph was open—the reinforcements were already coming up, and all was bright and cheering.

But at this crisis he overturned all his hopes, and by one of those rash and inconsiderate movements ruined his army and deeply tarnished his fame. The two armies occupied opposite heights, with a deep basin between. This basin was a mile broad and two miles long, and Marmont, who was in a splendid position, having steadily outmanœuvred Wellington, had nothing to do but wait for the reinforcements to arrive, and then fall on him like a thunderbolt. But, knowing if he delayed the attack till the junction of the forces under Joseph and Jourdan he should be superseded in his command, and the glory of the victory be taken from him, and having become over-confident, from his great success for the last few days, and a little too contemptuous of his adversary's skill, he executed a manœuvre that was as rash and unmilitary as it well could be. Seeing that the English were about to fall back, and wishing

to strike the blow before the arrival of the king, he determined to cut off their retreat, and force Wellington into a battle. As I remarked the two armies occupied opposite heights—Marmont on the east, and Wellington on the west, with a valley two miles long between. The French Marshal, about three o'clock on the 22d, sent forward his left wing, to threaten the road to Cuidad Rodrigo, along which he expected the allies to retreat. This wing pressing on too rapily, gradually became entirely separated from the center.

When the report of this movement was brought to Wellington, he could hardly believe it. It did not seem possible that a general, who had exhibited such striking ability for the last few days, could commit a blunder that would be unpardonable in the most ordinary general. Hastening up to the higher ground, however, he beheld with inexpressible delight that it was true, for there, in the basin below, was the left wing of the enemy marching forward in beautiful order to cut off his retreat, while a huge chasm appeared between it and the center of the army. As he took the glass from his eye he exclaimed, "At last I have them—Marmont is lost!" His resolution was immediately taken, and orders flew like lightning to different portions of the army. The dark and hitherto motionless masses that covered the heights began to move, as if suddenly penetrated by some invisible agency, and the next moment they came rolling rapidly down the slope into the basin, and, moving through a hurricane of bullets, crossed the line of the enemy's march. Marmont, from the summit of the heights on which he rested, saw at once the whole valley filled with the English columns, and

the battle thrown upon him in the midst of a difficult evolution, and while his army was separated by a wide interval. He, however, strove gallantly to recover his advantage. He dispatched officer after officer in haste, ordering the left wing to fall back on the center, and the center to close up to the menaced wing, but before his commands could be executed, the scarlet uniforms of the English troops were seen moving like one broad wave on the dark masses of the French infantry. Amid the rolling fire of musketry, and heavy crash of artillery, the British bayonets steadily advanced, and Marmont saw that his hour had come. Hastening forward to the point of greatest danger, a shell stretched him on the ground with a broken arm and two deep wounds in his side.

This completed the disaster, for the French army, in its most critical state, was deprived of its head. But for his fall, the issue of the battle, desperate as it appeared, might have been different, for the bravery of the French troops seemed to overbalance all advantages. As it was, Clauzel, on whom the command devolved, did restore the fight. He succeeded in bringing the left wing and the center together, and put forth almost superhuman exertions to stem the tide that was setting so heavily against him, and bore up in the storm with a heroism and constancy that filled his foes with surprise and admiration. Notwithstanding the odds he was compelled to struggle against, he still hoped to redeem the day, but nature herself helped to baffle his efforts, for the sun, now stooping to the western horizon, sent his flashing beams full in the eyes of a part of his troops, distracting their aim, while a brisk west wind, just then arising, carried the dust, which the cavalry and in-

fantry trampling over the loose soil, stirred up, full in the soldiers' faces. Still he kept pouring his brave columns in such stern and fierce valor on the foe, that for awhile he steadily gained ground. Sixty thousand men were packed into that basin, on whose dark masses the artillery from the heights played with pitiless fury, while clouds of dust, mingling with the smoke of battle, rolled over them as they struggled in the embrace of death. The wounded Marmont heard the uproar, but his brave heart sunk in despair as he remembered how the battle stood when he fell.

Still, Clauzel did well nigh save him from defeat. As the sun sunk behind the western heights, he was driven back through the basin, but making a gallant effort at the base of the hill he arrested the onward movement of the enemy, and, following up his success, rolled the victorious columns back through the valley, and victory once more quivered in the balance. As twilight deepened over the bloody field, he had driven Wellington so hard that a crisis arrived when every thing rested on the reserves. The general who could bring the greatest number to the conflict would win the day. Fortune again favored the English commander, and the heroic Clauzel, with his thinned and wasted ranks, retreated into the forest beyond the heights, and the battle was done. That basin was piled with the slain, and trampled into the dust which lay sifted over the wounded and dead thousands that had fallen there. Groans and shrieks loaded the night air, and Marmont, faint and wounded, was borne through the darkness, suffering more from the wound in his heart than from the one his mangled body exhibited.

The army was routed, and the report of this sad

defeat reached Napoleon just before the battle of Borodino. Fabvier, one of Marmont's aid-de-camps, brought the news; and a few days after, as if to retrieve the disgrace that had befallen the army in Spain, fought on foot at the head of the sharp-shooters and fell wounded in a most obstinate fight of the regiment he was in, as it sustained for a while the shock of the whole Russian army.

Marmont had conducted the whole fore-part of the campaign badly. Discontented and listless, he evinced no energy, and brought himself and his army to the verge of ruin. Rousing himself, however, at last, he had executed one of the most brilliant manœuvres the history of the war could exhibit, and having outflanked the enemy had got him in his power. But in the very midst of his good fortune he showed himself unworthy of it, and lost his advantage by a rash and foolish movement. Bonaparte was filled with indignation at the management of his marshal. In his letter to the minister of war, directing an examination to be made of this affair, he declared that Marmont's dispatch to him, explaining his defeat, had more trash and complication in it than a clock. He ordered him to demand of the Duke of Ragusa why he had delivered battle without orders from the king—why he had not followed out the general plan of the campaign—why he had taken the offensive, when sixteen or seventeen thousand men were in two days' march to reinforce him. In conclusion, he declared that he was forced to think that he had sacrificed to vanity, the glory of his country and the good of the common cause. Still, remembering his old friendship, he, in the height of his just wrath, ordered

all these questions to be delayed, till Marmont had entirely recovered from his wounds.

Hearing afterwards that it was possible he was not aware of the near approach of reinforcements, he poured his complaints and recriminations on his inefficient brother, for not coming up to the marshal's help sooner. The truth is, the whole war was managed miserably, and it could not well be otherwise with Joseph at the head of affairs.

Marmont said afterwards, that he would willingly have received a mortal blow at the close of the combat, could he only have retained the faculty of command at that trying moment when the shock of the armies took place. His wound was so severe, that it was necessary to amputate his arm, and he did not recover sufficiently to resume his command, till after the expedition to Russia, when he again fought bravely at Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and Leipsic. Napoleon retained no ill will against his marshal, and restored him to favor and confidence the moment his wound was healed—an act of generosity and kindness, that must, at this day, be like a sting in the memory of the latter.

But he well nigh recovered his fame, in the last struggle of Napoleon for his throne. At Bautzen he attacked the center of the allied army with resistless fury—at Dresden, he was also stationed in the center, beside the Emperor, and at Leipsic, fought beside Ney, worthy of his former renown. Five times did the overwhelming enemy break into the village of Schoenbrun, in which he was stationed, and five times did he fiercely hurl them back; and it was not till reinforcements were brought up that he at length gave way. An aid-de-camp was shot by his side.

and he himself was wounded in his remaining hand. He fought beside Napoleon, in his mighty efforts to roll back the armies of Europe from his capital, and at Brienne, Champ Aubert, Vauxchamps, Montmirail, &c., exhibited energy and heroism that received his highest commendation.

But at Laon he was utterly routed. Bonaparte had his army drawn up in order of battle before that of Blucher, but delayed his attack till the arrival of Marmont from Rheims. The eighth of March saw a sublime spectacle around Laon, as the two armies moved in the plain, and the long lines of fire from the advancing or retiring infantry, and the deep black columns moving to the charge to the music of cannon, met the eye on every side, and were lost in the distance.

The next day word reached Napoleon that Marmont was rapidly approaching, and he immediately recommenced the attack. He fought, however, merely to gain time, for his force was too inferior to hazard a general battle, until reinforcements came up. But that night, as this marshal, with his troops, worn down with fatigue, were reposing in their cold bivouacs, dreaming of no danger, Prince William, who had been dispatched by Blucher for that purpose, fell suddenly upon him with his Prussians. So unexpected was the onset, that at the first fire the soldiers fled in every direction, and the whole corps was dispersed through the darkness, and became a cloud of fugitives, whom no effort could rally.

Afterwards, when left alone with Mortier, to arrest the tide that was setting on Paris, he disputed the soil of his country with heroic courage. And at last, when driven into the capital, he continued to strug-

gle on, as if he were determined to wipe out every error of his life by his noble self-devotion to France. Foremost in the lines, he exposed himself like the meanest soldier, and cheered on his men against the most overwhelming numbers. The world looked with admiration on his conduct, and Napoleon stood ready to cover him with honor, and France to load him with blessings. But he shamefully capitulated, and let the infamous coalition, which had struggled so long to crush his country, triumph by marching its armies into the capital.

English historians, and the enemies of Napoleon, never condemn Marmont for his conduct in surrendering Paris, but rather praise him, declaring he fought as long as he could, and that farther resistance would have been madness. No doubt he was advised to this course by the influential men of the city. Lafitte, the grand financier, among others, used his utmost endeavors to prevent an assault on the place, and well he might. The loss of property would have been immense, to say nothing of the dreadful carnage that would ensue; and Marmont was persuaded to capitulate. But he should have learned his duty from Massena in Genoa, St. Cyr in Dresden, and Davoust in Hamburg, and fought as long as one gleam of hope remained. Had Bonaparte not been near, or had he been ignorant of the state of affairs, then he might have been excusable, and his prudence proper; but he knew the only man who had a right to deed away the throne was marching rapidly up. He had received orders from the Emperor, who had promised to be in the city by the second of April with seventy thousand men, to hold out to the last. Aware of his proximity, and conscious that he alone

could save France, he transgressed his commands, and exercised a power, which, under the circumstances, he did not rightly possess.

Napoleon was within a few hours' ride of the city when it was surrendered, and could not at first believe the reports that were brought him of its fall. His great heart broke under the blow.

Marmont was inexcusable, for he had seen enough of that mighty wizard's working to know that his presence in the capital would entirely change the state of affairs—Paris would have thronged around him—the very canaille would have gathered in a countless array about his standard. Hope would have taken the place of despair, and to every blow been given tenfold power. Besides, the very fact that he was with the army would have made the allies circumspect and careful. He knew the ground around Paris better than he did the rooms of his palace, and the amazing resources of his mind would have found means to check the enemy till his advancing troops should arrive, as they did at Dresden, and then he would have rolled the allied thousands back on the Rhine. But no, Marmont took on himself the responsibility of settling the whole matter—not only the safety of the capital, and the extent of the dominions of France—but to barter away the throne of Napoleon, when he himself would be there in a few hours, to do it for himself, if necessary. He doubtless thought he was doing a very generous deed, when he stipulated for the life and liberty of the Emperor. No wonder the indignant heart of the latter spurned him as a traitor and when Marmont remembers the kindness of Napoleon tc him, after his folly had ru

ined the French cause in Spain, his heart must be filled with remorse at his base surrender.

Napoleon never forgave him, and he always spoke of him afterwards with the greatest bitterness. To have a general on whom he had lavished honors take upon himself to dispose of France, his crown, and throne, was a wrong almost as great as deliberate treason. Said he afterwards at St. Helena, "Marmont will be an object of horror to posterity. As long as France exists, the name of Marmont will not be mentioned without shuddering. He feels it, and is at this moment probably the most miserable man in existence. He cannot forgive himself, and will yet terminate his life like Judas."

No wonder on the accession of Louis XVIII. he was made Peer of France and captain of the body guard. He could be trusted to defend a monarch for whose welfare he had betrayed his benefactor and his country.

When Bonaparte returned from Elba, he proclaimed Marmont a traitor. The marshal, truer to his last than to his first benefactor, commanded the army that conducted the King from Paris to Ghent. Finding, however, there was treachery among some one of his staff, and not knowing who was the guilty one, he determined to write all his secret orders himself. But his right arm was gone and his left hand writing was so illegible, that nobody but himself could read it. The Duke of Montmartre, who commanded the rear guard, could not make out the dispatches that directed his march, though he spent the whole night over them, and was consequently left to his own conjectures, and the two portions of the army no longer

acting in unison, he and his rear-guard were taken prisoners.

During the short reign of Napoleon, Marmont remained at Aix-la-Chapelle, to whose waters he had repaired, ostensibly for his health. At the second restoration, he resumed his former rank and titles. Ten years after, he was sent to quell an insurrection in Lyons, after which he devoted himself principally to agricultural pursuits in his native province, till 1826, when he was sent as ambassador to the coronation of Nicholas at Moscow. In 1830 he was appointed by Charles X. over the troops of Paris. On the memorable 25th of July, when the imbecile King, utterly unable to learn wisdom from past events, issued his two tyrannical decrees—one abolishing the liberty of the press, and the other annulling the election of the deputies, he relied on Marmont to quell the violence he expected would follow.

He took the command on the 27th, and succeeded in quelling the disorders; but, early next morning, the populace was again abroad, and armed. In attempting to disperse them a fierce battle ensued, and Marmont fired on his countrymen. The revolution was now fairly commenced, and the poor marshal was in a painful dilemma. To sustain the king he must fight it out, and strew the streets of Paris with its dead citizens, and thus become forever obnoxious to his countrymen. Besides, the people had become so thoroughly aroused that it was doubtful whether they would not conquer—then, woe to his fame!

The Hotel de Ville was first attacked and taken, but the troops stormed and retook it. Again, however, did the brave citizens rush to the assault with loud shouts, and though its walls and passage ways

were drenched in blood, again wrench it from the soldiers and hold it against every assault. The Tuilleries and Louvre were the next objects of attack. The Louvre, though deemed impregnable, was carried through the panic of the Swiss Guards, and Marmont, in attempting to rally his men, came near being killed, and fought worthy of a better cause, under the clock pavilion of the Louvre; but the people were everywhere triumphant. The students of the Polytechnic school rushed on the guns and the bayonets of the infantry, with the coolness of veterans, and women became heroes. During these three terrible days he acted like a fool or one demented. Now, beseeching the king to treat with the insurgents, and now opening his cannon on them—he neither saved his monarch nor his reputation, and finally was compelled to depart with the dethroned king to England, consoled with the reflection that he had scattered the bodies of more than five thousand of his countrymen over the pavements of Paris, to carry out an unjust and tyrannical act. It is nonsense to talk of his duty as a soldier. It was not a lawless *mob* he was called to quell, but the people of France, who had risen against a lawless *monarch*, and he knew it. It was a struggle *for* law, not *against* it, and Marmont, who had passed through one revolution, and been a warm advocate of republican principles, should have seen his remaining arm chopped from his body before he would have anything to do with such a piece of villainy.

On his way to England he seems to have awakened from his delusion, and deprecated, though too late, his unenviable position. In a letter to a friend, dated the 6th of August, he says, "Have you ever seer

anything like it? to fight against our fellow-citizens in spite of us. Is there anything wanting to make me completely miserable? And the future!—what unjust opinions will be had of me! My only refuge is my conscience. I accompany the king to Cherbourg; when he is in safety my mission will end. I shall leave France, and wait to see what the future has in store for me." His conscience must be a singular thing to furnish refuge in such a case as this To uphold a villainous king in violating the sacred rights guarantied to the people, he shoots down several thousand of citizens, and then takes refuge in his conscience.

But Marmont was not a cold-blooded, selfish man. He seemed to have a mental weakness that came on him like a spasm, and just at the time when there was no occasion for it. Thus, in Spain, he exhibited great military skill, and a clear, sound head in his manœuvres with Wellington before the battle of Salamanca, and till he had acquired all the advantage, and then he showed the imbecility of a weak mind. So at Paris, circumstances had placed him where he could cover himself with glory, and he fought like one who appreciated his position and felt his responsibility, but after he had gone through a part of the trial honorably, he tipped over the whole structure he was rearing, and lost instead of gained by the power he held.

He lost his head in the same way during the revolution of 1830, and he has ever been his own worst enemy. He was a brilliant man, but not a safe one. Unequal in his feelings, he was also unequal in his actions. He seemed capable of reaching a certain limit in an emergency, but not of staying there and

struggling a single moment; and went back as fast as he went forward A brave and a good general he was, not a great one. He lacked strength of mind, and that breadth of character and fixedness of will which belong to a strong man. In action he was heroic and fearless, but he had not that reserve power to fall back upon in moments of despair, when fate seemed resolved to push her victim to the last extremity.

Ever since the unfortunate part he took in the last revolution, he has been a voluntary exile from France, and it is doubtful whether he will ever venture to show himself in the streets of Paris. He has passed part of his time in Transylvania, and a part in Constantinople, and now, though seventy-two years of age, wanders over the world like a spirit that cannot rest, afraid to set foot on his native soil. His noble deeds are all obscured, his early glory dimmed, and the name that might have gone down to posterity with a halo of light about it, has a spot upon it which no time nor change can wipe away.

Napoleon's prophecy has proved true, and Marmont's name is abhorred in France.

VICTOR.

XV.

MARSHAL VICTOR.

His Campaign in Italy—His Regiment named the Terrible—Braver at Marengo—At Friedland—Defeat at Talavera—Terrible Passage of the Beresina—His Last Efforts for France—His Disgrace—Is Wounded.

Victor Perrin was born at Marche, in the department of Vorges, in 1766. His parents were humble, and his early advantages nothing. Ignorant of books and the world in which he was to play such a conspicuous part, he entered, when but fifteen years of age, the artillery as a private.

His first appearance on the surface of things is at the siege of Toulon, where Napoleon also took his first step towards power. These two young soldiers, both in the artillery, had then an opportunity to see how each other fought. In the fierce attack on Fort Eguillette, Victor exhibited his two great characteristics—coolness in the midst of danger, and impetuosity in attack. He was then twenty-seven years old, and three years after, Napoleon, who, not forgetting the fearless artilleryman of Toulon, called him to his side in his first campaigns in Italy. During those three years, however, he was not idle, but conducted himself gallantly in the eastern Pyrenees where he fought as general of brigade.

There could be no better school for Victor, than the campaigns he passed through by the side of Bonaparte. Amid the excitement of those constant battles, and astounding victories, he seemed to have a new life imparted to him; and catching the inspiration which the whole army seemed to have derived from Bonaparte, he stormed over the battle-fields of Laono, Dego, La Favorita, Alexandria, and Novi, like one who thought himself invulnerable. At Mantua, whither Bonaparte had marched with such rapidity day and night after the battle of Rivoli, to succor Augereau, he astonished even Massena by the overwhelming fury of his attack.

Provera was coming up to succor Wurmser, who had been driven into Mantua, and it was to prevent the junction of these two generals that Bonaparte had made such an unparalleled march from Rivoli. Massena was placed on one flank of Provera, and Victor on the other, on the morning of the combat. Both were successful in the execution of their orders, but Victor, at the head of the 57th regiment, surpassed even the renowned Massena. When the signal for the attack was given, he rushed on and over the enemy with such ferocity and astonishing power, that they were perfectly stunned. Amid the impetuous onsets and unparalleled bravery that had characterized the whole campaign nothing like it had been seen. The charge at Lodi and Arcola, seemed the measured tread of self-collected soldiers compared to it. It was not the onset of determined or enthusiastic men—not the headlong charge of Augereau, sweeping furiously through the ranks. It was something more than excitement—the whole regiment, with Victor at its head, seemed suddenly to have been

carried away, one and all, by a fierce frenzy, which imparts unnatural physical strength. Resistance was useless. The steady ranks went down before them like grass before the mower. Rolled back on themselves, they parted, and fell along the sides of that resistless regiment, as if it were made of adamant. With his eye flashing fire and the smoke of battle wreathing in clouds around him, Victor strode on in front, like some war-god of old. Artillery, infantry, cavalry, went down, one after another, in their passage—the close fire of batteries, and the firm charge of the bayonet, all disappeared where they moved. Heedless alike of danger and destruction, they took the storms of grape-shot that tore through the ranks, without a shudder. Their rapid tread shook the ground over which they passed, and their firm array was like a wall of iron against every assault. Bonaparte had charged at Lodi and Arcola, as he had seen no man do before, and fresh from the fierce-fought battle of Rivoli, was not likely to be astonished at any deed of daring; but Victor's charge for a moment took his mind from everything else. The whole army, which had become accustomed to heroic deeds, beheld it with amazement, and when the battle was over, and the victory won, it gave that regiment, by general acclamation, the name of "*The Terrible*," which it ever after bore. What a fearful baptism that must have been which could compel the "Army of Italy" to affix such a name to the regiment that received it. For Augereau, Massena, and Bonaparte to apply such a title, signifies more than words can convey.

At Austerlitz, Napoleon reminded this regiment of its name, and saw it with pleasure sustain its dread

title. At the battle of Tann, twelve years after its christening, it also maintained its old reputation, breaking six regiments to pieces in succession, in a charge. In his bulletin home, Napoleon made honorable mention of it.

At Marengo, he also exhibited those great qualities which made him so conspicuous in the after wars of the Empire. He opened that great battle, and was second to none but Lannes on that eventful day. Stationed along the little stream of Fontanone, he received the first shock of the Austrian army, as it defiled over the Bormida. Bonaparte was ignorant of the design of the Austrians to give battle on the plains of Marengo, but with the first thunder of cannon, an aid-de-camp from Victor came galloping into his presence, informing him that the enemy, with all his force, was deploying from the bridge. I have already spoken, in my description of the battle of Marengo, of the firmness with which he met the shock of the whole Austrian army, and stood muzzle to muzzle with their ranks for two hours till Lannes came up. Perhaps there never was an instance in which such an inferior force was held so long in an open field exposed to so close, constant, and murderous a fire. The discharges on both sides were rapid as lightning, and it was one incessant flash and peal of musketry and cannon along the Fontanone, till the line formed by Victor's and Lannes' divisions as it stretched across the field, now sallying backward, and now springing to its place again, looked like a vast serpent of fire waving to and fro in the plain.

For his heroism on this day he received a sabre of honor, which he most richly deserved.

At the peace of Amiens, he was appointed ambas

sador to the court of Denmark, where he remained till the rupture of the treaty by England, and the commencement of the war. At Jena, while leading his division forward, he received a contusion from a spent ball, which confined him to his bed for several days.

A few days before the battle of Eylau, while going to Stettin at the command of the Emperor, he was taken prisoner. Apprehending no danger, he was riding along in his carriage, with only one aid-de-camp and a servant, when twenty-five Russian hussars came galloping up, and seized as a prisoner of war.

Being exchanged, he was sent to besiege the strongly fortified town of Graudetz, and soon after led the first corps into battle at Friedland. When Ney's mighty column was checked in its advance, and rolled back over the field, it fell on Victor, moving rapidly to the attack. The latter, steadying his troops by a powerful effort, checked both friend and foe, and allowed Ney to rally his men again to the charge. These two chieftains then moved together upon Friedland—stormed through its streets, though defended desperately at every step, and finally drove the routed enemy over the Alle. Side by side with Ney, Victor did not suffer this day by the comparison. His charge was as terrible, and the movement of his column as steady, as that of the "bravest of the brave;" and for the great services he rendered, was made, after the battle, Marshal of the Empire.

The peace of Tilsit soon followed, and Victor was appointed governor of Berlin, and during the fifteen months of his administration, exhibited the high qualities of a good and wise ruler, and left with the esteem and love of all the inhabitants.

In 1808 he was sent to Spain. He won the battle of Espinosa for Soult, and the next year, while operating in La Mancha, routed the Spaniards at Ucles, and took fifteen thousand prisoners. Being then ordered to support Soult in his invasion of Portugal, he proceeded on his mission, though with a tardiness that has not left him free from blame. He, however, defeated the enemy at Ciudad Real, and pushed on to the Guadiana. Here he won the battle of Medellin, routing an army of thirty-five thousand men, with one of little over sixteen thousand—took several thousand prisoners, and left the field covered with the dead. So utter was the route, that Cuesta, the Spanish general, was not able for several days to rally a single battalion.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

The next July the useless battle of Talavera was delivered, ostensibly by King Joseph, but in fact by Victor. Disregarding the sound advice of Soult, and following that of Victor, Joseph met with a defeat, which though of no advantage to the enemy, might have been prevented. Jourdan was opposed to the marshal's combinations, but the latter was so well convinced of their excellence, that he declared, if they failed, military science was useless. It was a scorching day on which the battle was fought, and from morning till noon all was quiet, while the soldiers of the two armies descended to a stream in the valley between, to quench their thirst, and accosted each other in terms of familiarity across the narrow space that separated them. But about one o'clock the rolling of drums along the French lines announc

ed to the allies, that the enemy was preparing for the attack. Victor gave the signal, and eighty cannon opened their destructive fire, and the light troops went sweeping onward with the rapidity of a thunder cloud over the heavens—while the deep, dark columns, marched sternly after, and charged with terrible strength the English lines. But the close and well-directed fire of the artillery, and the rapid volleys of the infantry as they closed around the heads of those columns, enveloping them in one sheet of flame, that streamed like billows along their sides, was too much for human courage, and after bravely struggling, they fell back in disorder.

After various successes and reverses, the French seemed about to gain the day. The English center was broken, and Victor's columns marching triumphantly through it. But one brave English regiment, advancing amid the routed and disordered multitude, and opening to let the fugitives through, and forming in beautiful order when they had passed, marched straight upon the pursuing columns from the right side, and poured its rapid fire into the dense ranks. Closing on the foe in such steadiness and firmness, these few soldiers arrested the progress of the entire mass, and the artillery being brought to bear, and the cavalry charging in flank, the tide of success was turned; and victory, which seemed a moment before in the hands of the French, was wrested from their grasp, and amid the loud shouts of the British, they retreated in firm and good order to their former position, and the battle was over. The French had failed in their attack, and nothing more—and this was the great victory of Talavera, about which so much has been said. Two thousand men had been killed or

both sides, and about eight thousand wounded, and the ground was strewed with human bodies. Then followed a scene at which the heart turns faint. The battle was hardly over when the long dry grass took fire, and one broad flame swept furiously over the field, wrapping the dead and wounded together in its fiery mantle. The shrieks of the scorched and writhing victims, that struggled up through the thick folds of smoke that rolled darkly over them, were far more appaling than the uproar of battle, and filled both armies with consternation.

A short time after, the army effected a junction with Soult, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was compelled to retreat. Victor erred, but if he had been successful, as he might have been, had the commander-in-chief been a different man, he would have received praise rather than blame from the battle of Talavera.

The retreat of the English, and his re-occupation of Talavera, gave an opportunity for Victor to show the kindness and generosity of his character. When he entered the town he found the public square covered with the sick and maimed of both armies scattered around on the pavement, without any one to care for them. He immediately sent his soldiers into the houses, commanding the inhabitants to receive the wounded sufferers. He spoke kindly to the English, and ordered that one English and one French soldier should be lodged together—the English always to be served first—thus not only softening the asperities of war, but furnishing an example to his foes, that they might, but never did, follow.

Marching on to Cadiz, he set down before the town in a regular siege, and would soon have reduced it, but for the reinforcements the English were able from

time to time to throw into it. While his forces yet encircled the place, and the works were still progressing, he was called by Bonaparte to command a corps of the grand army in the invasion of Russia.

He conducted himself nobly, and won new laurels n this campaign, and in the retreat from Moscow saved the army at the

TERRIBLE PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

As the broken remnants of that once magnificent army—now a cloud of despairing fugitives—approached this river, in their retreat to Wilna, Napoleon sent Oudinot forward to defend the only bridge by which the army could pass. Supposing his orders had been fulfilled, he continued to advance, when the astounding news was brought him that this marshal had been driven back across the river, and the bridge destroyed. Napoleon's fate now seemed brought to a crisis. A river twenty rods wide and six feet deep was before him, while a victorious enemy stood on the farther bank with a powerful artillery to contest the passage. Another immense host was also thundering in the rear, and the knell of the grand army seemed slowly tolling amid the gloom of a Russian winter. At night, as Napoleon lay on his troubled couch, he was heard speaking of the dreadful alternatives before him, and began already to contemplate the disaster of a surrender; but when morning broke, his stern soul again summoned its energies to the danger that threatened him. First he ordered the reports of his ministers to be burnt, then the eagles of the separate corps, then the useless carriages and wagons, while all the remaining mounted officers, to the number of five hundred,

were formed into a *sacred squadron*, and closed firmly around their chief. This being done, before daylight next morning, he, with his tattered, dying army, plunged into the gloomy forest of Minsk, whose sullen echoes were already alive with the thunder of Russian cannon. In the midst of a northern winter, through this desolate and untrodden wilderness, he pressed on till at length he reached Victor's army.

This marshal had been stationed at Smolensko, while Napoleon marched to Moscow, and afterwards sent forward to secure the retreat, so that he had seen neither the Emperor nor the army since they moved away from him, in all the pride and pomp of war, towards the Russian capital. And now, as the Emperor appeared, the way was cleared for him to pass by, and Victor's corps received him with the old shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," which had long since been forgotten in the Russian solitudes. This brave marshal expected to see once more that magnificent host in all its ancient strength and proud array; but what was his consternation and dismay, when he beheld before him a motley and miserable crowd of wretches, without uniform, wrapped in female garments, old blankets and pieces of carpet, burnt and torn into tatters; while officers, with no troops to command, were marching on foot in their midst. Instead of shoes, this savage looking horde had their feet wrapped in rags to protect them from the cold, and lean, unshaven, unwashed, haggard, famine-struck, and spiritless, with their eyes bent on the earth, they staggered by, the wreck of the grand army. Victor could not believe his eyes, and his soldiers were filled with gloomy forebodings, and lost all heart. Oudinot was joined to Victor, and the eyes of the two chiefs

were filled with tears as they asked where was the *corps d'armeè*. The fugitives pointed to those five hundred horsemen, all that was left of the brave cuirassiers of the Emperor. The pine trees rocked and roared above them in the fierce blast, and an unutterable sadness took the place of hope, as the two commanders turned away to fulfill their respective orders.

On the 25th of November, this ghost of an army approached the Beresina; but, lo! what a sight met the anxious eye of the Emperor. An army of thirty-three thousand men darkened the opposite banks, with thirty pieces of artillery pointing on the broken parapets of the destroyed bridge; while the sullen, angry river, loaded with floating ice, went rushing by, and forty thousand victorious Russians were pressing fiercely in rear. But amid these accumulated disasters, Napoleon moved with the same calm and marble-like brow, and the same unconquered spirit as ever. Murat advised him to fly and save himself, but he scorned the proposal—resolved to stand or fall with his army. He immediately ordered two bridges to be built, while he made a demonstration lower down the river, as if he designed to effect a passage there. The task seemed hopeless, for the enemy's cannon could destroy faster than the engineers could build. The sappers, nevertheless, plunged boldly into the stream, and, up to their arms in cold water, began to lay the foundations of the first bridge. All night long the blows of the hammer echoed along the banks of the stream, and the workmen toiled by the light of the bivouac fires of the enemy that lined the opposite shore; and as daylight dawned, the troops stood to their arms to wait the fire of the Russians; when lo! to their astonishment,

they were in full retreat. A gleam of joy shot over Napoleon's countenance at this unexpected good fortune. One well-directed cannon-shot would have crushed the labors of the whole night; but fate had decreed it otherwise. Napoleon immediately pointed to the opposite bank as the prize of the bravest. A French aid-de-camp and a Lithuanian count spurred into the stream, and plunging amid the cakes of ice that cut the chests and flanks of their horses, at length, dripping and chilled, mounted the farther shore. Forty or fifty horsemen, each carrying a soldier behind him, followed after, while two small rafts, each carrying ten soldiers, were pushed across, and at one o'clock four hundred men stood on the opposite bank. One bridge was soon completed. Oudinot's division began their march, and with the joyful shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, streamed triumphantly across. When the excited and anxious Emperor saw these brave troops at length in battle array on the farther shore, he exclaimed in transport, "Behold my star again appear!" The other bridge for the artillery was also finished by four o'clock, and the cannon crowded rapidly across. Oudinot, with his corps, now protected the passage from the enemy on the farther side, but forty thousand Russians, under Wettgenstein, were pressing in the rear to force the disordered mass into the Beresina. Victor, with his six thousand men, was ordered to hold this imposing array in check, while the wreck of the grand army passed over.

Then commenced a scene unparalleled in the history of war. The days and nights of the 26th, 27th, and 28th of November, were days and nights of excitement, of woe, and terror, and carnage, from which the heart turns away overwhelmed and bleeding

Bonaparte, after trampling down the living to clear a passage, had reached the opposite bank with the relics of the Old and Young Guard, forming a reserve to Oudinot and Ney, who were to keep in check the Russian army of twenty-seven thousand men, that were now bearing down on the bridges; while, on the other side, the brave Victor was to cover with his six thousand veterans, the disordered army of forty thousand that was hurrying across the river. Imagine the spectacle that now presented itself. Here was a broad and swollen current filled with floating ice, spanned by two frail and narrow bridges, around the entrance to which forty thousand worn, haggard, and despairing wretches were crowding in one dense and confused mass. Before them, whither they were hastening, the thunder of cannon was shaking the banks of the stream as the foe pressed up to destroy their last remaining hope. Behind them was an army of forty thousand men closing steadily upon their retreat, kept back only by a curtain of six thousand enfeebled soldiers, which the stern Victor was holding in the very jaws of death. It was a wintry day, and the bridges cracked and groaned under the descending ice, as the mighty throng commenced their march. All that day (the 26th), and all night, the hurrying thousands streamed across, except when now and then the timbers gave way, and the multitude surged back till the gap was again closed up.

But the next morning, as daylight dawned over the wintry scene, the stragglers that had been wandering hither and thither through the forest came hurrying by thousands towards the bridges, the entrances to which were now completely choked by the throng. Confusion and terror bore down all disci

pline, and the low, buzzing sound of excited and struggling men, mingled now and then with piercing shrieks, as some poor wretch fell under the remorseless feet of his companions, filled all the air. The strong crowded off the weak, and women, and children, and soldiers, were seen dropping by scores into the stream.

But that night the tumult on the bridges ceased, and seized by one of those strange impulses that nothing can resist, the whole multitude deserted the passage and began to pull the little village of Studzianki to pieces, in which they had been encamped, and with the fragments make bivouacs to shelter them from the piercing cold. But in the morning, as they heard the thunder of the Russian cannon on Victor's army, alarm took the place of indifference, and the entire mass again pushed in one confused torrent over the bridges. This last day was the most fearful of all; and, as if the woe, and terror, and despair, and suffering were not already great enough, a furious snow-storm set in, and the cold, driving north wind shrieked and howled through the pine trees as if the infernal regions had been emptied to complete the horrors of the scene. While the terrified crowd in advance blocked the passages in their alarm and haste, those from behind kept pushing forward, rolling the helpless mass into the stream, and trampling over the fallen with reckless indifference.

In the meantime Victor hung like a protecting angel around them, furnishing a striking and touching contrast to the dreadful struggle on the shore. Putting his little army between them and the foe, he took the cannon balls destined for them into his own steady ranks, and bearing bravely up with his vete

rans against those forty thousand unwearied troops, stood, the only hope of the army. Forgetful of himself—of the narrow plank that lay between him and safety—thinking only of the helpless sufferers crowding the banks of the river, he fought with the energy of despair—now steadily hurling back the overwhelming columns of the foe, and now pouring his exhausted troops on the advancing batteries. Forced slowly back towards the river, he disputed every inch of ground as if it were his last hope, and though he knew his retreating comrades were placing the Beresina between them and the enemy, he resolved to perish where he stood or save the army. His was a glorious, though a perilous task, and right nobly did he fulfill it.

But it was not in the power of man wholly to check the advance of such superior force, and as he fell gradually back, and the Russian batteries in one huge semicircle, advanced till they commanded the bridges. As the first shots fell among the multitude, terror and despair reached their extremest limit. All order and all restraint were lost, and every passion of our nature burst forth in its fury and strength. Rage, terror, cruelty, love, pity, and generosity, were mingled, like heaven and hell, together. The strong and furious, with sword in hand, mowed a path for themselves through the living mass—the selfish drove their carriages over the feeble and helpless, heedless alike of the prayers of the pleading or the groans and curses of the dying, as their bones crushed under their wheels. Horses reared and plunged amid the chaos, trampling down men, women, and children under their iron hoofs as their riders spurred furiously on; while, to crown all, at this terrible moment the artil-

lery bridge gave way, and the crowd upon it fell with a shriek into the stream. Those behind, ignorant of the disaster, kept pushing onward those before, and for a long time the dropping of the head of the column over the edge of the chasm formed a living cataract of men. When at length it was abandoned, and the artillery and baggage-wagons came rolling over the frozen ground towards the remaining bridge below, the scene became, if possible, still more terrific. Under their ponderous wheels the close-packed ranks were crushed like grass, and they went trundling steadily on over the pavement of bodies they made for themselves, while the living multitude, trampling on the dying multitude, smothered the stifled groans ere they were half uttered. Those who fell seized the heels and feet of those who trampled on them, with their teeth, in despair. Mothers and wives were seen tossing their arms frantically about, calling in vain on their children and husbands, and the next moment fell under the carriage wheels, or were pushed into the river. Some, as they disappeared in the icy stream, were seen holding their infants in their upstretched and stiffened arms, after they themselves had been swept under by the strong current. Oh! it was a sight to freeze the heart. On a narrow bridge struggled a frighted multitude, trampling down and pushing each other off, in the effort for life; and under them swept a cold river, and on either side thundered the cannon of the enemy, the balls and shells crashing and exploding in their midst, while, as if to drown the shrieks, and cries, and groans, and supplications that loaded the air, a furious tempest raved by, sifting the snow in one vast winding sheet over them. The heavens were blotted out—the clouds themselves were invisible and the snow

whirled aloft, and borne in fierce eddies onward, gave tenfold power to the freezing cold that already benumbed and palsied their limbs.

But amid these exhibitions of cruelty and selfishness, there were also examples of heroism and generosity that ennoble our nature. While hundreds were destroying life to save their own, others were risking theirs to protect the helpless and wretched. Soldiers and even officers were seen harnessing themselves to sledges, to drag over their wounded comrades,—one artilleryman, seeing a mother and her two children carried by the current under the ice, leaped from the bridge on which he was struggling for life, and snatching the youngest, a mere infant, bore it in safety to the shore, and was heard stilling its cries with words of tenderness. Soldiers took infants from the breasts of their dying mothers, and amidst that fierce hurricane, and storm of cannon-balls, and struggle, and terror, adopted them as their own, with solemn oaths, and carried them in their stiffened arms through the danger. Along the bank, others were standing around their wounded officers, who had been borne back from Victor's army, and amid the driving snow and frost watched their receding life: and though urged again and again to save themselves, nobly preferred to perish beside their dying commanders.

While this scene was passing on the bridge, Victor was sternly battling back the Russian army, and saw his ranks dissolve around him without one thought of retreating. All that dreadful day he held his troops to the fire that wasted them: but at length the night —the last night, dark and tempestuous, came on. The disordered masses were still crowding rapidly over, and though the falling snow darkened all the atmosphere, yet the black line of the dense column

contrasted with the icy current below sufficiently to render it a mark for the Russian guns, which kept playing through the storm with frightful effect. Bivouac-fires were kindled on the opposite shore, but they shone dim and obscure through the thick tempest, while those cannon kept thundering on in the gloom. That single bridge groaned under the burden it bore; and the muffled tread of the multitude—the heavy rumbling of artillery and carriages over the planks—the confused words of command, and all the tumult of a terrified and maddened throng rushing from danger and death, were borne back to Victor's ear, as he stood amid the storm and darkness, and listened. He knew that the fate of his army rested on a single plank, and he knew also that the heavy mass might crush that any moment in twain, as they had done the upper bridge;—still he would not stir.

But at length, when nearly all were over, and he must save his army if ever, and there was time for those behind to cross after if they would, he gave the orders to retreat. Over the snow-covered ground, the distracted multitude heard the measured tread of his advancing columns, and crowded still more frantically forward. Refusing to open a passage for him, he trampled them under foot. The tenderness of sympathy had given place to the sternness of duty, and Victor cleared a terrible path for himself through the mass, and, treading those down he had been so nobly protecting, poured his tired columns over the bridge. He used every exertion to make the remaining stragglers follow in the rear of his army but, held by some strange infatuation, some thousands still clung to the fatal shore. He even set fire to their baggage to compel them to leave. It was all in vain, and not until he, towards daylight, ordered the

bridge to be fired, did they faintly arouse. But it was then too late, the fierce flame wrapped every thing, and though some in their despair rushed over the burning timbers, they only precipitated their death. Others threw themselves on cakes of ice and endeavored to float across, while the remainder, stiffened with cold, and covered with snow, wandered up and down the shore in despairing groups, or sat down on the cold ground, and with their elbows on their knees, gazed vacantly on the opposite shore.

The bridges were consumed and sunk in the river, and at ten o'clock the Russian army lined the shores where Victor had so bravely covered the retreat. When the ice and snow melted away in the spring, *twelve thousand dead bodies* were found strewed along the banks of the Beresina, where this fearful passage had been made.

Victor continued to struggle manfully the remainder of this disastrous retreat, and was one of Napoleon's chief reliances in the succeding efforts he made to save his empire. At Leipsic, Wochau, and Dresden, he maintained his high reputation, and finally, on the soil of France, side by side with his emperor, strained every nerve to save Paris.

At length, being sent forward to Montereau to take possession of the bridges of the town, his soldiers were compelled to fight their way, so that when they arrived at the place they were too weary to make an attack, and a large portion of the enemy escaped. This so exasperated Napoleon that he disgraced him on the spot. Putting forth superhuman exertions himself, and feeling that ordinary efforts would ruin his hopes, he deprived Victor of his command, for refusing to do, what, in ordinary circumstances, would be considered impracticable. The latter, who

had fought bravely, and in endeavoring to carry on his Emperor's commands, had seen his son-in-law fal before his eyes, felt the injustice of the act, and has tened to remonstrate with him. The Emperor would not listen to his complaints until the disgraced marshal, turning away, said, "Well, I will shoulder a musket then. Victor has not forgotten his old occupation. I will take my place in the Guards." This noble devotion disarmed Napoleon, who was unjust, because he was balancing on the edge of irretrievable ruin, and could not look with complaisance on any one, who, by failing to fulfill his orders, had added to his danger. "Well, Victor," said he, reaching out his hand, "remain with us; I cannot restore you to your corps, which I have given to Gerard, but I give you two brigades of my Guard. Go, take the command, and let us be friends."

The marshal continued to fight bravely, and at the terrible battle of Craon he led his column again and again into the very mouth of a most murderous battery; and after performing prodigies of valor, and seeing his men cut down like corn before the reaper, was at length struck by a cannon-shot in the thigh, and, dreadfully lacerated, borne from the field.

When the Bourbons re-ascended the throne, he was appointed over the second military division. On Napoleon's return from Elba he did all he could to retain the fidelity of his troops, but finding his efforts of no avail, followed the King. At the second restoration he was made peer of France, and major-general of the royal household. In 1821 he was made minister of war, and on resigning his office two years after, was appointed ambassador to the Court of Vienna, though he never proceeded on his mission. In 1830 he gave in his adhesion to Louis Philippe. He died in 1841

XVI.

MARSHAL BRUNE.

His early Life—A Jacobin in the Revolution—Patronized by Danton—First Campaign in Italy—Commander-in-Chief in Switzerland—Repels the Invasion of the English and Russians of Holland—Commands the Army in Italy—His Disgrace—His Tragical Death.

MARSHAL BRUNE is here introduced not so much for the services he rendered Napoleon, or for his achievements in battle, as to make the list of marshals created by Bonaparte complete. The only ones omitted in this work are Kellerman, Serrurier, and Perignon, and they are left out because their titles were purely honorary, and they took little or no part in the events that make up the history of France under Napoleon. Covered with honorable scars, and respected by both friends and foes, they occupied seats in the Senate after their appointment, and passed the remainder of their lives in peaceful avocations. Hence they belong to the history of the republic rather than to that of the empire.

GUILLAUME-MARIE-ANNE-BRUNE was born the 13th of May, 1763, at Brives-la-Gaillarde. His father was a lawyer of the place, and young Brune was designed for the same profession. After remaining a while in his father's office he went to Paris to complete his studies. In a short time, however, he turned literary man, and wrote for a living. He published a book entitled, "A Picturesque and Sentimental Voyage in

several of the Western Provinces of France." It was written both in prose and verse, and published anonymously. He soon after became proprietor of a paper devoted to the aristocracy, which he edited till the revolution broke forth in all its fury. Being a fierce republican he plunged headlong into the agitation and excitement of those times. Enrolled in the National Guard, his fine figure, martial bearing, and ardent patriotism, soon made him conspicuous. A full-blooded Jacobin, he attended all the meetings of the club—took a part in their intrigues, and was foremost in all their acts of violence. At the revolt of Champ de Mars his press was seized, and he himself thrown into prison. But as the indiscriminate sword of popular vengeance was about to descend on his head, Danton interposed and effected his deliverance. Out of gratitude to his benefactor, he immediately swore fidelity to his interests, and became a willing instrument in his hand to carry out all the bloody measures of the Jacobins.

Promoted to the rank of adjutant in a battalion of volunteers, he continued in the army till the fatal 10th of August, and overthrow of royalty, when he returned to Paris, and was made adjutant-general of the interior. This was in 1792, just before the horrid massacre of the fifth of September, when the prisons and streets of Paris ran blood. It is said that Brune was one of the agents of the Jacobins in this bloody deed, but there is no reason to believe the charge is true, though he was immediately promoted to the rank of colonel, and in that capacity joined the army under Doumouriez, in Belgium. He showed great courage as an under officer, and throughout this miserable campaign, proved himself better fitted to com

mand than many of those who held rank above him After the defeat at Nerwinde, and the partial dis banding of the army, he put forth great efforts tc rally the troops, and succeeded so well, that the gov ernment made honorable mention of him, and he was looked upon as one of the most promising young officers in the army.

Having returned to Paris, he was sent against the federalists of Cavados, whom he soon quelled. Again returning to Paris, he claimed, as a reward for his services, the office of Minister of War, but Danton soon drove that arrogant expectation from his head. To console him for his disappointment, however, he caused him to be made general of brigade. Joining the army of the North, he fought bravely in several engagements, and soon after was sent by the Committee of Public Safety, to quell the insurrection in the Gironde. He executed his mission like a Jacobin, and showed himself a fit instrument for the Terrorists. At the death of Danton, he was left for a while without employment. Barras, however, at the time he placed Bonaparte over the troops at Paris to quell the sections, gave Brune an appointment at Feydeau for the same purpose.

After having shown great energy on the 10th of September, 1796, against the Babouvists, he joined the army of Italy, and as commander of a brigade under Massena, went through the remainder of the campaign with great honor to himself. Arriving at Rivoli with him, after marching the whole night, he led his brigade to the assault with great intrepidity, and was one of the most active, energetic, and brave officers in the division. He was always seen in the front lines in battle, and by his commanding form

and great daring attracted the admiration of all. In the successive engagements he here in a short time passed through, seven bullets pierced his uniform without inflicting a wound. No toil seemed to exhaust, no danger daunt, and no obstacles discourage him. Young, ardent, fearless, and ambitious, he pursued his career with an energy and success that promised rapid promotion.

At the peace of Leoben, Massena was sent to Paris with the terms of the treaty, and Brune was given the command of his division. He was soon after made general of division on the field of battle, and took the place of Augereau, where the latter also departed for Paris.

After the treaty of Campio Formio, he was sent into Switzerland as commander-in-chief of the French forces there, and while Bonaparte was in Egypt, he was busy reducing the distracted and divided Helvetian states. By negotiation promises, a good deal of deception, and some hard fighting, he at length subjugated the country. The immense treasures of Berne fell into his hands, which he pretended to send to the Directory,—without any very lucid account, however, of the amount he originally received. At all events, it sohapp ened that he received some 150,000 dollars as his portion of the spoils.

After the reduction of the country, he assumed the office of Legislator, and proposed divisions of states, and laws, and constitutions, in a manner that highly displeased the Directory, and he was transferred to the army of Italy. He intrigued in Piedmont, till, in fact, he intrigued the king from his throne.

Being recalled again he was sent to Holland to repel the invasion of England and Russia. These two

powers had entered into an alliance by which the former was to furnish 13,000, and the latter 17,000 men, and make a descent on Holland for the purpose of striking a blow at France by threatening her northern provinces, and causing a diversion in favor of the armies in the Alps and on the Rhine.

The English, under Sir Ralph Abercromby, effected a landing at Helder, but were compelled to wait the arrival of the Russians, before they could assume the offensive. General Brune, seeing the condition of the English commander, rapidly concentrated his troops and advanced to the attack, but was repulsed. The field of battle, like that of Arcola, was a collection of dykes and causeways, where everything depended on the firmness of the heads of the columns.

At length, the reinforcements having all arrived, the whole army, amounting to thirty-five thousand men, was placed under the command of the Duke of York, and boldly advanced in four massive columns against the republicans, posted at Alkmaer. The Russians rushed impetuously to the attack, and were at first successful, but at length, being arrested, they were driven back at the point of the bayonet in utter confusion. The English also, after a dreadful slaughter, were forced to retreat, and Brune remained master of the field, on which were strewn seven thousand killed and wounded. A fortnight after, the allies, having reinforcements, again assumed the offensive, and after an obstinate combat, in which nearly five thousand more fell, forced the French from their position. Four days subsequent to this (Oct. 6th), following up their advantage, they again made a violent assault on the French. The battle raged all day with almost equal success, and when night ended

the carnage, nearly four thousand men were left on the hard-fought field.

But reinforcements having now come up to Brune, he took the offensive, and driving the allies before him, swept them from the land, and ended victoriously this bloody campaign of two months.

In the meantime, Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and assumed the reins of government. Brune, however, kept aloof till he saw him firmly fixed in power, and then professed acquiescence in the change. But Bonaparte distrusted his professions, and, to get rid of him, sent him into Venice to command the army there. Being in a short time superseded by Bernadotte, he was dispatched into the Grisons, and after the battle of Marengo, was placed over the army in the north of Italy. Macdonald, after his passage of the Splugen, had the mortification to find himself under the orders of Brune, of whose army he was to form the left wing.

The latter, in the meantime, was concentrating his forces in large masses on the Mincio, where the Austrians, occupying the left bank, stood ready to dispute the passage. He was hesitating what course to adopt, when the news of the victory of Hohenlinden reached the army, rousing the enthusiasm of the soldiers to the highest pitch; and they demanded eagerly to be led against the enemy.

No longer able to restrain their ardor, he, on the 20th of December, approached the Mincio in four columns. The right, under Dupont, first got over, and was hotly engaged when a dispatch from the commander-in-chief arrived, desiring him not to cross, but cover the bridge he had secured by a heavy fire of artillery. It was too late, and Dupont determined

to maintain himself where he was. The enemy, however, coming down on him with an overwhelming force, he would have been driven into the river but for the timely arrival of Suchet, who commanded the center column. This brave general, hearing of the desperate condition in which he was placed, advanced, without waiting for orders, to his relief, and pouring his eager divisions over the bridge, rushed to the conflict. A moment later and Dupont would have been lost. As it was, it required all the firmness these two brave leaders possessed to hold their position against the greatly superior numbers of the enemy. The heavy cavalry came thundering on them in repeated, and, apparently, resistless onsets, but were as often steadily hurled back. The Austrians, however, bringing up fresh troops, at length bore down everything before them, and were sweeping victoriously over the field, when Suchet threw himself, with his division, into their path. The contest then became fearful. The overwhelming numbers would bear back Suchet; and then the steady valor of the latter, leading his men with levelled bayonets against the dense masses as they swept onward, would again triumph. Thus backward and forward, the two armies swung in the smoke of battle, till darkness separated them. Suchet was a host in himself in this unequal conflict, and fought with a desperation that scorned superior numbers and scoffed at death.

But even the wintry night did not long divide the enraged combatants. About midnight, Suchet and Dupont saw by the fitful light of the cold moon, as it now and then broke through the tempestuous clouds, two dark and massive columns moving in dead si

lence on their intrenchments. Suddenly, the very ground seemed to open with fire, and artillery, and musketry flashing through the gloom, lit up the banks of the Minicio like noon-day. The shattered columns of the enemy, arrested before the destructive storm that received them, at length, after vainly endeavoring to bear up, turned and fled.

During all this bloody conflict, Brune remained inactive. Not having designed originally to effect a passage where Dupont and Suchet had crossed, he could not consent to abandon his first project, and did not. He acted without judgment in this, and was severely censured by Napoleon. He was, however, able to carry the army over, as the Austrians had already been beaten the day before.

Following up his victory, he pressed on after the enemy, who now, defeated at every point, requested an armistice. Brune consented, and a convention was called, but in arranging the terms, he agreed to give up Mantua, the very fortress of all others which Bonaparte wished to hold. This so enraged the latter, that he for a long time would not trust him with any important command. This, in reality ended his military career, although he afterwards commanded the army in the invasion of Sweden.

In 1802, he was sent ambassador to Turkey, where he behaved foolishly for two years and was then recalled and made marshal of the empire. He had seen much service, and acquired a great reputation in the army, yet it is hard to understand why he was elevated to the rank of marshal, when there were so many, more deserving than he, passed by.

The next year he was placed at Boulogne, to superintend some of the preparations for the invasion of England. Being, however, soon superseded by St

Cyr, he was sent to Hamburg as governor of the Anseatic villages, and afterwards placed over a corps of the grand army, when there was no more fighting to be done.

In 1807 Napoleon put him over an army of thirty thousand men with directions to invade Sweden. He showed great activity and energy in this expedition, and soon brought the king to terms. But not having effected as much as was expected, or, more probably, from having compromised the dignity of Napoleon in his negotiations with the king, allowing the latter to treat his title of Emperor with neglect, and conducting himself foolishly throughout, he was permanently disgraced. His rapacity may also have had something to do with it; at all events this Marshal of France, in the very heat and crisis of the continental struggle, was sent to preside over the electoral college in the department of Ercaut. Bonaparte could not have shown his contempt for the man more effectually than by this appointment.

Brune, now laid aside forever, began to fear he should lose his estates too, and commenced playing the sycophant both to the Emperor and to Berthier. He continued, however, unmolested, while years of great events rolled by; and when at length Napoleon abdicated, he gave in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., and was honored by him with the Cross of St. Louis. The Bourbon seemed to take Bonaparte's measurement of men in graduating his honors, and this miserable bauble was all the degraded marshal could obtain.

Mortified and indignant, he hailed with delight the return of the Emperor from Elba, and was placed by him over the corps of observation at Var. Acting the tyrant and Jacobin here, he ravaged the provinces, and enraged the royalists, and gathered a storm which was soon to burst on his own head.

On the second abdication, Brune threw up his command and hastened to Paris. At Aix the people assembled to mob him, but the Austrian soldiers prevented them from executing their design. From thence he went to Avignon, though warned of the consequences, as the town was the scene of frightful disorder and violence. He, however, would not be dissuaded from his purpose, nor even change his military dress, and with two of his aid-de-camps drove boldly into the place, and alighting at the hotel, ordered his dinner. After remaining an hour, he again entered his carriage, and was about to drive away, when a hundred or more of the populace gathered around him and blocked his passage. Stones were hurled into his carriage; and, amid curses, shouts, and cries of vengeance, he was forced back to the hotel. The enraged mob increasing every moment, swarmed in a confused mass around the house, and demanded the head of him who they declared was the assassin of Madame Lamballe.* The gens d' armes endeavored to quell the tumult, but not being seconded by the national guard, they finally retired from the scene. The prefect of the place then interposed, but in vain; and the mayor at length placed himself at the head of a detachment of the

* This unfortunate princess was the friend of the queen, and one of the most beautiful women of the French court. She was a prisoner in the Abbey when the massacre commenced, and was brought forth to share the fate of those who had been murdered before her. At the spectacle that met her eyes, as she was led out, she fainted, and had hardly recovered, before a sword-cut laid open her head behind. She fainted again, and on reviving was forced to walk between two half-naked monsters over a heap of corpses, and was finally speared upon them. Her body was then stripped and exposed for two hours to every insult that human depravity could invent, and then one leg torn off and thrust into a cannon, which was fired off in honor of this saturnalia of hell. Still unsatisfied, the infuriated mob cut off her head, and thrusting a pike through it bore it aloft, the auburn tresses clotted with blood streaming down the staff, and thus they swung it through the crowd, amid shouts, and songs, and blasphemies.

There is no evidence that Brune took any part in this horrid affair.

national guard, and defended the gate of the hotel. But the infuriated mob would not be deprived of their prey, and mounting the walls in the rear of the hotel, and passing along the tops of the neighboring houses, finally penetrated into the chamber of the unfortunate marshal. One of the leaders, a young man, then accused him of the murder of the princess. He denied the charge with scorn, declaring that he had never slain any one but on the field of battle. He saw, however, that his hour had come, and that he was to expect no mercy from the hands of the assassins. He had seen too many mobs in Paris to be deceived with false hopes, and he asked for paper that he might write his will, and for his arms, that he might put an end to his own life. Both requests were refused. His will was doubtless already made, and for his arms, if he had but once got them in his possession he would have made wild work with the rabble. He was a determined man, and his chamber would have flowed in blood, and more than one soul gone to the next world before he would have been taken.

But finding it was all over with him, he drew himself up haughtily, and received a pistol ball without falling. He dropped at the second fire, when a rope was immediately placed around his neck, and he was dragged down the stairs and over the pavement, mangled and torn, to the brink of the river. The mob then drew up in front of the lifeless body, and fired five vollies, ten shots in the volley, into it. While this revolting scene was enacted on the banks of the Rhone, a troop of women, in the hotel, were dancing in horrid mirth around the blood spots in the apartment where the murdered marshal fell.

The mangled body was left on the shore of the

river, and that tall and martial form, that had so often moved in the front rank of battle, in the strength and pride of a victor, was covered with dirt and gore —the clotted hair wrapped around the pallid features, and the brilliant uniform torn and soiled by the hands of assassins, but, still, vengeance was not satisfied. As the corpse was borne, by order of the town authorities, to the place of sepulture, the mob rushed upon the procession, and wresting it away, returned, and cast it into the river. The current threw it back upon the shore, and there it lay for two days unburied, while crowds came and looked upon it; yet none dared to give it a burial.

In 1819 his wife endeavored to bring the assassins to justice, but royalists were not eager either to avenge a dead republican general, or involve themselves in a difficulty with the people of Avignon for the sake of his wife.

Brune is an evidence that the French marshals were something more than brave men—mere instruments in the hands of Napoleon. With undoubted courage, he still possessed so little ability, that he could not hold the place to which he was entitled by his rank. He was tried, and abandoned like a worthless vessel, and that too, when Napoleon needed all the military talent he could command. All men commit errors, and must now and then suffer defeats and the French marshals did not escape the common lot of mortals. They, however, still retained their places, while Brune was disgraced. Augereau, another weak-headed man, was trusted but slightly in great emergencies. Those on whom Napoleon leaned were many of them, one-sided men, yet they possessed great mental power, as well as physical energy.

XVII.

MARSHAL OUDINOT.

His early Life—Bravery of Feldkirch—At Zurich—His Daring at the Bridge Tabor—Made Marshal at Wagram—His Courage at the Passage of the Beresina—Battle of Bautzen—Magnificent Spectacle of the Army—Death of Duroc and mournful scene around the tent of the Emperor.

OUDINOT will probably be the last marshal that will ever act as governor of the Invalids, and be the last representative in those veteran soldiers of the Emperor, for whom they fought. One of the few remaining props of Napoleon's throne, he, too, is slowly crumbling beside the tomb of the proud monarch, and will soon sleep with the heroes by whose side he struggled.

He was born at Bar, April 2d, 1767, and was christened CHARLES-NICOLAS. His father was a brewer, and young Nicolas followed the same occupation, and bid fair to see some day, "Charles-Nicolas Oudinot," stamped in large characters on beer-barrels. In ordinary times he would have lived and died around his own vats, contented with the moderate circumstances in which fortune had placed him; but the Revolution called him to sterner employment, and to fields of toil and fame. An ardent republican, he adopted with all the fervor of youth those principles of equality and universal liberty, which the

French armies had brought back from our shores But, though a republican, he was not a Jacobin; and his native town being plundered, and about to be burned, he rallied his companions, and forming them into a military company, attacked and frightened away the revolutionary robbers. He soon after obtained a commission in the army, and his career fairly commenced. He fought gallantly for his country under the first republican generals, Hoche, Pichegru, Moreau, &c., and rose rapidly in rank. He defended the castle of Ritche successfully, against an attack of the Prussians, and evinced that rash bravery which afterwards distinguished him. In 1799 he was made general of division, and while Lannes and Murat and Davoust were struggling around the pyramids, he was winning laurels in the Alps under Massena. He advanced upon Feldkirch, in which the Austrians were strongly intrenched, but was met in his passage by an army sent out to arrest his progress. This he attacked with his usual impetuosity, charging repeatedly at the head of his grenadiers into the very center of the enemy's fire, but was as often compelled to recoil before the shock. Thus, for a whole day, he fought; but at length succeeded in driving the enemy before him into Feldkirch.

The capture of this fortified place was extremely important to the French; and Jourdan, then on the Danube sent orders to Massena to strain every nerve to take it. But seated on a rocky eminence, with a river at its base, and flanked by strong intrenchments, it bade defiance to every assault. Still Oudinot, at the head of his grenadiers, crossed the stream, and steadily moved up the rocky ascent, to the very walls of the fortifications—but in vain. Before the heavy

and well-directed fire that received them, they were compelled to fall back, though they bore up a long time against the storm. Oudinot, enraged at the repeated failure of his attempts, again put himself at their head, and amidst the most sweeping vollies, led them up to the very muzzles of the guns, and there, with his sword waving over his head, cheered them on. But it was impossible to beat down the walls which protected the enemy, and Oudinot, after making a succession of most desperate onsets, exposing his person like a common soldier, and urging his men by his enthusiastic words and example, was compelled to acknowledge that he could not carry the place. Massena, however, feeling how important it was to take it, as it commanded the chief passage into the Tyrol, came up with another division, and joining it to the grenadiers, put himself at their head, and once more sounded the charge. This intrepid chief, with Oudinot by his side, rushed furiously on the intrenchments, and struggled long and obstinately to carry them, but in vain. Mangled, shattered, and thinned, those brave troops were compelled to withdraw, after leaving three thousand of their companions at the foot of the walls. The flower of the army lay there, and where Oudinot had led his grenadiers the slain were thickest.

Soon after a general attack was made on Massena's lines, and he was driven from the Grisons. Oudinot, however, attacked an Austrian division, and after a severe combat, defeated it, taking fifteen hundred prisoners.

In the meantime, the victorious Suwarrow, after beating Macdonald at the Trebbia, and Joubert and Moreau at Novi, began to pour his conquering legions

over the Alps, to drive Massena from Switzerland. The latter occupied the pass of St. Gothard, and was threatening seriously Zurich, which Korsakow still held, when intelligence was brought him that Suwarrow was hastening up. He had been reinforced till his army amounted to eighty thousand men, and with these he bore down on Zurich.

This partial recapitulation is made in order to explain the movements purposely omitted in the article on Massena.* Oudinot, at the head of fifteen thousand men, was the right arm of Massena on this occasion.

As the last night previous to the assault approached, that little town presented a scene of indescribable confusion. The Russian army, forced back from all points, filled the streets,—artillery and ammunition wagons, and excited cavalry, forcing their way through the crowd, added to the chaos; while cries, and shouts, and sounds of alarm, mingled together in ceaseless discord. As darkness fell over this beautiful Swiss village, the heights back of it glowed with the innumerable watch-fires of the French, while blazing bombs began to descend in huge semicircles, throwing wrathful streaks over the tranquil lake that stretched away on the other side, and sending terror and dismay among the inhabitants, All night long was heard the heavy tramp of infantry, mingled with words of command, as Korsakow prepared to cut his way through the enemy. At daybreak his army sallied forth along the only road by which it could retreat, and fell with the energy of despair on the

* I will here add that it is impossible to escape repetition and confusion both, as to illustrate each commander separately, it is necessary to describe parts of the same battle at different times.

French columns. Over heaps of the slain, and amid the most horrid carnage, it steadily made its way, until it broke the array of the republicans. But, thrown into confusion by repeated charges, it rushed in utter disorder along the road, leaving its cannon, military chest, and ammunition wagons, with the victors.

While this fierce conflict was going on along the road, Oudinot came pouring down into the town like an Alpine torrent, sweeping everything before him. A fierce struggle ensued in the streets with the garrison, but his victorious battalions bore down all opposition, and the remaining troops surrendered. Eight thousand Russians lay piled in the streets and along the road, and Zurich ran blood.

Massena did not forget the service that Oudinot rendered him during this campaign, and the next year, when sent by Bonaparte to defend Genoa, he selected him chief of his staff. During all the fierce struggle around that city, he brought efficient aid to the leader who had chosen him, and, amid the horrors of the siege that followed, proved himself a hero in endurance as well as in daring. When Massena resolved to force his way through the Austrian lines, and restore his communication with Suchet, he sent him with orders to the latter to coöperate with him in the attack he designed to make on the enemy. To fulfill his mission, Oudinot was compelled to pass by night, in an open boat, through the entire English fleet: after incredible toil, he reached the head-quarters of Suchet in safety.

When Napoleon became Emperor, he made him count of the empire, and gave him command of a corps of grenadiers. He was just the man to be at

the head of those stern warriors, and he made wilc work with them in the campaign of Austerlitz.

After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon marched on Vienna. As he approached the city, he was anxious to get possession of a bridge across the Danube, which led from it to the northern provinces of the empire, in order to cut off the communication of the enemy; and sent forward a part of his troops for that purpose. Just as day began to dawn on the 13th of November, a brigade of cavalry entered the capital followed by General Belliard, Murat, Lannes, and Oudinot, with the grenadiers of the latter. Traversing the city, they marched straight for the wooden bridge (Tabor) on the farther side. But the Austrians were prepared for them, and an advanced guard held the farther bank while the combustibles were laid—the matches and all ready, to wrap the whole structure in flames. Added to this, a powerful battery was stationed so as to sweep the entire passage. A word, a touch, and that bridge would be a mass of flame, and every foot of its surface scourged by grape-shot and cannon-balls. To undertake to carry it by storm would ensure its destruction, and so resort was had to stratagem. These generals, on foot, advanced carelessly towards the entrance, at the head of their troops, their hands behind their backs, and surrounded by a multitude of stragglers, as if they were strolling about merely to gratify their curiosity. Sauntering along, they began to cross the bridge, and called out to the officers on the farther side not to fire, as "an armistice was concluded." Deceived by their friendly manner and the peaceful appearance of the soldiers, who, though in column, had their muskets slung on their shoulders as if war was over, the Austrians ad-

vanced to meet them, and began to converse about the armistice. In the meantime, the grenadiers gradually worked themselves over the bridge; but at length the Austrian officer in command, observing their movements, and seeing them already beginning to quicken their pace, became alarmed. The troops still advancing, contrary to his request, he shouted to his men to fire. The gunners instantly stood to their pieces, the lighted matches were uplifted, and the next moment, apparently, must witness the bold column, officers and all, swept to one wild death together. In this terrible crisis, Lannes and Oudinot rushed forward, the former exclaiming with a loud voice, "What are you about? do you not see?" The gunners hesitated a moment in doubt; but one, more self-possessed than the others, was just bringing his match to his gun, which would have been the signal of a general discharge, when Oudinot sprang upon him and snatched the descending match from his hand. In an instant the grenadiers rushed forward and seized the guns, followed by the intrepid column, which threw the combustibles into the river. Then, pouring back, they took the batteries they had passed so quietly a few moments previous, before the artillerymen could recover their surprise.

Soon after, while pursuing the Russians, Oudinot and Murat, and Lannes together, maintained a terrible combat with them at Grund. The grenadiers of the former moved again and again in solid column into the most destructive fire, and, finally, breaking over every obstacle, rushed in resistless strength, and with loud cries through the streets. Austerlitz followed, and the campaigns of 1807, through all of which he still maintained his character as a brave and skillful general

After the battle of Eylau, Napoleon, in one of his bulletins, speaking of an attack made on the enemy by him, calls him "the intrepid General Oudinot." Soon after he was taken sick, and remained for a time inactive; but he was able, with his brave grenadiers, to succor Lefebvre, as he was hard pressed by the enemy, in the siege of Dantzic.

He fought bravely at Heilsberg, and in the battle of Friedland, that followed soon after, commanded under Lannes, and had an aid-de-camp killed by his side. But in 1809, at Wagram, he excelled all his former exploits. In the previous battle of Aspern, he arrested the attention of the Emperor by the manner in which he carried his division into action, and by the terrible impetuosity with which he tore through the hostile ranks; and he placed him beside Lannes in that last decisive attack on the Austrian center. He marched beside that unfortunate chief into the enemy's batteries, and put forth almost superhuman exertions to deploy his men, so as to return the fire that devoured his column. In the retreat he struggled heroically with Massena and Lannes, to steady the wavering current that was setting so wildly on the Danube; and on the death of the latter received the command of the second corps.

At the battle of Wagram he was placed in the center, and was directed to carry the village of Wagram. Bernadotte was to support the attack, but his Saxon troops turned and fled, and the whole weight of the conflict fell upon him alone, and right nobly did he sustain it; and on that day of great deeds, was outdone by none, unless it were Macdonald. Six times in one hour he carried Wagram by assault, and as often was compelled to retire before superior force;

out at length, at noon, swept it for the last time with his battalions, and held it. Unshrinking and undaunted, he maintained his position amid the wreck of that battle-field with a tenacity that brought the highest encomiums from Napoleon. Conscious of the great trust committed to him, and mindful of the dead chieftain in whose footsteps he stood, his excitement was tempered by prudence, his impetuosity by forethought, and he exhibited the highest qualities of a brave and skillful commander.

Bernadotte, in the proclamation he issued after the battle, complimenting his Saxon troops on their behavior, refers to the manner with which Wagram was contested, as proof that their ranks were like "walls of iron." Napoleon in his bulletin declares, in so many words, that the whole glory was due to Oudinot alone, and takes pains to follow his statement with the very significant sentence: "*Bernadotte has gone to the springs for his health.*"

For his valor on this occasion, Oudinot received the long expected marshal's baton. He deserved it, for, to use Napoleon's own expression, he had been "tried in a hundred battles, and showed equal intrepidity and wisdom." Not satisfied with creating him marshal, he also made him Duke of Reggio.

Three years after, he commanded the 2nd corps of the grand army in the invasion of Russia. This was his first campaign as marshal, and he seemed eager to distinguish himself. He delivered several battles, while other portions of the army were comparatively idle; and, at length, at Polotsk, was so severely wounded in the shoulder, that he was compelled to return to Wilna, and was succeeded by St. Cyr. But when Napoleon began his retreat from Moscow, hav-

ing recovered from his wound, he again took command of his corps, which had been joined to that of Victor at Smolensko. These two leaders, as mentioned in the sketch of Victor, were sent on to take possession of Minsk and the bridge across the Berezina, so as to protect the retreat of the army.

But they had not performed their task—the bridge was broken down, and destruction seemed inevitable; for a Russian army, protected by powerful batteries, lined the farther shore. Oudinot was the first to approach the river, and drew up his dispirited troops, and planted his cannon on the bank. All night long his shivering battalions lined that icy stream, and daylight had hardly broke when Napoleon approached, and gazed long and anxiously on the opposite shore, dark with the masses of the enemy, and then retired to his tent to ponder on his position. It was at this juncture, that the Russian army, impelled by some unaccountable fear, began to retreat. Oudinot brought the glad tidings to the astonished Emperor. Rushing into his presence, he cried out, "Sire, the enemy has just raised his camp and quitted his position!" "It is not possible!" exclaimed Napoleon. Ney and Murat at that moment hastening in and confirming the statement, he sprang up and ran out to the bank. As he saw the long columns disappearing in the forest, a smile of exultation and delight passed over his countenance, and he exclaimed, "I have outwitted the admiral!"

When the bridges were finished Oudinot as before said, and his corps were the first across, and took up their station on the farther side, to protect the passage. While Victor was so nobly covering the retreat, and stretching his little army like a protecting arm

around the disordered multitude, Oudinot, on the farther side, was sternly beating back the Russians, who had now returned to the attack. With eight thousand men he boldly withstood and kept at bay twenty-seven thousand of the enemy. But, in endeavoring in a close engagement to rally a legion that was giving way, he was struck by a shot, and borne wounded from the field of battle. Carried to a small village several miles in advance of the army, to have his wound cared for, he supposed himself out of the reach of danger. But the next day nearly six hundred Russians and Cossacks together stormed into the place and his capture seemed inevitable. Rallying, however, seventeen men, the wounded marshal shut himself up in a wooden house, and defended it so fiercely and boldly, that the Russian soldiers were struck with astonishment and fear, and fled from the village. But, having two cannon, they planted them on a small eminence, and brought them to bear upon that wooden building. Still, Oudinot would not surrender, though no longer able to offer any resistance, as the enemy were out of musket shot, he lay and let the cannon balls crash through the house. At length, as if on purpose to drive him to despair, a splinter of wood, shot away by a cannon ball, flew and struck him, wounding him again severely. Still he would not let his few remaining followers surrender, and held out, till at length, towards night, the advanced guard of Napoleon arrived, and effected his deliverance.

The cold and exposure of that terrible retreat, together with his wounds, were too much for even his iron constitution, and for some time after he reached Paris, his health was feeble and languishing

Recovering, at length, he hastened to the seat of war, to help to arrest the tide of war that was setting towards France. He fought bravely at Lutzen, and was one of the few marshals who won for Napoleon the

BATTLE OF BAUTZEN.

The allies, a hundred and fifty or sixty thousand strong, were drawn up in a semicircle, on the heights of the Bohemian Mountains, their lines stretching six miles across the country. Before them, in the valley, was the river Spree, with several villages along its banks. The plain on every side was thickly studded with conical hills, whose tops were black with cannon; while those villages were so many forts, from which, when necessary, the troops could retire to the semicircular heights, where the main army was posted.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the 20th of May, Napoleon stood on a commanding eminence which overlooked the entire battle-field, and issued his orders. Nothing could exceed the excitement and magnificence of the scene that met his gaze. As far as the eye could reach was one mass of moving men —at first confused and commingled, but gradually assuming shape and regularity as the columns of infantry, the squadrons of cavalry, and the artillery, fell into their appropriate places, and advanced steadily and firmly towards the Spree. The long black lines of the columns, with the tens of thousands of bayonets glittering in the morning light above them, the splendid array and movement of the cavalry, and the constant flashes and thunder of the artillery, as it

mowed its way towards the river, combined to render it one of the most sublime spectacles war ever presents. Napoleon gazed long and proudly on this scene at his feet, conscious that his touch had created it all, and by a word he could change it all.

On swept the mighty mass, while from every cone-like hill that dotted the plain issued fire and smoke, as if a volcano were working there. Each dark summit suddenly became illuminated, while the guns, thundering at the heads of the columns below, led them steadily on to the shock. The earth groaned under that living weight, and the deep roar that rose from its bosom rolled in ominous echoes over the heights on which Napoleon stood. Far-off shouts were heard in the pauses of the thunder, and fierce squadrons were seen with glittering helmets and flashing sabres galloping through the smoke.

Nothing could check the onward movement of that host, and by five o'clock it had passed the river at all points, and was moving darkly towards the heights beyond. The allies were steadily forced back, yet maintained, as they retired, a heavy and well-directed fire from their artillery, on the heads of the pursuing columns. Only one advanced post was held, and that was a height on which the stern Blucher stood. All efforts to dislodge him were vain, and he kept the summit in a blaze with his heavy batteries.

It was now too late to make any serious demonstrations, and the battle could not be fought till next day. Oudinot, however, who formed the right wing of the army, advanced to the foot of the Bohemian Mountains, and fell furiously on the allied left. Carrying forward his columns, with his usual impetuosity, he steadily pushed the enemy before him, while through

the deepening twilight, the incessant flashing of his advancing guns looked like a fierce flame ascending the hill. The forests seemed inherent with light, and the dark recesses shone with the glancing of musketry as the infantry moved amid the trees, "while the Bohemian mountains rolled back the roar of artillery."* All heedless of the approaching darkness, he continued to press on, threatening to sweep away the entire left wing of the army, when reinforcements were brought up, and he was arrested in his victorious career.

That night the French bivouacked in squares on the bloody field they had won, and both armies sunk to rest. All was silent on mountain and plain, save when the low groans and prayers that rose from the thousands that were weltering in their blood, swelled and died on the breeze. The smoke of battle hung in light clouds along the heights—the stars looked tranquilly down on the slumbering hosts, and no one would have dreamed that the day had closed so wildly, but for the slain around, and the light of the burning villages, that blazed and crackled unheeded in the darkness. Innumerable watch-fires lined the hills and dotted the valley, till the flickering lights lost themselves in the distance.

Bonaparte had sent orders to Oudinot to recommence his attack at daylight; and when the first grey streaks of morning shot along the east, the weary marshal stood in order of battle. Neither was Bonaparte idle, and all through that valley was heard the rapid reveillè and the stirring blast of the bugle, starting thousands from their slumbers, who, before another night, would take their last sleep;

* Vide Allison

while the furious beat of drums and the clangor of trumpets, at the foot of the Bohemian Mountains, told that Oudinot was leading his strong columns to the attack. The battle-cloud rolled over the morning sun, and in a moment the field was in an uproar. The emperor Alexander, alarmed at the fierce irruption of Oudinot on his left, had sent such reinforcements there during the night, that the marshal found himself overwhelmed by superior numbers. He, however, bore up bravely against this superior force, and struggled nobly to make head against it. But his efforts were in vain. First checked, then forced gradually back, he, however, contested every inch of ground with the energy of despair. His men rushed with shouts to the charge, and threw themselves in impetuous valor on the enemy, but the immense masses that met them steadily advanced, and before their weight and fire he was compelled to fall back, step by step, down the slope. Napoleon, who had from his eminence seen the superior numbers against which his marshal was compelled to contend, and alarmed at the success of the allies in that quarter, ordered up Macdonald with his corps to support him. The bold Scotchman marched his columns rapidly up to Oudinot, and hurled them with such strength and impetuosity on the enemy that they were driven back up the height.

In the meantime the heavy batteries of Marmont and Bertrand were thundering on the centre, and the battle raged along the whole lines. At length the sound of Ney's guns on the extreme left—the signal for a general attack—reached the ear of Napoleon, and his orders were issued like lightning. The cavalry moved straight on the centre, while the Imperia

Guard, in dark array, marched behind to support it. Eighty thousand men swept in one broad wave against the heights, and surging up its sides, rolled in resistless power over the summit. Ney, in the meantime, had turned the enemy's right, and settled the fate of the day.

The allied army was forced to retreat, followed by the victorious and enthusiastic French. The spectacle the field at this moment presented to Napoleon as he stood and looked off from a commanding height, was equally sublime and thrilling with that of the day before. He had ordered the whole army to advance; and, lo! a hundred and forty thousand men moved forward at his command. There were the long black columns of the enemy retiring over the field, and around their extremities clouds of cavalry hovering in protection; while on every side, over the immense plain, were spots of flame and wreaths of smoke, where the artillery blazed incessantly on the advancing battalions. There, too, were the victorious French moving in beautiful order and stern majesty after the retreating masses; while a hundred and twenty cannon in front, clearing a terrible path for the columns, shook the earth over which they trod, and eight thousand cuirassiers, cased in shining armor, and sending back the beams of the setting sun in dazzling splendor from their helmets, swept with fierce shouts to the onset. An interminable forest of bayonets glittered over this host; while between were long moving lines of light caused by the sunbeams, flashing on steel armor, and sabres, and helmets. Napoleon gazed long and triumphantly on the sublime spectacle, till the lessening columns and the receding thunder of cannon, hastened him forward.

In the meantime the sun had gone down, and night, drawing her curtains over the earth, arrested the conflict, and the two tired armies again lay down to rest. But two dead armies were sleeping there also. More than thirty thousand had fallen in these two days of carnage, and men lay in heaps along the base of the heights, and were scattered thick as autumn leaves through the valley. But as the stars came out in the sky, women were seen flocking over the field, and coarse-clad men treading amid the piles of human bodies, but not, as at Dresden, to plunder the dead, but to succor the dying. With hand-carts, and wheelbarrows, and litters, the kind-hearted peasantry had issued forth, moved by their own sympathies, and lifting up the wounded, carried them to their houses, where they bound up their wounds and allayed their sufferings.

The next morning at daylight Napoleon renewed the pursuit, and pressed on the flying traces of the enemy with redoubled energy. All day long the fight continued, and the roads were blocked with the dead; but still the allies retained the firm order of battle. Enraged at their obstinacy, and still determined to turn that retreat into a rout, he hurried to the front, in person, and urged on the columns. He rode hither and thither, hastening up and concentrating his forces with amazing rapidity, and falling in terrible strength on the rear guard of the enemy. But all his efforts were vain; the disciplined bravery of the allied troops resisted every endeavor, and robbed him of half his victory.

DEATH OF DUROC.

But his greatest misfortune, that which wounded him deepest, was the death of his friend Duroc. As he made a last effort to break the enemy's ranks, and rode again to the advanced posts to direct the movements of his army, one of his escort was struck dead by his side. Turning to Duroc, he said, "Duroc, fate is determined to have one of us to-day." Soon after, as he was riding with his suite in a rapid trot along the road, a cannon ball smote a tree beside him, and glancing, struck General Kirgener dead, and tore out the entrails of Duroc. Napoleon was ahead at the time, and his suite, four abreast, behind him. The cloud of dust their rapid movement raised around them, prevented him from knowing at first who was struck. But when it was told him that Kirgener was killed and Duroc wounded, he dismounted, and gazed long and sternly on the battery from which the shot had been fired; then turned towards the cottage into which the wounded marshal had been carried.

Duroc was grand marshal of the palace, and a bosom friend of the Emperor. Of a noble and generous character, of unshaken integrity and patriotism, and firm as steel in the hour of danger, he was beloved by all who knew him. There was a gentleness about him and a purity of feeling the life of a camp could never destroy. Napoleon loved him—for through all the changes of his tumultuous life he had ever found his affection and truth the same—and it was with anxious heart and sad countenance he entered the lowly cottage where he lay. His eyes were filled with tears, as he asked if there was hope. When told there was none, he advanced to the bed

side without saying a word. The dying marshal seized him by the hand and said, "my whole life has been consecrated to your service, and now my only regret is, that I can no longer be useful to you." "*Duroc!*" replied Napoleon, with a voice choked with grief, "*there is another life—there you will await me, and we shall meet again.*" "Yes, sire," replied the fainting sufferer, "but thirty years shall first pass away, when you will have triumphed over your enemies, and realized all the hopes of our country. I have endeavored to be an honest man; I have nothing with which to reproach myself." He then added, with faltering voice, "*I have a daughter;—your majesty will be a father to her.*" Napoleon grasped his right hand, and sitting down by the bedside, and leaning his head on his left hand, remained with closed eyes, a quarter of an hour, in profound silence. Duroc first spoke. Seeing how deeply Bonaparte was moved, he exclaimed, "*Ah! sire, leave me; this spectacle pains you!*" The stricken Emperor rose, and leaning on the arms of his equerry and Marshal Soult, left the apartment, saying in heart-breaking-tones, as he went, "*Farewell, then, my friend!*"

The hot pursuit he had directed a moment before was forgotten—victory, trophies, prisoners and all, sunk into utter worthlessness, and, as at the battle of Aspern, when Lannes was brought to him mortally wounded, he forgot even his army, and the great interests at stake. He ordered his tent to be pitched near the cottage in which his friend was dying, and, entering it, passed the night all alone in inconsolable grief. The Imperial Guard formed their protecting squares, as usual, around him, and the fierce tumult

of battle gave way to one of the most touching scenes in history. Twilight was deepening over the field, and the heavy tread of the ranks going to their bivouacs, the low rumbling of artillery wagons in the distance, and all the subdued yet confused sounds of a mighty host about sinking to repose, rose on the evening air, imparting still greater solemnity to the hour. Napoleon, with his grey great coat wrapped about him, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead resting on his hands, sat apart from all, buried in the profoundest melancholy. His most intimate friends dare not approach him, and his favorite officers stood in groups at a distance, gazing anxiously and sadly on that silent tent. But immense consequences were hanging on the movements of the next morning—a powerful enemy was near, with their array yet unbroken—and they at length ventured to approach and ask for orders. But the broken-hearted chieftain, only shook his head, exclaiming, "*Everything to-morrow!*" and still kept his mournful attitude. Oh, how overwhelming was the grief that could so master that stern heart! The magnificent spectacle of the day that had passed, the glorious victory he had won, were remembered no more, and he saw only his dying friend before him. No sobs escaped him, but silent and motionless he sat, his pallid face buried in his hands, and his noble heart wrung with agony. Darkness drew her curtain over the scene, and the stars came out one after another upon the sky, and, at length, the moon rose above the hills, bathing in her soft beams the tented host, while the flames from burning villages in the distance shed a lurid light through the gloom—and all was sad, mournful, yet sublime. There was the dark cottage with the sentinels at the

door, in which Duroc lay dying, and there, too, was the solitary tent of Napoleon, and within, the bowed form of the Emperor. Around it, at a distance, stood the squares of the Old Guard, and nearer by a silent group of chieftains, and over all lay the moonlight. These brave soldiers, filled with grief to see their beloved chief borne down with such sorrow, stood for a long time silent and tearful. At length, to break the mournful silence, and to express the sympathy they might not speak, the bands struck up a requiem for the dying marshal. The melancholy strains arose and fell in prolonged echoes over the field, and swept in softened cadences on the ear of the fainting warrior—but still Napoleon moved not. They then changed the measure to a triumphant strain, and the thrilling trumpets breathed forth their most joyful notes, till the heavens rung with the melody. Such bursts of music had welcomed Napoleon as he returned flushed with victory, till his eye kindled in exultation; but now they fell on a dull and listless ear. It ceased, and again the mournful requiem filled all the air. But nothing could arouse him from his agonizing reflections—his friend lay dying, and the heart he loved more than his life was throbbing its last pulsations.

What a theme for a painter, and what a eulogy on Napoleon was that scene. That noble heart which the enmity of the world could not shake—nor the terrors of a battle-field move from its calm repose—nor even the hatred and insults of his, at last, victorious enemies humble; here sunk in the moment of victory before the tide of affection. What military chieftain ever mourned thus on the field of victory, and what soldiers ever loved a leader so?

The next morning, a little after sunrise, Duroc died. When the mournful news was brought to Napoleon, he did not utter a word, but put into the hands of Berthier a paper directing a monument to be raised on the spot where he fell, with this inscription:—"Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend." He left two hundred napoleons in the hands of the owner of the house and the clergyman of the parish, to defray the expenses. But the monument was never erected, for after the defeats which soon followed, the allies, with a meanness unparalleled in the history of civilized warfare, claimed this money as a part of the spoils of war. For the paltry sum of eight hundred dollars, they could prevent a monument from being raised to genius and true worth, and insult a noble heart by denying it this last tribute of affection to a dear friend. What a contrast does this present to the conduct of Marshal Soult at Corunna, who ordered a monument to be reared to Sir John Moore on the spot where he fell. Napoleon was as much above his enemies in magnanimity as he was in genius.

Three months subsequent to this, Oudinot was beaten in Bohemia, at Gross Beeren, by Bernadotte, after a severe struggle. The news of this defeat, coming, as it did, in the midst of other losses, irritated Napoleon, who was in that critical position where he must have a succession of victories or be lost, and he unjustly ordered Ney to supersede him. The disgraced marshal, however, did not refuse to fight under Ney, who was soon after worse beaten in a similar encounter.

In the October that followed, at Leipsic, he commanded two divisions of the Young Guard, and helped to stem the tide of that disastrous battle, till Napoleon ordered a retreat, and continued to struggle bravely for France, and the empire to the last. At Brienne, Nangis, Montereau, Bar-sur-Aube, and other fields of fame, and side by side with Napoleon during all the fierce struggle to force the allies back from Paris, he exhibited his accustomed valor and patriotism.

On the abdication of the Emperor, he gave in his adherence to Louis XVIII., by whom he was made colonel-general of the grenadiers, and governor of Metz. He adhered to the royal cause during the hundred days of Napoleon's reign, after his return from Elba. On the second restoration he was made peer of France, Minister of State, and given the command of the National Guard of Paris. In 1823 he served under the Duke of Angouleme in the invasion of Spain, and was appointed governor of Madrid. In 1830, he gave in his adhesion to Louis Philippe, and four years ago was appointed by him governor of the Invalides, which office he still holds.

Oudinot was brave even to rashness,—sudden and terrible in a charge, and a good general in the field of battle. He needed, however, the oversight of Napoleon, and erred when left to himself. He was neither avaricious nor cruel, and through a long and tempestuous life sustained the honor of the arms of France, and struggled nobly for her freedom. He was careless of his person in battle, and now bears on his body the scars of twenty wounds received in the different engagements he passed through.

XVIII.

MARSHAL BESSIERES.

His Journey with Murat to Paris—Commands the Old Guard—Characters of the Imperial Guard—Of Bessieres—Cavalry Charge at Austerlitz—Battle of Rio Seco—Cavalry Charge at Aspern—at Wagram—His Death at Bautzen.

It is difficult to make a fair estimate of one's military character who occupies the position Bessieres did during most of his career. As commander of the guards his place was near the Emperor, and hence he was seldom brought into action till towards its close, and then to make a single desperate charge, in order to arrest a disaster, or to complete a victory. Just as he had obtained the appointment best suited to his character, and where he would have occupied a more prominent position, he was slain.

Jean-Baptiste-Bessieres was born in Pressiac, the capital of the department of Lot, the 6th of August, 1768. Murat was born in the same department about a year and a half before. Both of these future heroes were of humble origin, their parents being poor and ignorant. When Murat was twenty-four, and Bessieres twenty-three years of age, they started together for Paris to seek their fortunes. Both being romantic and chivalrous, they indulged in vague hopes of

BESSIÈRES.

COMMANDER OF THE OLD GUARD.

future renown as they passed on to the capital; but in the wildest flights of their imagination, one never dreamed of being king, nor the other of becoming a duke and marshal of the empire. The former had just come from the stables of a country landlord, and the latter from an equally democratic employment, and one would scarcely have marked them out as future heroes, as they jogged quietly on, buoyant with hope and youth.

The contrast between those two poor young men plodding their weary way to the capital, and Murat on the throne of Naples, and Bessieres a marshal of the empire beside Napoleon, is one of the best comments on republican institutions that could be furnished. To human appearance, nothing but an indifferent fortune awaited them; and a subordinate situation in the army they sought to enter, was all that could be reasonably expected. But a new era was to dawn on France, and its slumbering energies were to be called forth, and all men who had a soul in them, were to be given a fair field and full scope. Murat and Bessieres were going into the heart of an earthquake, not to disappear in the abysses it opened beneath them, but to mount on its ruins to fame and honor.

These two young adventurers arrived in Paris, and both obtained situations as privates in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. The next year, on the fatal 10th of August, Bessieres' services for the king closed. His first lesson in war was taken at the storming of the Tuileries, and the first battle-field his youthful eyes gazed upon, was the Place du Carrousel, and the palace garden, in which were strewed the mutilated bodies of the brave Swiss Guard. During the

continuation of this horrid massacre, he strained every nerve to save the members of the queen's household; and, at the risk of his own life, succeeded in snatching some of them from the hands of the mob.

The Constitutional Guard being no more, he was transferred to a regiment of cavalry destined for the Pyrenees. His brave conduct in the north of Spain soon procured for him the rank of Captain of chausseurs. A short time after, Bonaparte received the command of the army of Italy, to which Bessieres' regiment luckily was joined. His intrepidity and impetuous valor in the battles that followed the opening of the campaign, soon attracted the attention of Napoleon. On one occasion, especially, did he win his admiration. He was charging at the head of his company an Austrian battery, when a shot tore his horse to pieces under him, and they fell entangled together on the plain. Releasing himself, however, by a strong effort, he leaped on a cannon which was sending death through his ranks, and began immediately to lay about him with his sabre. Two of his followers seeing him thus defend himself against the gunners, who made furiously at him, put spurs to their steeds and galloped to his aid. Together they succeeded in capturing the piece, and brought it off in triumph. Bonaparte, at the time young and impetuous himself, was so pleased with this feat that when he formed his corps of Guides, Bessieres was made its commander. His fortune was now secure, and from this time on, his history and that of the Consular and Imperial Guards go together.

After the battle of Marengo, he was given the command of the Consular Guard, with the rank of

general; and when Bonaparte assumed the imperial crown, he created him marshal of the empire. Placed at the head of the Imperial Guard, he went through the campaigns of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Tilsit, and Wagram,—now with his resistless riders, stemming the reversed tide of battle, and now converting a defeat into a rout. The command of such a body as the Imperial Guard, was an honor not lightly conferred, and was sufficient evidence in itself that he who held it was both a brave and an able officer. Still it did not give such scope to individual talent as the command of one of the corps of the army would have done. There was no manœuvring, no separate responsibility; and, indeed, no protracted and vaccilating conflict, bringing out the resources and exhibiting the higher qualities of a great leader. The Imperial Guard were ever about the person of the Emperor, their squares enfolded him by night and by day, wrapping his tent in the field where he bivouacked, and standing the tower of his strength amid the tumult of the fight, and hence were always under his immediate control. The position of Bessieres, therefore, however honorable, would never fit him for a separate command. Unaccustomed to plan for himself, being troubled with no combinations either of his own or others, he would naturally fail at the head of a corps that was to operate by itself, governed only by general directions. Resistless courage, unshrinking steadiness, and endurance that no toil could shake, were the great requisites of a commander of the Imperial Guard, as they were the great characteristics of the Guard itself. Perhaps Napoleon, who measured the capabilites of his generals with such accuracy, saw that he needed to be

free from separate responsibility in order to be efficient. There is many a man who will be a hero when told what to do, yet shows great indecision and doubt when left to himself to decide on his own course. Such a position as Bessieres' would naturally produce such a character, even were it capable of a higher development. Acting constantly under the eye and direction of another, he would unconsciously acquire a feeling of dependence he never after could shake off. But Bessieres, who was a hero in action, seems naturally to have been exceedingly timorous in counsel. Cool, steady, and terrible at the head of his brave Guard, the moment he came into the cabinet, his boldness and decision evaporated. His charge was as prompt and furious as Murat's, but his *advice* was that of one possessing an entirely opposite character.

Yet it was an honorable post to be at the head of the Old Guard. At once the prop and pride of Napoleon—carrying his throne and empire over the battle fields of Europe—the magnitude of the trust committed to it, and the awe its movements inspired, gave it a grandeur, and, indeed, a power, no body of men, since the legions of Cæsar, ever possessed. The appearance of those bear-skin caps, and of the helmets of the cuirassiers, always operated like an electric shock on the army. Where they moved, the Emperor moved, and they came to stand as his representative. Their approach to a battle-field was like the shout of victory on the sinking courage of the soldiers. Taught to believe themselves invincible, and never employed till a crisis came, it was not their duty to struggle, but to conquer. So well known was it when they were ordered up, that the final hour of one or

the other army had come, that the contest along the different portions of the lines became, apparently, of no account, and everything waited the result of their shock. So perfect was their discipline, that their tread seemed unlike that of other soldiers, and one fancied he could see in their very movements, a consciousness of power. Their shout of *Vive la Empereur!* never rung over a battle-field without carrying dismay with it; and so resistless was their charge always found to be, that they became the terror of Europe.

Bessieres is linked in history with the Old Guard, and they go down to immortality together. Brave, generous, and noble, he was worthy of the trust that still honored him, and commanded not only the admiration, but the love of all who knew him. Disinterested and humane, he sought no emoluments from war, and never let the training of a camp numb his generous feelings, or weaken his love of justice. His enemies praised him, and those he conquered came to love his sway. The excitement of a fierce-fought battle could not make him cruel, nor even render him indifferent to the complaints of the suffering. In Spain, even, where the French name became odious, he was beloved, and on his return to that country as governor of Old Castile and Leon, the people welcomed him with acclamations; and when, at last, the news of his death on a distant battle-field was received by them, several towns assembled to offer up masses for his soul. What a touching eulogium on his virtues! Even his enemies prayed for his departed spirit. There must have been in that nature something more humane and gentle than is usually found in the ranks of war, to have caused such a de

monstration of feeling in those whose country he had invaded. In the very heat of one of his fierce charges at Marengo, and when one would think he had enough to do beside caring for individual suffering, he saved an Austrian horseman from death. The latter had been cast from his steed, and stood unsheltered right in front of the swiftly advancing squadron, with uplifted hands—imploring them not to trample him under foot. "Open your ranks, my friends," said Bessieres, "let us spare that unfortunate man," and the furious horsemen divided at his bidding around him. At Moscow, as he and his suite were sitting down to dinner, a crowd of famished, trembling wretches, fleeing from the flames, rushed into his palace for shelter. The sight of their misery was too much for his sympathetic heart—rising up, he said, "Gentlemen, let us seek a dinner elsewhere," and ordered the food prepared for himself to be given to them. Mitigating the horrors of war by his kindness to the wounded and vanquished, he moves before us as a brave and chivalric warrior, and, at the same time, a humane and generous man. The tenderness of feeling, and warm sympathy he exhibited, may seem inconsistent with his desperation in the hour of battle, and the carnage that followed where his strong squadrons swept. But he felt that he was fighting for his country and for freedom against invaders and despots, and, hence, was not accountable for the suffering he occasioned.

CHARGE OF CAVALRY AT AUSTERLITZ.

At the battle of Austerlitz he exhibited that bravery and force which characterized him through all the after wars. While Soult, with his resistless battalions,

was making such steady progress on the heights of Pratzen, Lannes and Bernadotte, commanding the left wing, were also gradually pushing the enemy before them. To check their advance, the Grand Duke Constantine ordered up the Russian Imperial Guards. Descending from the heights, this imposing mass advanced boldly into the middle of the plain, where they were met by the division of Vandamme, and a furious conflict ensued. In the midst of the tumult, the Grand Duke put himself at the head of two thousand Russian cuirassiers of the Guard, and in the most beautiful order moved over the plain. The next moment they burst on the flank of Vandamme's column, and cutting it through and through, trampled it under foot; then wheeling amid the torn ranks, mowed down the soldiers like grass.

The quick eye of Napoleon seeing the overthrow, and knowing that in a few moments, without help, his left wing would be routed, ordered up Bessieres with the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, and directed him to charge that mass of horsemen that were rioting so fearfully amid his infantry. Rapp headed the advance guard, and crying out to his followers, "Soldiers! see how they are sabring your comrades below there! Let us fly to their rescue!" A fierce shout answered him—the bugles sounded the charge, and moving forward in beautiful order, they broke into a trot, and then into a steady gallop, and fell like a rolling rock on the astonished foe. Driven back over the mutilated corpses of the square they were treading down with such fury, the Russian cavalry gave way, leaving their artillery in the hands of the French. The disorder, however, was but momentary. Rallying beautifully, the confused squadrons seemed

to flow of their own accord into the array of battle and returned gallantly to the charge. But now, Bessieres, with his whole reserve, went sweeping to the onset, and both Imperial Guards met in full career The shock of their wild meeting shook the plain, and for several minutes it was one cloud of tossing plumes and swaying helmets, and rising and falling standards; for neither mass gave way. The clashing of swords and ringing of armor, and steady blast of bugles, were heard over the vollies of musketry, which the infantry still poured into each other's bosoms. Such a hand-to-hand cavalry fight had not been seen during the war before; for, equal in numbers and in courage, each resolved not to yield. The ground was soon covered with dead horses and men; while, to increase the chaos and confusion, the infantry on either side came pouring to the conflict. The sharp rattle of musketry, and the thunder of cannon, mingled with the fierce ringing of steel; while the fluttering of standards was seen amid the smoke, neither advanced nor forced back, showing that victory still wavered around them. At length, however, the Russians broke—a shout rung over the field—the trumpets sounded anew, and Bessieres poured his enthusiastic squadrons on the retiring foe.

The next year, after the campaigns of Friedland and Tilsit, in 1807, he was transferred to Spain, where a new field opened before him. Taken from the Imperial Guard, and from under the immediate eye of Napoleon, he was placed over the second corps, called the army of the "Western Pyrenees," and fixed his quarters at Burgos. In the meantime, the insurrection broke out, and Bessieres divided his disposable force of 12,000 men into several moveable columns, and

pierced the country in every direction to put down the insurgents. But while by his activity and energy he was successful in his attempts, and was ranging unchecked the mountains of Asturia and Biscay, the Spanish general Cuesta was gathering a large army to overwhelm him. Bessieres immediately collected the troops and advanced to give battle, before Blake, on his march to join the latter, could arrive. The junction, however, was effected, and Bessieres, with less than fifteen thousand men, found himself opposed to more than twenty-five thousand. It so happened that his position was of vital importance to the whole French army, and Bonaparte knowing it, had ordered Savary to Marenna, so that, in case of need, he could be reinforced. Savary, however, heaped blunder on blunder, and Bessieres was left alone to save himself as best he could. The Emperor was made aware of the danger that threatened him, and his anxiety in view of it may be gathered from his language afterwards to Savary, when he rebuked him for his bad management. Said he, "*A check given to Dupont would have a slight effect, but a wound received by Bessieres would give a locked-jaw to the whole army. Not an inhabitant of Madrid, not a peasant of the valleys, that does not feel that the affairs of Spain are involved in the affairs of Bessieres.*" Notwithstanding the errors of his general, Napoleon relied, and not without reason, on the good sense and courage of Bessieres. With such responsibility on his shoulders, it may be imagined, that it was with no slight anxiety the latter beheld, on the 14th of July, an army nearly three times as large as his own drawn up in order of battle before him. True, only twenty-five thousand of these were regular troops, but this number was nearly double his own.

In two columns he drove in the advanced guard of the enemy, but when he came in front of their lines, he made a halt, and for a moment hesitated whether he should hazard an attack on such superior forces.

BATTLE OF RIO SECO.

Perceiving at a glance, however, the vicious position Cuesta had assumed, he determined to advance. The Spanish general had posted his men in two lines, one directly behind the other, and nearly a mile and a half apart. Bessieres, who had learned the art of war under Napoleon, saw at once that a skillful manœuvre would soon destroy the advantage of numbers. Although the approach in front was up an abrupt ascent, he ordered Lasalle to engage the attention of the enemy there with partial attacks of cavalry, until, by a flank movement, he could throw the weight of his troops in the space between the lines. Succeeding in his manœuvre, he fell on the rear of the first line, at the same time that Lasalle, hearing his guns, charged furiously in front; and rending it asunder as if it had been mist, sent the fugitives in one tumultuous crowd over the field. But while the French, in the disorder of success, were pressing with shouts after the flying enemy, Cuesta boldly advanced his second line. The attack was bravely made, and the first battalions of the French went down before the charge, and the shout of victory was heard in the Spanish ranks. The confusion of the French increased, and for a while the result of the battle was doubtful. But Bessieres, who saw the disorder that was spreading through his army, perceived at once that the crisis had come, and putting

himself at the head of twelve hundred horsemen, burst with appalling fury on the enemy's flank. Everything sunk before him; and, just then, the division that had been pursuing the remnants of the first line, returning, the attack was renewed with vigor, and aftera short but fierce conflict, the Spaniards were utterly routed. Nearly six thousand of their number were stretched on the field, while fifteen hundred prisoners remained in the hands of the French.

When Napoleon heard of this victory he could not repress his joy. "Bessieres has placed Joseph on the throne of Spain!" he exclaimed; and it was true.

Soon after this, the Emperor left for Paris, and when he again returned to restore the affairs of Spain, which had got into a most disastrous state, Bessieres was superseded in his command of the second corps by Soult,—a man better fitted for that position than himself. The battle of Rio Seco was the only brilliant deed he performed, and he was in a short time recalled to the Imperial Guard. He showed, however, in his short career, that he possessed the elements of a good commander, although no training could have made him equal to Soult and Suchet.

He went through the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, and at the former place performed one of those great actions, which so often wrung victory from the enemy in the moment of defeat.

CAVALRY CHARGE AT ASPERN.

On the first day of this great battle, while Massena and Lannes were struggling with almost superhuman energy to hold the villages of Aspern and Essling, the space between them, occupied by the French

army, was exposed to a tremendous fire from several hundred Austrian cannon, placed in the battery. So destructive was the storm of grape-shot which they incessantly vomited forth, that the field was almost swept of soldiers. Galled by this murderous fire, which nothing seemed able to withstand, Napoleon at length ordered up Bessieres to charge the guns with his cavalry. The marshal first sent forward the light horse of the guard. They advanced at a furious gallop, and with noble enthusiasm to the onset; but those terrible batteries were too much for them. They reeled and bent backward before the volcano that opened in their faces, and though they bravely struggled to bear up against it, at length turned and fled, leaving the field strewed with mangled horses and their riders. Bessieres then put himself at the head of the heavy armed curassiers, and ordered the trumpets to sound. They presented a noble sight as they moved away. In beautiful order the dark array swept into the field, and was soon seen passing like a rapid thunder-cloud over the plain. Around the base of the black and driving mass was a cloud of dust—midway it was one dense body of shining armor, while above shook the thousands of sabres, amid the fluttering standards, and "*vive l' Empereur!*" came rolling back over the field, like the shout of victory. Their steady gallop made the earth tremble; and the rattling of their armor was more terrible than the thunder of cannon, as they rode fiercely on into the very mouths of the batteries. One discharge tore through them, and then, with a shout that rent the air, they rushed onward. The artillerymen hastily withdrew their guns to the rear, and the infantry threw themselves quickly into

squares, to receive the shock. To human appearance nothing could resist it; but when the smoke of the sudden volley cleared away, those firm squares, instead of being scattered and trampled under foot, stood unbroken and complete, gazing sternly and resolutely on the foe. A body of cavalry was brought up to sustain them; but these were scattered like leaves in the tempest before the cuirassiers; and then, there was nothing but those naked formations standing in the open field to overpower, and on these Bessieres hurled his excited squadrons anew. But keeping up a rolling fire on every side, that astonishing infantry stood firm against every shock. Made furious by their stern resistance, he rode at the head of his men, cheering them to the onset, and foremost in the charge, precipitated them again and again on that girdle of bayonets.

Baffled in every effort, he rode round and round the blazing citadels, and fell against their steadfast sides in brave but vain valor. Nothing could break that array, and after leaving half his followers on the field, he was compelled to retire. This ended the fight for the day, and the two armies slept on the field of battle.

The next day when the last effort was made to win the victory, and Lannes' intrepid column, in attempting to pierce the center, was checked in its advance, and stood and melted away before the close and heavy fire of the enemy, Bessieres again made one of those charges with the Imperial Guard, which were usually so resistless. His brave cuirassiers bore down with appalling fury on the ranks, urging their horses against the bayonet points; and. cheered by his voice and example, made almost superhuman efforts to

break the squares of the enemy. But it was all in vain: the day was lost, and the mighty mass was driven back towards the Danube. Bessieres performed prodigies of valor during those two days, and his noble bearing, boiling courage, and firm and steady action, won the admiration of Napoleon.

He was shut up in the island of Lobau with the army where it lay from May to July, waiting for reinforcements to make another struggle for victory. At the battle of Wagram, when Macdonald was carrying the empire on his rapidly perishing column, and it at length stopped in its awful career, Bessieres was ordered to charge with the cavalry to sustain him. Riding through a tempest of cannon-balls, at the head of his men, he was spurring furiously on, when a heavy shot in full sweep struck his horse, and hurled it, torn and shattered from under him. Pitched to a great distance, he fell, covered with blood and dust, apparently dead, while from the whole battalion in which he rode, there arose a mournful cry at the sight. Walther succeeded to the command, and led on the column; but the charge was feeble. The men, no longer seeing Bessieres at their head were dispirited, for no one, except Murat, could give such weight to a charge of cavalry as he. After the battle was over, Napoleon said to him, "*The ball which struck you drew tears from all my guard; return thanks for it; it ought to be dear to you.*" The cannon-ball which mangled his horse so dreadfully by some strange chance did not harm him, although it tore his pantaloons open from the thigh to the knee.

The year of 1811 he spent in Spain, as Governor of Old Castile and Leon, but the next year was again beside Napoleon, and commanded the Imperial Guard

through the Russian campaign. This Guard was always the Emperor's chief reliance, but especially during this disastrous invasion and retreat; and Bessieres, as commander, had his implicit confidence. He loved him, for he looked upon him as his child, a creation of his own. He had seen him fighting bravely by his side in his first Italian campaigns, and ever afterwards kept him about his person, raising him from one post of honor to another, till he made him Duke of Istria, and Marshal of the Empire.

The night before the battle of Borodino, Napoleon, sick and suffering, and filled also with the deepest anxiety respecting the great battle that was to be fought on the morrow, sent for Bessieres and asked him if the Guard were in want of nothing. Calling him back, again and again, he repeated the question, and finally ordered him to distribute among them, from his own private stores, three days' provisions of biscuit and rice. This favorite marshal could approach him, when he was in those moods that kept others at a distance. After the battle was over, Bonaparte, who had been worn down with business and a burning fever, finally lost his voice entirely from a severe cold. In this state, Bessieres read to him the long list of the slain and wounded generals. The dreadful mortality among his best officers, which it exhibited, filled him with such anguish, that by one strong effort he recovered his voice, and exclaimed, "Eight days at Moscow, and there will be on end of it."

The marshal, after the burning of Moscow, was one of the Council he called, to decide whether the army should retreat or advance. He gave his opinion against the impetuous Murat; and firmly and em-

phatically declared in favor of a retreat Napoleon listened to him in silence, but broke up the Council without giving his own opinion.

During all that retreat, he, with the faithful Guard, that no disaster could shake, and no losses dishearten, hovered, like a protecting spirit, around Napoleon. Though their thousands had dwindled down to hundreds, and toils that seemed endless wasted them at every step—and famine and cold, and a victorious enemy, thinned their ranks daily, and the most appalling sights that ever met the human eye were constantly before them—and dismay and despair on every side—they, with their worn, yet firm-hearted leader, faithful to their trust, still maintained their order and their courage. Singing gaily past the batteries that tore their ranks asunder—standing in squares around their Emperor, as he bivouacked in the cold snow, and furnishing him the last fragment of fuel that could be gathered, while they, one after another, dropped dead in their footsteps—they fasten themselves on our affections, and stand, to remotest time, as a model of fidelity and firmness.

The next year he was again beside Napoleon in Germany, still with the Imperial Guards, but he did not share in the victories or disasters of that campaign, and was spared the pain of seeing his beloved commander, for whom he had so often periled his life, a fugitive and an exile.

As the army was approaching Lutzen, its foremost column came upon the advanced guard of the allies, posted on the heights of Poserna, and commanding a defile, through which it was necessary to pass. Attempting to force this defile, Bessieres rode forward, with his usual reckless exposure of his life, to recon

re the enemy's position more closely, when a

cannon-ball struck one of his escort by his side and killed him instantly. "Inter that brave man," said he, with the utmost composure; but the words had hardly escaped escaped his lips, when a musket-ball struck him, and he reeled from his horse into the arms of his officers, dead. A white sheet was thrown over him to conceal his features and uniform from the soldiers as they passed by, lest the knowledge of his death should spread discouragement among them. The next day the battle of Lutzen was fought, and the Imperial Guard wondered where their well-tried and beloved leader was, as they moved into the fight. Motionless and lifeless, his martial form lay near them, but unconscious of their wishes or their struggles. The genius of Napoleon was again shining out in its former splendor, and the star of his destiny was again mounting the heavens. The heavy tread of the tens of thousands that moved to battle was again heard—the thunder of cannon rolled over the Bohemian mountains, and the cloud of war covered the plain, in which nearly two hundred thousand men were mingled in mortal combat. The Empire was again battled for, and the Imperial Guard once more put their brave arms around the throne of Napoleon and bore it steadily through the fight, but their intrepid leader was heedless of it all. Though his form trembled under the explosion of cannon that shook the house in which he lay, and the confused tumult of the battle was borne loudly past, no change passed over those marble features. The voice that should have steadied his ranks was not heard in the conflict, and the good sword that had flashed foremost in the charge, was no longer seen, like a guiding star, to the thousands that crowded after. Silent and motionless as its master it lay stretched by his side its work

also done. Bessieres had fought his last battle; but while his spirit had gone to that world where the shout of the warrior is never heard, his body still lay on the field where mighty armies were meeting.

At night it was known that Bessieres had fallen, and sadness filled the hearts of the Imperial Guard. Napoleon ordered the body to be embalmed, and sent to the Hotel des Invalides, where he designed to give it great honors, but his overthrow prevented him. He wrote the following letter to the heart-broken widow. "My Cousin: Your husband has died on the field of honor. The loss which you and your children have sustained is great, but mine is still greater. The Duke of Istria has died a noble death and without suffering; he has left a reputation without spot, the best inheritance he could bequeath to his children. My protection is secured to them; they will inherit all the affection which I bore to their father." The King of Saxony erected a monument to him, on the spot where he fell; and for a year afterwards, the inconsolable widow kept lamps burning night and day around his tomb, and daily bedewed it with her tears.

He was a noble man, and, regardless of wealth in his struggle for his country, left his family poor, and in debt. Napoleon, however, in his last will bequeathed his son about twenty thousand dollars, and Louis XVIII. afterwards made him peer of France. Had the former reigned, honors without end would have been heaped on the family, for his affection for Bessieres was something more than the stern love which one warrior bears to another. Theirs was the friendship of two manly hearts that had moved together through scenes that try the firmest attachments, without once being divided.

XIX.

MARSHAL JOURDAN.

Serves in the War of the American Revolution—His Victory at Wattignies—At Fleurus—A Member of the Council of Five Hundred—Major General in Spain—His Character.

Jean-Babtiste-Jourdan, though in active service till the overthrow of Napoleon, performed his greatest military achievements in the early struggles of the Republic along the Rhine, and hence occupies less space than his real merit deserves, in these sketches of the marshals. The son of a surgeon, he was born April 29th, 1762, at Limoges, and entered the army when but sixteen years old. Young, ardent, and of an age in which new impressions are most easily made, he came to this country, and fought side by side with the patriots of the Revolution, till the close of the war. Entering on his military career in a war of liberty against despotism, he naturally adopted the principles embodied in our Declaration of Independence, and became a stern republican, and continued so throughout all the violence and bloodshed he afterwards witnessed in France—even to his death. His character as a military man could not have been formed under better leaders than Washington and Lafayette.

Those who condemn the French Revolution, and

the French generals who made Europe tremble would do well to remember where many of them derived their first ideas of equality, that so alarmed the despots of the Continent. That fearful waking-up which France had, was caused in a great measure by our stirring appeal to the world, and our brave resistance to arbitrary power. The terrific and protracted struggle that covered Europe with armies, was but the successful strife on our shores transferred to a wider and more extended field. The French armies carried back with them our declaration of rights, and hurled it, like a fire-brand amid the despotisms of the Continent. When tyrants thought to quench it forever, they rushed to its defense, and whirled it aloft with shouts of vengeance, till Europe shook with the rising sound of arms. The French Revolution, with all its horrors, was the legitimate offspring of our Declaration of Independence, working amid the rotten monarchies, and ignorance, and oppression, and despair of the old world; and those philanthropists who never weary of singing the praises of Liberty in this land of peace and plenty, show themselves but bigots, when they turn in disgust and horror from her more painful and revolting aspect there.

"Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons, in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise, were forever excluded from participation in the blessings she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes,

filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war. Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She growls, she hisses, she stings; but woe to those, who in disgust, shall venture to crush her. And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory."*

I have made these remarks here, because they come more naturally under the sketch of Jourdan who derived his first lessons of freedom from us, and was one of the first and chief military leaders that helped to roll back the tide of aggression from the French borders, and opened the great tragedy that ended with the carnage of Waterloo. The marshals of Napoleon are regarded by many as so many ferocious animals let loose on the continental armies, but let such, except, at least, Jourdan, the offspring of our own Revolution, and who won his renown in carrying out the very principles Washington and Lafayette implanted in his breast. True, where he was compelled to struggle, Liberty assumed the form of a hateful reptile, and dragged her slime over ruined altars and deserted firesides. But, even there she will yet appear in her beauty, to cheer and to bless.

Jourdan passed several years in the United States, so that his character and principles became settled under the influence of our institutions, and when he returned to France it was natural he should enter, heart and soul, into the Revolution. In 1791 he commanded a battalion under Doumouriez, and the next year fought bravely at the battle of Jemappe

* Macaulay.

In 1793 he was made general of division, and in October was appointed to take command of the army in Flanders in place of Houchard who had been executed for want of energy in conducting the war. The Republican armies needed the most efficient man at their head in order to resist the coalitions, against which they were forced to contend; and Houchard, having endangered the campaign by his tardiness, was tried and unjustly executed. Jourdan, who a short time before at Handschoote, mounted the enemy's works with the greatest intrepidity, and showed himself a man of energy and daring, was put in his place, with the most peremptory orders to attack the enemy and drive them over the French borders. Young, untried in chief command, and fighting at the foot of the scaffold, he nevertheless, did not shrink from the task; and at the head of a hundred thousand men, boldly took the field. The Austrians were strongly posted at Wattignies, but Jourdan, obeying his orders, marched rapidly against them. After a severe action, in which he lost more than a thousand men, he was compelled to draw off his troops. The next day, however, he renewed the combat. Concentrating his forces on the most important point, he, at daylight, moved his army, in three massive columns, on the enemy. The artillery opened with a heavy and rapid fire, but their steady roar could not drown the enthusiastic shouts, and songs of freedom with which the French soldiers rushed to the attack. Like the shouts of Cromwell's army, they fell in ominous tones on the enemy's lines, telling to the world the spirit that impelled them on. Nothing could resist their headlong onset, and over the enemy's works, and over their ranks, the

excited thousands went, treading down every thing in their path, and strewing the field with six thousand bodies.

This victory relieved Flanders and threw a ray of light across the darkened prospects of the Republic. Jourdan was hailed as the saviour of his country, and immediately summoned to Paris, to consult with the Committee of Public Safety, on future operations. Attending the Jacobin Society, he advanced to the tribune and vowed, that "the sword which he wore should only be unsheathed to oppose tyrants, and defend the rights of the people." Through the influence of Barère, however, he was deprived of his command, but soon after was appointed to the army of Moselle, and ordered up to the Sambre to succor the French army there. He arrived just in time to prevent an utter defeat. Assuming the command of the combined forces, he crossed the Sambre, over which the Republicans, a few days before had been driven, —advanced on Charleroi, and investing the place, after a short but vigorous siege, compelled the garrison to capitulate. The troops, however, had hardiy left the gates, when the thunder of cannon in the distance, announced the approach of the Austrians, hastening up to their relief.

The next day the battle of Fleurus took place. Jourdan had under him between eighty and ninety thousand men—the Austrians numbered about eighty thousand. The Austrians commenced the attack at daylight, moving forward in five massive columns, and the battle raged with varied success till nightfall, when the enemy retreated, and the French encamped on the field of victory. More than a hundred and

fifty thousand men struggled in mortal combat from daylight till sunset, and ten thousand were left on the field of carnage. This was the second great victory of Jourdan, and it immediately placed him at the head of the Republican generals. Under him in this great and decisive battle, fought many of the future marshals and most distinguished generals of France. Bernadotte, Lefebvre, Kleber, Moreau, Soult, Championet and others here exhibited those striking qualities to which they afterwards owed their elevation.

He continued to follow up his successes this, and the following year, but in 1796 was badly defeated at Wurtsburg, and was forced to make a hurried and ruinous retreat. The loss of this battle, and the disasters that followed, wiped out the remembrance of his former victories, and he was recalled. Returning to Limoges, he kept aloof from public affairs till next year, when he was chosen member of the Council of Five Hundred. The Republican party considered him a great acquisition, and he took an active part in legislative matters during the session. He proposed the celebration of the 10th of August—gave his influence in favor of the measures that brought about the revolution of 18th Fructidor—opposed with violence the proposition of the Directory to interfere with the elections; and, finally, submitted a law to change the mode of recruiting the army. When this law was passed, Jourdan declared that the act decided that the Republic was eternal.

In November, he was called from political strife to take command of the army of the Danube. After various manœuvres, he was at length met at Stoekach by the Archduke Charles, with an army nearly a

third larger than his own, and after a stubborn conflict, in which the republican troops exhibited a courage worthy of their cause was severely beaten. He strove bravely to arrest the disorder in his ranks, riding among them, and calling the soldiers, by voice and gesture, to rally again to the attack. But the defeat was complete; and after leaving five thousand of his bravest troops on the field, he was compelled to retreat precipitately towards France.

The Directory immediately appointed Massena in his place, and accused him of inefficiency in this campaign; and, indeed, laid at his door the reverses that also befell Moreau, with whom he was to co-operate. To defend himself, he published a "Precis des Operations de l' Armèe du Danube," in which he showed that the disasters were all owing to the ignorance and stupidity of the Directory, who did nothing but heap blunder on blunder, and was fast bringing France to the verge of ruin.

Being soon after re-elected to the Council of Five Hundred, he proposed the following as the form of the civic oath: "I swear to oppose with all my power the restoration of royalty and every other form of despotism in France." He already began to see whither things were tending, and threw in this impediment, while he could, to check the first attempt that should be made to overthrow the Rupublic.

During this summer, all the sessions of the legislative bodies were stormy. Divided into two great parties, they were engaged in perpetual wranglings, while defeat attended their armies abroad. Every thing was tending towards an explosion of some sort, unless a strong hand should be found to steady the

rocking structure of the Republic. The prospect grew darker continually, and in the autumn, France seemed on the eve of another revolution. The moderates and the politicians were arrayed against the patriots, and a fierce conflict was kept up.

Jourdan belonged to the patriots, who were in the minority; and, in order to do something to check the disorders aud arouse public spirit, proposed the resolution declaring the country in danger. This was strongly opposed, and the excitement running high the members of the clubs assembled in great numbers around the palace of the Five Hundred, and openly insulted the deputies. It was in the midst of this confusion, the report spread that Bernadotte was about to put himself at the head of the patriots, and excite an insurrection. It was on this occasion also, that the Directory, alarmed and agitated, dismissed him from office, under the form of an acceptance of his resignation. The news of this high-handed act reached the Council of Five Hundred, just as they were about to vote on Jourdan's resolution. Alarm instantly seized the patriots, and it was declared aloud that some extraordinary measures were in preparation. In the heat of the excitement caused by this announcement, Jourdan arose in his place, and in a stern voice exclaimed, "Let us swear to die in our curule chairs!" "My head shall fall," replied Augereau, "before any outrage shall be committed upon the national representation." The tumult increased, and before the house could be quieted, the resolution to declare the country in danger was put and lost.

After this, things went on as they had done before,

and every one was casting about for some one to arise and arrest the disasters abroad, and quell the tumult at home. Affairs were in this state when Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and, throwing himself into the chaos, soon showed that he was the spirit called for by the times. Jourdan, however, kept aloof; and with Augereau remained at St. Cloud, while this young general was wresting the power from the Directory, and placing it in his own hands.

But the next year, the new government being consolidated, he accepted the appointment of Governor of Piedmont, and, by his just and wise administration, secured the respect and obedience of the inhabitants, and friendship of the king, who, sixteen years afterwards, sent him his portrait set in diamonds, as a token of his esteem. In 1812 he was called to the Council of State and chosen senator, and the next year appointed over the army of Italy. When Napoleon became Emperor he was made marshal, and grand officer of the Legion of Honor. At the commencement of the war, in 1805, he was superseded by Massena, for Napoleon never had a high opinion of his military abilities.

When Joseph Bonaparte was put on the throne of Naples, he was appointed governor under him; and two years after, when the former was declared King of Spain, he joined him as his major-general. He was present at the battle of Talavera, and gave his opinion, as before remarked, against that of Victor, who insisted on an immediate attack. Although the result sustained that opinion, still, had he been sufficiently prompt and energetic, he could have recovered the battle as it was, and secured the victory.

But his "glory belonged to another era;" he could not adapt himself to the new system of things, and looked on the wonderful career of Napoleon without that feverish ambition to join it, which characterized the other marshals.

The reverses which the inefficient monarch experienced were charged over to him, and he was so constantly beaten that he, at length, acquired the soubriquet of "the anvil." But his position was the most discouraging one in which a man could well be placed. Acting in a subordinate capacity to one who was fit only to be a subordinate himself, all his actions were crippled, and most of his counsels disregarded. He became discouraged and disgusted; for, while other general were enjoying separate commands, he was kept as a mere companion to King Joseph for whose follies and blunders he was held, in public opinion at least, responsible.

At the close of 1809 he asked to be recalled, and returning to the bosom of his family at Rouen, calmly waited the issue of the gigantic efforts of the being, who was wielding the destinies of France and of Europe. All his favorite schemes of a Republic had disappeared like a dream; and, borne away by a current he could not stem, he had, at last, yielded to its force, though not partaken of the passion or energy that bore it on. Had Napoleon trusted him with his armies, and brought him under the influence of his genius in some of his great campaigns, it might have been different. But he entirely neglected him, or only put him in places calculated to break the spirit of any man.

Jourdan remained inactive for two years, but in

1812, when Napoleon set out on his expedition to Russia, he was ordered to return to Spain in his old capacity of major-general. Here he sustained the appellation given him of "the anvil," and was called to very little active service, except to conduct inglorious retreats. No honor attended his marches; no success his manœuvres; and, overshadowed by King Joseph, he scarcely ever appears above the surface in that last effort to hold the Peninsula. He was present at the battle of Vittoria, in which the French army was utterly routed; and was so hotly pursued, after the retreat, or rather flight commenced, that he lost his marshal's truncheon. This most singular battle, in which the French army seemed to have been suddenly turned into cowardly Spaniards, gave a mortal blow to the prospects of Napoleon in Spain—for, although Soult was afterwards sent to restore them, he achieved only transient success. As Napier remarks, there never was an army so badly used by its commanders as the French in this battle, for the soldiers were not half beaten when the flight began.

Jourdan, after this, remained idle, and took no part in the last struggle of Napoleon. On the abdication of the latter, he gave in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., and was made Knight of St. Louis. When the news of the Emperor's return from Elba reached Paris, he retired to the country, and for some time took sides with neither party; but at length he came over to his old allegiance, and was given a seat in the Chamber of Peers, and appointed to defend Besancon.

Soon after the second restoration, he was placed

over the 7th military division, and restored to his seat in the Chamber of Peers.

In 1830, he gave in adhesion to Louis Philippe, who, years before, had fought under his command in the Republican armies; and was appointed by him governor of the Invalides, which office he continued to hold till his death in 1833. Jourdan was a good general, but not a great one; at least not a great one under the system which Bonaparte introduced. All his habits of command, and modes of conducting a campaign or battle, were fixed before military science underwent such a change under the genius of the young Corsican. He was in advance of the military leaders with whom he was first brought in collision as commander-in-chief, and at Fleurus, in a great and decisive pitched battle, had proved himself an able general. But he could not adapt himself to the changes that were introduced. One or two important victories usually fix certain notions in the head of him who wins them, that nothing can afterwards root out. At least they give way so slowly, that he who possesses them, is laid aside as a man belonging to another age. This was somewhat the case with Jourdan. He, as well as Moreau, could not consent to abandon the tactics, in the practice of which they had won their renown, at the first bidding of a young man, who had an idea that he could storm through Europe. The consequence was, Moreau became at first jealous, then envious, and, finally, traitorous. Jourdan having more sense, and more patriotism, yielded to the popular feeling, and, instead of being exiled, was neglected. Napoleon could do nothing, except with those generals who came entirely into

his system, and after he became Emperor, he appointed no man commander-in-chief who had not won his right to the place, in his service. He, however, felt at last that he had not treated Jourdan right; and at St. Helena confessed it, saying, "He is a true patriot; and that is an answer to many things that have been said against him."

XX.

MARSHAL BERNADOTTE.

His Early Life—Marries the Sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte—His envy and Treason—His Folly and Disgrace at Wagram—Elected Crown Prince of Sweden—Quarrels with Napoleon—Joins the Allies—His Character.

NOTHING could be more lucky for the reputation of Marshal Bernadotte, than being elected Crown Prince of Sweden; and nothing could be more fortunate for the Crown Prince of Sweden, than the failure of the Russian expedition. Too egotistical and self-inflated to perceive great qualities in other men, a querulous and unmitigated boaster, his career would have ended but sadly for himself, had he been left to pursue it as a Frenchman.

JEAN-BAPTISTE-JULES-BERNADOTTE, was born at Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees, January 26th, 1764. His father was a common attorney, and designed his son for the same profession. But at fifteen years of age, young Bernadotte enlisted as a private in the royal marines and was sent to Corsica. The same year Bonaparte, then a boy of eleven years of age, left the island to enter the school of Brienne. It is not improbable that the vessels that bore these two youths, who were yet to cross each other's track so frequently in life, met in the passage. What actors in what scenes those two children were destined to be! Serving here two years Berna-

dotte was sent to the East Indies, where, in a sortie at Cuddalore, he was wounded and taken prisoner.

On his return to France, he designed to leave the service and prosecute the profession of law. But being promoted to the rank of sergeant it so inflamed his youthful ambition, that he determined to remain in the army; and from that time he steadily rose in his profession till he bore its highest honors.

Soon after, the Revolution broke out; and in an insurrection of the Marsellaise, the colonel that had promoted young Bernadotte was surrounded by the infuriated populace, and would have been destroyed, but for the latter, who threw himself into the crowd, and by his harangues calmed their fury, and saved his benefactor.

Becoming a furious Republican, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and sent to the Rhine, where he fought bravely; and at Fleurus, so distinguished himself, that he was made general of brigade. Previous to this, however, he had, in the true affectation of Republicanism, so common at that time, refused this very appointment, and thus gained the credit for patriotic zeal, which he knew to be the sure road to favor. Elevated to general of division, he fought gallantly during the campaign of 1795 and '6, on the Rhine, and though a vapid boaster, and utterly unworthy of confidence in his statements especially of himself and his battles, was a brave, skillful, and efficient officer.

At the close of this campaign, he was sent with 20,000 men, detached from the army of Sambre Meuse, into Italy, to aid the army under Bonaparte, who had just astonished Europe by his deeds. At the first interview between them a mutual dislike seemed to arise. Bernadotte said to his quartermaster-general, "I have seen a man of twenty-six or seven years of age, who

assumes the air of one of fifty, and he presages any thing but good to the Republic." The young Bonaparte dismissed *him* more summarily, saying simply, "He has a French head and a Roman heart." He, however, placed him over the advance guard in the campaign of 1797, terminating with the fall of Venice. At the battle of Tagliamento, with which it opened, he led his division into the river with the words, "Soldiers of the Rhine, the soldiers of Italy are watching your conduct." This stimulated them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and they plunged headlong into the stream, and moved side by side with "the army of Italy," into the fire of the enemy's batteries.

In honor of the bravery he exhibited in this battle, and the service he rendered, he was sent to Paris with the colors taken from the enemy. He took no part in the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, which occurred soon after; and already began to show that envy of Bonaparte, which caused him finally to disgrace himself, and well nigh ruin his fortunes.

Being sent about this time as ambassador to Vienna, he, on his arrival, hung out the colors of the Republic before his hotel, which so enraged the populace that they tore them down, and rushing into his house, destroyed his furniture, and endangered his life. He immediately returned to Paris in anger; and because the Directory did not resent the insult sufficiently, refused to serve it in any capacity.

While Bonaparte was fitting out his expedition to Egypt, Bernadotte was paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Dèsirèe Clary, daughter of a Marseilles merchant. She was the sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, and formerly counted on her list of suitors Napoleon himself. But the young general of artillery being

then without employment, the father refused his consent to the match; saying, "that one Bonaparte was quite enough in the family." She therefore dismissed him, and accepted Bernadotte—which was about as poor a compliment to her taste and judgment as she could well pay.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Bernadotte was intriguing at Paris. Being appointed Minister of War, his influence was thrown against the Directory, which, under the pretext of fearing that he was about to excite an insurrection, dismissed him, as before noticed, from his office. He was first apprised of it by a note declaring that his resignation was accepted. Perfectly furious at this summary way of disposing of him, he sat down and replied in bitter language, saying, "You accept a resignation which I have not given;" and demanded his half pay.

When Bonaparte, on his return, gathered around him his young lieutenants, Bernadotte was one of the three who stood aloof—Jourdan, because he was a republican, Augereau, because he was a Jacobin, and Bernadotte, from envy, and jealousy, and beause he would take no part in elevating a man above himself. But no sooner was the former firmly established as first consul, than this sturdy republican became an obsequious supplicant for office, and obtained the appointment of counsellor of state, and commander-in-chief of the army of the West. But soon after, still filled with the idea that he was better able, and more worthy, to govern than Bonaparte, he mixed himself up with Moreau's conspiracy to overturn him. The plot being discovered, Moreau was exiled, while the former was disgraced by having his staff dissolved and his command withdrawn. English biographers, with stupid prejudice, assert that Bona

parte made the pretended conspiracy an excuse to humble a general that showed too much ability. Nothing can be more ridiculous, than the endless reiteration of the charge that Napoleon was in a state of constant anxiety lest his lieutenants should be too successful, and therefore the moment they fulfilled his commands, disgraced them, This is the more foolish, inasmuch as these same writers never weary of charging him with rigorous severity in his judgment, and with condemning and rebuking his generals whenever they failed in executing his orders, even though insurmountable obstacles intervened. That Bernadotte *was* implicated in the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau is now settled, from the confessions and documents of his friends, who glory in it.

Bonaparte, at length, became reconciled to him, through the mediation of Joseph's wife, the sister of Madame Bernadotte; and when he assumed the imperial crown, created him marshal of the empire, and gave him the command of the army of Hanover, and of the eighth cohort of the Legion of Honor—a remarkable instance of his generosity and magnanimity. This same institution of Legion of Honor, which Bernadotte now gloried in, he had opposed in the council of state with all the declamation peculiar to his race.

In 1805 he was chosen president of the electoral college of Vaucluse, and was returned to the senate by the Lower Department of the Pyrenees—and the next year, after fighting bravely at Austerlitz, was created Prince of Ponte Corvo, by Napoleon. The latter seemed determined, by flattering the pride of this self-conceited and overbearing Gascon, to keep him quiet and docile At the battle of Jena, however, his pride came very near securing again his downfall. When the Emperor sent to Davoust at Auerstadt—as mentioned in the de

scription of that battle—to move forward, so as to take the enemy in rear, after he himself had defeated them in front, he told him if Bernadotte had not departed for Dornberg, to take his corps also. The latter had *not* departed, and it was plainly his duty to fulfill his last instructions. As it was, he took no part either in the battle of Jena or of Auerstadt, but with his splendid army marched within hearing of the cannonading of both without rendering any assistance whatsoever. Napoleon's anger at his conduct in thus leaving Davoust to maintain that unequal fight alone, was extreme. Said he, "If I should send him to a council of war nothing could save him from being shot. I will not speak to him on the subject, but I will let him see what I think of his conduct." Bernadotte, in his self-conceit, lets out the motive that prevented him from joining Davoust: "I was piqued," said he, "to be addressed in the language of authority by Davoust, but I did my duty. Let the Emperor accuse me if he pleases, I will answer him. I am a Gascon, but he is still more so." Constantly inflated with the idea of his self-importance, he struts about, boasting that he will answer the Emperor if he dares upbraid him—prouder to have shown his independence than he would have been had he won a battle.

The reflection, however, that he had taken no part in either of those two great conflicts with which the world would ring, annoyed him excessively; and the opportunity furnished him a few days after, of striking a successful blow, was eagerly seized. Overtaking the Duke of Wurtemberg at Halle, he cut his army to pieces, and drove him back to Magdeburg. But failing to follow up his success as he ought, he let the greater part of the enemy slip through his fingers, when, if he

had followed Napoleon's orders and pushed on, he would have captured the whole of it. This, together with his conduct at Auerstadt, brought down a torrent of indignation on him from the Emperor and it is more than probable, that, had he not been connected with the Bonaparte family, he would have been placed where his gasconade would have been in future as harmless, as it was ridiculous.

In 1808 he was sent into the neighborhood of Hamburg with a large force; and though unsuccessful in his military operations, his administration as governor of Frionia and Jutland was so mild and conciliating that he won the esteem and good will of the inhabitants.

In 1809, with other corps of the French army, he was summoned from the banks of the Elbe with his Saxon troops, to the island of Lobau, where the forces were concentrating, previous to the battle of Wagram. But on the first day of the battle, both in his attacks on the heights of Wagram, and on the village of Aderklan, he was repulsed; and on the second day, he met with a still more serious discomfiture in his encounter with the Austrian center. It was his troops that, in their confusion, overwhelmed the carriage of Massena, which so enraged the marshal, that he ordered the dragoons to charge them as if they had been enemies. But, notwithstanding his defeat, Bernadotte, who never contemplated himself except with the most perfect satisfaction, and could see nothing but glory in his own actions, issued, the very day after the battle, a proclamation to his soldiers, in which he spoke in the most inflated terms of their bravery. Said he, "Saxons! on the day of the 5th of July, seven or eight thousand of you pierced the center of the enemy's army, and reached Deutch Wagram, *despite all the efforts of forty thousand of th*

enemy, supported *by sixty pieces of cannon;* you continued the combat till midnight, and bivouacked in the middle of the Austrian lines. At daybreak on the 6th, you renewed the combat with the same perseverance, and, in the midst of the ravages of the enemy's artillery, your *living columns* have remained immovable like brass. The great Napoleon was a witness to your devotion; he has enrolled you among his bravest followers. Saxons! the fortune of a soldier consists in the performance of his duties; you have worthily performed yours." This eulogium would have applied with great pertinency to Macdonald and his iron column, or to Oudinot and his steady battalions, but pronounced over the Saxon troops, was the most impudent falsehood ever uttered by a sane man. Napoleon immediately issued an order of the day, in which he declared, that the proclamation of the Prince of Ponte Corvo, was "*contrary to truth, to policy, and to national honor*,"—that "the corps of the Prince of Ponte Corvo did *not* 'remain immovable as brass,' but was the first to beat a retreat." This order of the day was directed to be circulated among the marshals and ministers alone, so as not to distress the Saxon troops.

This, giving the lie so direct—for once, perfectly stunned Bernadotte; and his feathers dropped still more, when he found, a few days after, that his corps was dissolved, and he was disgraced from his command. He sought, again and again, a private interview with Napoleon; but the latter steadily refused to see him, and the disgraced marshal returned to Paris.

One hardly knows which to be surprised at most in this proclamation of Bernadotte—the falsehood it contained, the impudence that dared publish it, or the self-conceit that would presume to distribute that praise or

blame which the Emperor alone had a right to do One cannot help from getting a supreme contempt for such a character, however much military ability he may at other times exhibit.

On his return to Paris he was appointed by the Ministry, to defend Antwerp from the attacks of the English, who had just landed at Walcharen: but no sooner did Napoleon hear of the appointment, than he sent Bessieres to supersede him. Soon after, Bernadotte, publishing some other folly, Bonaparte exiled him. Subsequently, however, an interview took place between them at Vienna, which allayed somewhat the anger of the Emperor, and Prince Ponte Corvo was restored to favor. He received the appointment of governor of Rome, and was preparing to depart for Italy, when the astounding news was brought him, that he was elected Crown Prince of Sweden.

A revolution had taken place in Sweden, and Gustavus IV. was dethroned. The government was immediately placed under the protection of Napoleon, but he refused to involve himself with the powers of the North by accepting such a trust. Efforts were then made to conclude an alliance between Prince Augustus, the heir apparent, and some member of the Bonaparte family. But an end was suddenly put to all expectations of this kind, by the death of the prince, who fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy, while reviewing his guards. The throne was now open to aspirants. The states of Sweden had the power to choose their king, but they wished in their election to secure themselves against the grasping power of Russia. Russia, on the other hand, was anxious to have one on the throne who would be bound to her interests—Napoleon one who would act as a sort of counterpoise to the growing strength of the former. In this state of affairs, the King of Denmark put in his

claim, and endeavored to induce Bonaparte to support it. But the leading men in the kingdom were opposed to his appointment, as they knew it would be displeasing to the majority of the Swedes. In the midst of this agitation and excitement, an article appeared in the *Journal des Debats*, declaring that the election of the King of Denmark would be acceptable to the Emperor. This sent consternation through Sweden; and amid other suggestions as to the mode of relieving themselves from embarrassment, some of the chief men proposed that a French general should be elected crown-prince. The public mind naturally fell on Bernadotte, who, in 1807, had commanded the army on the shores of the Baltic, and by his kindness towards some Swedish prisoners taken in Poland, endeared himself to many of the inhabitants. Besides, he was regarded in Sweden as the favorite marshal of Napoleon. How much his gasconade while on the Baltic had to do with this opinion, it is impossible to tell. He was also the nearest relative of the Emperor, of any fame, without a throne, and to elect him, therefore, seemed to secure the protection of the former, which Sweden was determined to have, at all hazards, for his star was then in the ascendant, and his strong arm was sufficient to protect any ally. Still, all these reasons combined would not, probably, have secured his election, but for the timely occurrence of a single mistake. The committee of twelve, appointed to recommend a successor to the Diet, met, and at the first ballot, the young prince of Augustenburg had eleven votes, and Bernadotte one. The chances of the latter, therefore, were far from being favorable; but, previous to the day of final meeting, a French agent arrived, and announced, though without any authority, that the election of Ber

nadotte would meet the wishes of Napoleon. This settled the question at once, and he was chosen. Whose agent this was, or by whose instigation he was sent to make such a declaration, does not appear. At all events, the trick succeeded.

When the result was announced to Bernadotte, he referred the whole matter to Napoleon as his emperor. The latter advised him to accept, and promised him two millions of francs as an outfit. English historians say, however, that he used every effort to dissuade him from accepting, and finally submitted with as good grace as possible, and endeavored by his generosity and kindness to bind him to his interests. The picture they draw of him in this affair, makes him appear in a most unenviable light; but there is only one statement necessary to render it all plain. If Napoleon had wished to prevent Bernadotte from taking the crown, he had but to say it, and that would have ended the matter; or had he intimated to the Diet of Sweden that he never would countenance the election, it would have been put aside. The sole motive of the Diet was to secure his good will and protection—while Bernadotte would as soon have laid his head on the block, as undertaken to have filled the Swedish throne contrary to his command. All powerful as Napoleon then was, it would have been madness to have done so without his hearty co-operation; and it was only because he was *so* powerful, that it was permitted by Denmark and Russia. The crown of Sweden was as much the gift of Napoleon to Bernadotte as if he had himself placed it on his head. It is true he wished him still to be a subject of France, as Murat was; but finding it repugnant to his feelings, withdrew his request.

Bernadotte entered Stockholm in triumph, and was

immediately adopted by the aged Charles XIII. as his son, with the name of Charles John. The old king being too far advanced in life to take an active part in matters of state, the government of Sweden depended on Bernadotte as much as if he had already been crowned. But with such a man at the head of affairs, it was not to be expected that friendly relations could long exist between Sweden and France. Napoleon insisted that the former, as it had virtually put itself under his protection, should share his fortunes, and as he was then at war with England, immediately close her ports against English ships. This Bernadotte refused to do until it became a choice between a war with England and one with France, and then submitted; though the fulfillment of his contract was a piece of mockery throughout. English goods were smuggled in, and a contraband trade kept up, so that the ports were really as open to British traders as ever. This system of double dealing was to secure two things; the revenue which trade with England furnished, and peace with France at the same time. The consequence was, that England did not trouble Swedish merchantmen, but let them go and come as in time of peace. This violation of good faith, and this deception which was to be expected from Bernadotte, exasperated Napoleon, beyond bounds, and he used stern and threatening language towards the treacherous government. Finding at last that nothing was to be gained by words, he seized on Pomerania, and treated Sweden as an open enemy: this completed the estrangement, and Bernadotte waited only for a favorable opportunity to ally himself with Russia against France. He hesitated, however, to provoke the deadly blow of the man he had learned to fear; and shuffled and delayed, and ex

postulated and promised, till the disastrous issue of the Russian campaign gave him hopes that the hour of his rival's overthrow had come.

Soon after, when the great confederacy was formed against the falling Emperor, he was assigned a conspicuous place in the conferences of Trachenberg; yet, even here, his selfish and vain heart still hesitated. With the maps, illustrating the proposed operations, laid out before him, and flourishing his scented white pocket-handkerchief in his hand, he harangued with his usual pomposity, on the greatness of the plans, and uttered flaming declarations of his zeal for the common cause—yet still hung back from the coalition. He was afraid that the mighty genius which had shaken Europe so long and so terribly would rise superior to the disasters that environed it; and then woe to the charity-King who had dared to open his cannon on the ranks of his countrymen, and against the benefactor who had given him his crown. His unbounded vanity also stepped in; and if he joined the confederacy at all, he wished to be appointed commander-in-chief of the allied forces.

But at length, this pompous King, this half-charlatan, half-genius, struck hands with Russia and Austria—the former the natural enemy of his kingdom—and at the head of thirty thousand troops, marched into the field. A Gascon to the last, he, in order to cover his infamy and excuse his conduct, wrote a hypocritical, impudent, and bombastic letter to Napoleon, urging him—though at the time in a death-struggle for his throne—to abandon the idea of universal dominion; and ended by declaring that in fighting against him, he was espousing the cause of liberty against tyranny. False-hearted, and false-tongued, he seemed to be ignorant when he was committing an insult, or uttering an untruth.

Moreau, another traitor to France, landed at this time in Europe from the United States, and proceeded immediately to Stralsund, to have an interview with Bernadotte. The latter received him with thunders of artillery, and all the pomp and display becoming a triumphant hero. Cordial in their hatred of Napoleon, these two generals, nevertheless, felt a little awkward when they began to concert together to subdue their former master, and march against the troops they had so often led to battle.

While Napoleon was overthrowing the allies at Dresden, Oudinot was advancing against Bernadotte, who intercepted his route to Berlin. With a little over seventy thousand men, he came upon the Prince Royal at Gros Beeren with over a hundred thousand troops at his disposal. With this overwhelming force against him, Oudinot, as mentioned before, was defeated with great slaughter. Ney, who superseded him, shared the same fate. These victories, for which even the panegyrists of Bernadotte give him but partial praise, filled his mind with extravagant ideas of his greatness, and he looked forward to the overthrow of Napoleon as paving his way to the throne of France, to which he confidently expected to be called.

When the allies marched on Paris, he hesitated for some time to cross the Rhine, and took no part in the campaign of 1814, which ended in the capitulation of the French capital. This his friends attribute to his love for France, and repugnance to appear as an enemy on the soil of his native country. But one would think that after he had butchered the troops which once followed him joyfully into battle, and helped to overturn the government that had fostered him, he would have little scruple to march on Paris.

The truth is, his supreme selfishness, vanity, and ambition, lay at the bottom of his inactivity. He was afraid that if he pushed matters to extremity, it would interfere with his future prospects, so he kept aloof and addressed an inflated proclamation to the people of France, vindicating his conduct. But neither France nor the allied powers took the same exalted views of his capacities that he himself did; and he returned to Sweden with only the gift of Norway in his hand, as a reward for his services in the common cause, and as a remuneration for the loss of Finland which Russia had wrested from his grasp. In 1818, the old monarch dying, Bernadotte was crowned King of Sweden, with the title of Charles XIV., and a few months after King of Norway also at Drontheim; and continued to reign as a very just and equitable monarch, though completely under the thumb of Russia. He died a few years since, and left his throne to his son Oscar. To this son, born in 1799, Napoleon stood as godfather, and gave him his name. He married in 1823, Josephine Maximilienne, eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy.

It was thought at the death of Bernadotte, that Prince Gustavus Vasa would make an effort for the throne, but Oscar seated himself quietly in the place of his father, and now rules as a wise and able king.

Bernadotte has been extravagantly eulogised by his friends, and all his stupid jealousy and vain ambition tortured into integrity of character and true patriotism. The mere fact that he occupied a throne, and was able to manage well a country that did not require as much intelligence and strength of character, as to rule the state of New York—and still better, that he struck hands with the allies and turned against the author of his fortunes

and the land of his birth; have placed him in great favor with the enemies of Napoleon. But had he exhibited the same vanity and ridiculous self-conceit—enacted the same follies, and yet stood as firm to his master's cause as did the other marshals, he would have been the butt and ridicule of all historians.

Still, with all his boasting, he was firm and cool in the hour of danger, and of great energy and resources on the battle-field. He is called a great general, but it is hard to show where he merited the title. He was not an inferior one, it is true, nor does his career exhibit the traits of a superior one. His vanity and sensitiveness respecting the honor due him, constantly interfered with the operations of his intellect; and with his mind divided between himself and the object he was after, he necessarily committed many blunders. He was a good general, and with a little more mind would have been a distinguished one. His bravery was proverbial in the army. He has been frequently known, when his men recoiled before a deadly fire, to throw his epaulettes among the enemy—and thus shame them into bravery. In this respect he resembled a fighting cock, of which his countenance almost instantaneously reminded one. With round, sharp eyes, a small hooked nose, feeble intellectual developments, and a brusque, confident and pompous air; he had all the courage of this warlike bird, together with its amazing capacities for crowing. Even the allies, with whom he made common cause, gave him the sobriquet of Charles Jean Charlatan. Querulous, bombastic, vain, declamatory, and boasting, he so tasked the patience of Napoleon, that it required all his generosity of character, backed by his relationship, and the intercessions of his brother's wife, to prevent him from putting him one side, as an impra-

ticable general and a trustless friend. Yet the rebukes which the former sometimes administered, English biographers declare grew out of envy of Bernadotte's brilliant talents and great achievements; while the vanity, jealousy, and envy of the latter, who could appreciate nobody but himself, and was fault-finding and intractable—they call patriotism and hatred of tyranny. His denunciations of Napoleon however sprung from any source but Republicanism. Opposing his election as First Consul, then taking appointment from his hands when elected—conspiring against his authority and life, then swearing allegiance to his throne—too Republican to help place a man in power, yet fawning upon him when there—opposing vehemently the establishment of the Legion of Honor, afterwards wearing its insignia with pride when bestowed on him—declaiming like an old Roman against the assumption of regal power by Napoleon, yet grasping eagerly the first crown placed within his reach—mourning over the fall of liberty in France, at the establishment of the Empire, yet banding with tyrants to overthrow what freedom there was left in Europe,—he stands before the world the most singular republican and patriot it has ever produced. Quarrelling with his king and equals alike —too vain and conceited to obey, yet too shallow to command in chief—ready to sacrifice the welfare of the entire army in order to gratify personal pride—breaking over all rules of propriety in his arrogant attempts to screen his defeats—making use of his relationship to Napoleon, to be restored to favor, after he had been disgraced, yet striking at his very heart the moment he can do it with safety—receiving a crown as a gift, and then helping to uncrown the giver—uttering frothy words of patriotism to France, yet invading her territory,

overturning her throne, and sending a hostile army into her capital—false to his old friends and benefactor, and cruel as the grave to the land of his birth—traitor alike to his principles and the claims of gratitude; he is about as unsymmetrical and contemptible a character as one would wish to see on a throne. His panegyrists are unwelcome to their subjects, and the haters of Bonaparte to their ally and friend.

Still he was not a vindictive and cruel man in his disposition. His rapacity grew out of his love of display; his unscrupulous use of the means to elevate himself out of his inordinate ambition; and nine-tenths of all his follies and quarrels, out of his boundless vanity and incurable self-conceit. He obtained the character of charlatan among his friends, from his love of declamation, and great pleasure in his hearing himself harangue; in short, he was a thorough Gascon—intrepid, cool in the hour of danger—had some genius—some talent—was very lucky; and, either by mistake or trick, obtained a crown, and took a place amid the kings of the earth, which has thrown a mantle over his character and a dignity about his name.

XXI.

MARSHAL SUCHET.

His Early Career—His Campaigns in Spain—Siege of Lerida—Storming of Taragona—Taking of Montserrat—Battle of Saguntum—Siege and Fall of Valencia.—His Character.

It is difficult in a single sketch to do Suchet justice, or convey any correct idea of what he accomplished in his military career. His qualities were rather solid than brilliant, and the field on which he was compelled to exhibit them the most unfavorable that could well be given him.

Never operating on a large scale as commander of a corps till he was sent to Spain, he does not shine in the reflected glory of Napoleon's genius, and the only halo around his head is that which his own actions have made. All the other marshals were allowed, during some part of their lives, to serve under the Emperor as commanders of large bodies of men, and thus to distinguish themselves on those great battle-fields whose renown filled the world. To direct one of the wings of Napoleon's army in a pitched battle, or to be appointed by him to lead an immense column on the centre, with the Imperial Guard and the resistless cuirassiers in reserve, gave opportunity for a brave, determined, and skillful leader to fix his fame for ever. All felt this, and constantly sought to be near the Emperor

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and under his immediate control. Especially those in Spain earnestly wished to be recalled from a field where success gave little renown, and victory no laurels. The bare fact that Suchet's fame is not at all eclipsed by that of the other marshals, when he was compelled to operate alone, and in most disadvantageous circumstances, is the greatest evidence of his ability that can be given, and the highest encomium that can be passed on his career.

Louis-Gabriel-Suchet was born at Lyons, March 2nd, 1770. His father was a silk-manufacturer, in moderate circumstances, and young Louis, at the age of twenty, entered the army as a private. Three years after he was placed over a battalion, and at the siege of Toulon first met the young Bonaparte. He distinguished himself at this siege by his gallant behavior, and was soon after sent to the army of Italy. He fought bravely at Loano, and, charging at the head of his battalion, carried off three Austrian standards. He served here two years before Bonaparte was appointed to the chief command of the army, and then went through the glorious campaign of 1796 as chief of the eighteenth battalion under Massena. He fought at Dego, Lodi, and Borghetto; composed part of the tired army that arrived at Rivoli barely in time to save Napoleon from defeat; charged with impetuous valor along the mountain slopes at Castaglione; fought for three days on the dykes of Arcola; and, finally, at Cerea fell severely wounded. Before he had fairly recovered, he rejoined the army, and went through the Venetian campaign. He was again wounded at Tarvis, and at the fierce conflict of Newmarckt poured his battalions with such fury on the enemy that he was made chief of brigade on the spot. Here he was again

wounded; and General Joubert, under whose command he fought, did not forget afterward the young officer who had behaved so nobly.

In 1798 he went through the Swiss campaign, under Menard and Brune, and for his brilliant conduct was made the bearer of twenty-three standards, taken from the enemy, to the Directory. He expected to be joined to the expedition to Egypt, but was sent to the army of Italy, and from thence to that of the Danube, and fought bravely in the Grisons. Soon after, Joubert superceded Moreau in Italy, and Suchet was appointed chief of his staff, and given the command of a division. But his office as chief of staff soon terminated—for at Novi, in his opening battle, Joubert was killed and his army defeated.

When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, and sent Massena to Genoa, Suchet was placed over that wing of the army which rested on Nice. But, being separated from the former by the Austrian force that came pouring in overwhelming numbers through the gorges of the Appenines, he was unable to render that intrepid general any assistance in the dreadful siege he endured.

In that almost hopeless attempt, however, to restore their communication—when Massena fell on the enemy in front and he in rear—Suchet led his army intrepidly against the dense masses of the Austrians. But, after a long, bloody, and useless struggle on the heights of Mount Giacomo, in which he left its sides strewed with his soldiers, he was driven back, and finally entrenched himself on the Var. Thither the Austrian general advanced in close pursuit, and vainly endeavored to dislodge him. In the mean time Genoa surrendered; and Melas, wishing to concentrate his forces, so as to meet

Napoleon, already in the plains of Italy, recalled those opposed to Suchet. But no sooner did the latter see his enemy preparing to retreat, than he immediately broke from the defensive he had so long maintained, into a furious offensive, and pouring his now excited columns through the gorges and over the heights of the Appennines, fell on him in flank and rear, and chasing the broken ranks over those dreary mountains, made every cliff and valley a battle-field; so that out of the eighteen thousand with which the Austrian commander first advanced on him, not more than ten thousand ever reached the main army. At Savona he met Massena with his worn and famine-struck troops; and then they two together kept watch and ward on the crest of the Appennines, till the shout of victory from the field of Marengo came rolling over their summits, announcing the overthrow of the Austrian power in Italy.

After the treaty of Luneville he received the appointment of Inspector-General of the infantry, and shortly after was named a member of the Legion of Honor, and the next year made governor of the Imperial Palace of Lacken.

In the campaign of Austerlitz he showed himself worthy of a higher command than the one he held, and the next year (1806), opened the battle of Jena for Napoleon. On that foggy morning, Suchet, at the head of his division, and Gazan with his, stood, at four o'clock, in battle array, when Napoleon came riding along their lines, and thus addressed them. "Soldiers! the Russian army is turned as the Austrian was a year ago at Ulm: it no longer struggles, but to be able to retreat. The corps which should permit itself to be broken would be dishonored. Fear not its famed cavalry—oppose to their charges firm squares and the

bayonet." Fierce shouts answered him from these two brave divisions, as they panted for the onset. But the stubborn mist that involved every thing, prolonged the darkness, so that Suchet was compelled to keep the shivering lines waiting two hours, before the signal of attack was given. At six o'clock, however, the order arrived, and he led his troops steadily and swiftly forward through the defiles that opened on the Prussian lines, carrying every thing before him. The enemy saw him approaching through the mist, and met the shock with a firm and serried front: the artillery opened, and a rapid and heavy fire was kept up on the head of his column, so as to prevent it from deploying into the open plain. But nothing could stay his progress—the lines bent back before his charge, and he swept with his steady battalions up to the very muzzles of the guns, and wrenched them from the artillerymen, and still kept pressing forward, clearing the field, till the advancing army had time to pass the gorges, and form in battle array on fair and open ground. It was at this moment the fog lifted, and the unclouded sun flashed down on the two armies, revealing the position of each, to the other. Suchet's management of his division in this engagement, showed both the mettle and quality of the man, and won the highest praise from the Emperor.

Two months after, he commanded the left wing of th army at the battle of Pultusk, and attacking the Russian advanced posts, drove them through the forest, and sustained a long and most unequal combat, till Lannes arrived and relieved him.

In 1808 the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor was conferred on him, and he was created Count of the Empire. The road to the highest summit of military

fame was now open to him, and he was prepared to follow it with all the energy, and skill, and daring, which characterized him. But he was taken from these brilliant campaigns, and destined to operate, for the rest of his life, in a field offering but few inducements, and promising but small reward. He was sent into Spain to supersede Junot in the command of the forces in Arragon. The latter chief had been taken sick, and Napoleon was glad of an excuse to remove one whose whole course in Portugal had been marked by rashness and folly. Nothing shows the sagacity of the French Emperor more than the correct judgment he formed of his generals. Here was Suchet, who had never held a separate command, but had fought only as general of division, suddenly placed at the head of a defeated army, and expected to restore discipline, create resources, and make head against a powerful enemy. This important post was not the reward of some great act of valor or devotion, but the result of sound calculation. Napoleon, who had watched the young Suchet from the time he fought by his side at Toulon, had seen how through all his career, bravery was tempered with prudence, impetuosity with judgment: and he knew that he was just fitted for a war, where something more than brilliant charges and fierce fighting, was wanted.

When Suchet took command of Junot's army, he found it in a most miserable, inefficient state, and the campaign opened with sinister omens. With little over eight thousand men he issued from Saragossa, where Lannes had lately performed such prodigies; and coming up with Blake posted at Alcanitz, with an army twelve thousand strong, boldly gave him battle. Repulsed, and forced back, he was compelled to order a retreat. A panic followed, and the whole army fled, pell

mell over the plain. Nothing but the cowardice of the Spanish troops saved him from utter ruin. This, however, ended his defeats, and falling back to Saragossa, he strained every nerve to repair his loss. But his troops were dispirited and murmuring, and many of his generals insisted on evacuating Arragon. Things looked dark around him, but this was a good school for the young general, for it immediately brought out the immense, but, hitherto, hidden resources he possessed. Becoming superior to the sympathetic influence of general discouragement—firmly withstanding the counsels of officers who had served longer in the Peninsula than himself—rising above the dangers that surrounded him, he restored confidence to his soldiers and officers, and by his moral courage, and calm and noble demeanor, succeeded, at length, in putting a cheerful countenance on affairs. He fortified the city, and was placing every thing in preparation for a close siege, when his victorious enemy appeared before the walls.

Suchet at first hesitated, whether to give battle or retreat, but feeling it was of the last importance to hold Saragossa, he resolved on the latter. With only ten thousand men, and twelve cannon, he boldly marched out of the city, and drew up in battle array in presence of seventeen thousand victorious troops, supported by a numerous artillery. He immediately advanced to the attack, and the battle soon became general; but in the midst of the conflict a fierce and blinding storm arose, which, for awhile, separated the combatants. A sudden darkness wrapped every thing, and Suchet took advantage of the concealment it afforded him, to arrange another attack; and the moment the rain slackened, he was again upon the enemy in a furious charge

Nothing could resist the vigor with which he pressed the Spanish lines, and, after a short but sanguinary conflict, he completely routed them, taking one general as prisoner, twenty guns, and several stands of colors. Following up his success, he pursued Blake to Belchite, and attacking him, though in a strong position, utterly overthrew him, so that the army disbanded and fled in every direction. With four thousand prisoners, all the artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons of the enemy, he returned to Saragossa, master of Arragon.

He immediately put forth great efforts to quell the separate chiefs, that still, in small parties, infested the country, now making sudden irruptions and now retiring to their fastness :—for before attempting to push his victories over the borders, he wished to establish himself firmly where he was, and fix a permanent basis for all future operations. He showed himself an able ruler as well as a good commander, and commenced his administration, by such wise and salutary measures, that he won the confidence and good-will of the inhabitants he had conquered.

In one year he put himself in a position to extend his conquests; and his army having been reinforced from time to time, and now presenting a formidable appearance, he took the field. After subduing some smaller towns, he advanced against Lereda, and sat down before it in regular siege. Amid rain and the incessant fire of the enemy, he steadily prosecuted his works, till he at length mounted his batteries, and opened a fierce fire on the place. As soon as a breach was effected, he determined to make an assault. In the night, while the cannon were still playing on different parts of the walls, the assaulting companies mounted the ramparts, and carried a part of the town the

next night, the citadel, also, after a dreadful carnage, fell into their hands. He here adopted the same mild and conciliatory measures he had practiced before with so much success—and while he levied taxes sufficient to pay all the expenses of the war in Arragon, the manner in which they were collected, and the tyrannical restrictions he removed, made the burdens of the people less even than they were under the established government.

Planting his feet carefully and firmly, making every step give security to the next, he advanced from place to place, consolidating, while he extended his power. No sooner had Lereda fallen than he advanced on Mequinenza. After a short siege this town also fell.

By these rapid measures and skillful movements, Suchet had now a frontier well protected against invasion from Catalonia and Valencia, and a solid basis on which to commence still more extensive operations.

In Catalonia, O'Donnell, with twenty thousand men, still kept the French at bay. To destroy the base of his operations it was necessary to take Taragona—and to cut off all communication by land between Catalonia and Valencia he must also reduce Tortosa. It was of the utmost importance to secure both of these objects, and Napoleon ordered Suchet to undertake the reduction of the latter, while Macdonald, who commanded the army in Catalonia, was to besiege the former city.

Suchet immediately set about his task, and marched on Tortosa. Macdonald, however, was sluggish in his movements, and did not co-operate with him as he should. In the meantime, the supplies of the latter began to fail, and he was exceedingly perplexed. He had been ordered to draw all his resources from Arragon,

and within six months his army had consumed a hundred and twenty thousand sheep, and twelve hundred bullocks. Amid these embarrassments he showed his profound wisdom, not only in managing military affairs, but also in the administration of government. Instead of resorting to threats and violence to draw forth resources from the country, and thus both impoverish and embitter the population, he called the chief of the clergy and the principal men of Arragon to his headquarters, "and, with their assistance, re-organized the whole system of internal administration in such a manner, that, giving his confidence to the natives, removing many absurd restrictions of their industry and trade, and leaving the municipal power and police entirely in their hands, he drew forth the resources of the provinces in greater abundance than before. And yet with less discontent, being well served and obeyed, both in matters of administration and police, by the Arragonese, whose feelings he was careful to soothe; showing himself, in all things, an able governor, as well as a great commander." Indeed Suchet made the Spaniards the conductors of his convoys of provisions, and acted more as if he were their lawful and peaceful ruler, than their conqueror. Had Joseph Bonaparte possessed a tithe of his military and political ability, Spain, instead of being a drag on Napoleon in the decline of his fortunes, would have been an efficient aid.

At length he sat down in regular siege before Tortosa, while Macdonald defended all the mountain passes leading to Taragona, to keep back the Spanish army that might, from that direction, advance to the relief of the besieged. The place was strongly defended, both by nature and art, and garrisoned with nine thousand men. He made regular approaches towards the walls,

placed his guns in battery, and opening his fire on the ramparts, succeeded, after ten days' hard labor, in effecting a breach. When the garrison perceived this, they displayed a white flag. But as there were no other demonstrations of surrender, and the French commander had suspicion of treachery, he continued his operations, and the next morning three white flags were displayed. The guard at the gates were still uncertain what to do; and while they were hesitating whether to surrender or not, Suchet rode up to them with his staff, followed by a company of grenadiers, and asked the commanding officer to conduct him to the governor. The officer hesitated a moment, and then, advised by those about him not to obey, was about to fire, when Suchet boldly threatened them with military execution if they did not instantly submit. In the meantime, the grenadiers entered the gate, and all was over. A hundred pieces of artillery, ten thousand muskets, and immense magazines, fell into the hands of the victors.

This constant and great success so pleased Napoleon, that he immediately took seventeen thousand men from the army of Macdonald, and attached them to that of Suchet; thus increasing it to forty-two thousand, and called it the army of Arragon. A part of Catalonia, however, was embraced in its operations, and the siege of Taragona committed to it. This was a wise stroke of policy, for it took out of Macdonald's hands the most important part of Catalonia, and gave it to the latter, who was better fitted, both by disposition and talent, to carry on the kind of war it was necessary to wage. Macdonald was too slow and formal in his movements, and in waiting to deliver some heavy blow was worn out and exhausted by the small though constant efforts of the enemy.

Suchet had now been two years in Spain, and his whole career marked by uninterrupted success. Surrounded with obstacles—in the midst of a hostile country—hemmed in by a still unconquered territory, he had, by his vigor and skill as a general, fixed himself firmly in Arragon; and by his wisdom and prudence as a civil ruler, subdued the hostility of the inhabitants, and secured the co-operation even of his enemies. But his labor had scarcely begun, and nowhere does the greatness of his talents shine out with more lustre than in the

SIEGE OF TARAGONA.

This place divided into an upper and lower town, with one side resting on the sea, and the other standing amid inaccessible rocks, was deemed by the garrison impregnable. The lower town was down in the plain, and divided from the upper by a strong rampart; while around both stretched a massive wall, protected by a line of firm redoubts, and covered by the fire of an English fleet which occupied the harbor. On one side, only could the place be approached with any hope of success, and that was in the plain around the lower town. But here were strong artificial defences, while the fort of Olivo commanded all the open space in which the besieging army must operate.

The relative strength of the forces, changed from time to time, but the average proportion was fourteen thousand French against seventeen thousand Spaniards, without counting with the latter the inhabitants of the place. This was desperate odds, but made still greater by the British fleet in the bay, as well as by a Spanish army of fourteen thousand men, which was making

preparations to raise the siege. An ordinary man would have sunk under these difficulties and abandoned the unequal contest, but it was in such crises that Suchet exhibited his great resources. Careful, prudent, and safe in all his plans, he nevertheless determined to persist in the siege. The subjugation of the place was of the utmost importance, involving the success of all future operations, both in Catalonia and Valencia, and he resolved to effect it, or perish before the walls.

At length, all things being ready, he moved his small but resolute army forward; and, on the 4th of May, invested that part of the town between Fort Olivo and the sea. In doing this, however, the guns from the fort and from the English ships played upon his troops, massed in the open field, with such precision that two hundred men fell before night. The next day the garrison made a sally, but were repulsed, and Suchet closed with a firmer coil around the walls. His ranks, however, were battered so incessantly, and his troops so severely galled by the guns from Fort Olivo, that he determined, after a fortnight of severe toil and constant exposure of his men to the enemy's fire, to concentrate all his force against it alone. Fourteen thousand men, or a number equal to his entire army, defended it, protected by heavy cannon and high walls, yet his resolution was irrevocably taken.

He broke ground before the fort on the 21st, but so great were the difficulties that opposed him in advancing his trenches, and so severe the fire to which he was subjected, that a week had been wasted before he could bring a single cannon to bear with any force on the walls. On the 28th, however, thirteen guns, which had been dragged over the rocks amid a tempest of grape-shot, opened a fierce fire upon them, and

thundering all that day and night and next day, finally effected a breach, though not sufficiently low to afford much hope for success in an assault.

But Suchet's position was every day becoming more critical. His men were constantly falling before the plunging fire from the fortress, and his forces gradually weakening beneath the repeated sorties of the garrison, while an army equal to his own was daily threatening him in the rear. On the evening of the 29th, therefore, he ordered an assault to be made, aud, forming two columns of attack, passed along their ranks and addressed them in words of encouragement, telling them every thing rested on their bravery and success. The night was dark, and the garrison was not expecting any serious movement, as not one of their guns had yet been silenced. Four cannon were fired as the signal for the assault, and in a moment all the drums were beat, and the whole French line, with deafening shouts, and amid a general discharge of musketry, advanced at once from all quarters against the walls, in order to distract the attention of the besieged from the real point of attack. The Spaniards, alarmed by this general onset, and unable in the darkness to see the assailants, opened a furious fire around the entire ramparts. Nothing could exceed the spectacle Tarragona at that moment presented;—the rocky heights in the rear stood revealed in a lurid light, the ramparts were covered with flame, and the whole town flashed up in the surrounding gloom, as if wrapped in a sudden conflagration. This wild uproar roused up the English fleet, and a fierce cannonade opened also from the ships, and blazing projectiles crossed in huge semicircles over the French army. Amid this confusion and terror, and amid the thunder of four hundred cannon in the ram

parts, to which the distant English guns added their heavy accompaniment, those two columns advanced swiftly and steadily to the assault. One column stumbled in the dark against some Spanish troops advancing to succor the fort, and becoming mingled with them, a part, in the general confusion, entered the town. The principal column, which was destined for the breach found, when they reached the ditch, that their scaling-ladders were too short, for it was fifteen feet to the bottom. In the meantime, the whole front rank went down before the plunging fire from the ramparts, and the remainder were about giving way, when Vaccani, the Italian historian, beating down the paling that blocked the entrance to an old aqueduct that passed into the town—mounted the narrow bridge, followed by the Italian grenadiers, and thus descended into the ditch, and, rushing furiously through the breach, entered the fort.

In the morning the walls and ditches presented a most melancholy spectacle. They were covered with blood; while bodies, mangled by the heavy shot, lay in confused heaps at their base, and were scattered around on the rocks as far as the eye could reach. Suchet asked for a suspension of arms, that he might bury his dead, for the ground on which they lay was too rocky to admit of graves. This humane request was denied, and he was compelled to gather the two hundred of his men who had fallen in the assault into huge piles, and burn them. The smoke and stench from these burning bodies arose on the morning air, carrying heavenward a fearful testimony of the horrors of war.

Fort Olivo was taken; but this was only a stepping-stone to the reduction of the place. Suchet's labors

had only commenced, the weight and terror of the struggle had yet to come, and, without any delay, he continued to urge forward his works. Amid constant sorties, and under a heavy and commanding fire from the upper and lower town, which constantly carried away his men, he pressed the attack so vigorously that every day he gained some new advantage over the enemy. Under a constant shower of balls and grape shot, that smote every moment over the spot on which the workmen were engaged, he still steadily advanced his parallels. It was one incessant roar and flash above the soldiers, yet they dug and toiled away as calmly as if in the peaceful field.

Thus the siege went on for nineteen days, after Fort Olivo was taken; till at length fifty-four guns were brought to bear on the enemy's batteries. But the metal of the beseiged was too heavy for them, and they gradually became silent. In the meantime the English gun-boats had become effective, and sailing up the bay, began to pour their destructive fire on the beseigers. The Spanish army, so long expected, also, now made its appearance, and dangers began to thicken still darker around the French commander. Sending off, however, for a reinforcement of three thousand men, he was able to beat off and disperse the enemy, without abandoning for a moment the siege. Twenty-three days had now elapsed since the storming of the fort, and Suchet resolved to make an attempt to carry the lower town also by assault. His cannon, after the first disaster, had gradually overcome and silenced those of the besieged, and opened three narrow breaches in the bastions. Through these he ordered fifteen hundred grenadiers to charge, seconded by a strong storming party to repel all assistance from the upper town. At seven o'clock, at the

discharge of four bombs, the brave grenadiers rushed forward. In a moment the walls were covered with men, and the carnage became dreadful; but after an hour's desperate fighting, the besieged were driven back, nd the assailants swarmed through the town with houts of victory. During this breathless and sanguinary struggle, the English fleet kept up an incessant cannonading on the French—the thunder and flash of their guns through the gloom heightening inconceivably the effect of the scene, while to crown all, the warehouses on the harbor took fire, and burned with such fierceness that "the ships in port cut their cables and stood out to sea."

But no soon erwas the town carried, and the troops rallied, than the soldiers were set to work; and before the garrison in the upper town could recover their confusion, were again hidden in their trenches, digging steadily forward toward the walls.

Suchet had lost over three thousand men, and still the upper town was untouched. Forty eight days of incessant toil and fighting had passed, and now just as hope began to dawn on his efforts, nearly two thousand British soldiers from Cadiz entered the bay, while the Spanish army landward again advanced to succor the city. As the beseiged saw those troops step ashore they sent up a shout of joy; but fortunately for Suchet the English officers thought the town could not be held, as the walls were fast crumbling before the heavy batteries, and withdrew entirely from the contest. The Spaniards were easily repulsed, and the works again pressed with redoubled vigor. Still Suchet's position was perilous in the extreme. He had made four different assaults—lost one-fifth of his entire army, and exhausted his men by the labor which the immense works de

manded. But the wall which now separated the enemy from him had no ditch at its base to embarrass the columns of attack, and the cannon were playing within musket-shot of the ramparts. A hedge of aloes, however, at the base, presented a strong obstacle, and came very near preventing the success of the storming party.

At length breaches being made in the walls, Suchet prepared to make a final assault on the upper town. But as the prospects grew darker around the besieged their energy seemed redoubled, and their preparations to resist this last effort were of the most formidable kind. Three battalions crowded the breaches, supported by strong reserves; while heavy barricades were stretched across every street, to arrest the enemy the moment he should enter. In the meantime such a terrible fire was kept up from the ramparts that the parapets of the French trenches were shot away, and the gunners, uncovered, stood in full view, a certain mark for the enemy's bullets. They fell, one after another, in their footsteps—yet still others sternly stepped in their places, while the excitement, and the wish to close in the last mortal struggle, became so intense on both sides, that the soldiers shook their muskets at each other, and shouted forth defiance in the midst of the balls that smote them down.

At length the signal for the assault was given, and the maddened columns rushed forward. An open space of more than twenty rods was to be crossed before the wall was reached, and as the assailants emerged on this, a plunging fire received them, crushing them to the earth with frightful rapidity. Pressing sternly on, however, they came to the aloe trees, which stood within five rods of the walls, when they were compelled to

turn one side for a passage. This, together with the destructive fire before which they stood uncovered, threw the column into confusion, and it was just beginning to break and fly, when an Italian soldier named Bianchini, who had at his own request been allowed to join the forlorn hope, coolly stepped from the ranks, and bidding his comrades follow him, began all alone to ascend the breach. Dressed in white from head to foot, he looked more like a being from the unseen world than a living man, as he glided onward, and silently and steadily ascended the wall. Regardless of the vollies of musketry that smote his breast, apparently unconscious of the blood that was bursting in streams from every part of his body, he kept sternly on till he reached the top, and then fell dead. The French soldiers stopped and gazed with astonishment, almost with awe, on that solitary white figure, as it fearlessly strode into the breach, and then with a shout that rent the air, rushed after him. The breach was won—the Spanish troops overthrown, and amid shouts of victory, and cries of despair, and yells of execration, the French thousands went pouring in—and forming into columns of attack, dashed into the barricaded streets, and overcoming all resistance, swept like a devastating flood through the town. Some of the inhabitants rushed through the farther gate, others streamed over the ramparts making for the sea; others still, driven to despair, flung themselves from the rocks. Still thousands were left behind, and on these the infuriated soldiery fell in brutal ferocity, and aged men and women, the young, the beautiful, and the helpless, were butchered without mercy. The most pitiful cries, and agonizing shrieks and prayers for mercy, pierced the heavens on every side. But the maddened troops, hardened against ever

appeal, smote on the right hand, and on the left; and it was one incessant flash through the streets, which were literally inundated with blood. The officers put forth every effort to stay the massacre, but the passions of the soldiers had now broken over all bounds, and no thing could arrest them. For nearly two months had they been shot at and taunted by the inhabitants, and now their hour of revenge had come, and, reckless alike of sleep or rest, they moved in terror through the darkness. Before morning dawned on the appalling spectacle, *six thousand* wretched beings had been butchered in cold blood.

A city sacked presents one of the most frightful scenes this stained and depraved earth of ours ever exhibits. It is the culminating act of human ferocity and pitiless cruelty.

Taragona was won, and though Suchet mourned over the violence that had stained his triumph, he could not but rejoice at the successful termination of his long toils, and his happy deliverance from the dangers that threatened every hour to swallow him up.

Still his labors had not terminated, and in a few hours after the city fell, his troops were again in motion. The army that threatened so frequently to raise the siege of Taragona was overtaken at Villa Nueva, and fifteen hundred made prisoners. The whole country was thrown into consternation, and the Spanish troops that so long defended Catalonia, were fleeing in every direction for safety. Suchet marched eagerly forward; for, added to the consciousness that he had acted worthy of the trust committed to him, he here received despatches from Napoleon creating him marshal of the empire. He at length came up to Montserrat, into which some of the fugitives had cast them

selves, deeming the place impregnable. Indeed, it seemed so, for the rampart on the top was one of the strongest fortresses in that part of Spain. Situated on a high mountain, surrounded by rocks, and approachable only by winding paths that were protected by batteries, it bade defiance to all attacks. There was no foothold for an army, and the irregular, rocky, and isolated height looked, as Suchet said, "like the skeleton of a mountain." Still the daring marshal poured his troops over the rocks, and along the paths, and despite the fierce fire kept up by the enemy, succeeded in carrying it.

He next advanced towards Valencia—prosecuting his war of sieges with astonishing success, and in September sat down before Saguntum, and opened his batteries on the place. Finding it would be slow work to reduce the city by regular approaches, he determined to carry it by escalade. Failing in his attempt, he erected other batteries, and, after effecting a breach, made another assault, and was again baffled. After these two repulses, his situation became extremely perilous; for blocked in by the enemy's fortresses—his communications all cut off or interrupted, and a fortified town before him defended by a strong garrison; his destruction seemed an easy matter to accomplish. But in this painful dilemma, Blake, the commander of the Spanish army, kindly came to his relief. Trusting to his superior force, the latter resolved to march from Valencia, and raise the siege of Saguntum, or decide the fate of the city by a fair fight in an open field. With twenty-five thousand men he approached the place, and Suchet, with seventeen thousand, joyfully advanced to meet him. At eight in the morning, the battle of Saguntum commenced. The Spaniards, trusting to their

superior numbers, rushed boldly to the attack. Successful at first, the inhabitants and garrison of the city who crowded the ramparts, thought the hour of their deliverance had come, and waved their caps and handkerchiefs in the air, and shouted victory in the midst of the fire of the cannon which were playing furiously on the walls. Indeed, it began to look dark around the French marshal, for his effort to arrest the first success of the enemy had only added to it, and the excited Spaniards, victorious at all points, were pressing with loud shouts over the field. In this critical moment, when all seemed lost, Suchet showed that, with all his prudence and calculation, in an emergency, he was prompt and deadly as a thunderbolt. Galloping to his reserve cuirassiers, his now last remaining hope, he rode among them, rousing their courage by words of enthusiasm and bravery, and putting himself at their head, sounded the charge. Just then a ball pierced his shoulder, but all heedless of the wound, he continued to ride at the head of his brave cuirassiers. "March, trot, canter," fell in quick succession from his lips, and that terrible body of horse came rushing over the field as if it knew it carried the fate of the battle in its charge. The infantry gave way before these fierce riders, or were trampled under foot; the cavalry sunk under their onset; and, amid the close volleys of musketry, and through the fire of the artillery, they bore steadily down on the Spanish centre. At this moment they presented a magnificent spectacle. The close packed helmets glittered in the sun; their flashing sabres made a dazzling line of light above them; as in perfect order the black and thundering squadrons swept onward to the final shock. Suchet still rode at their head, and pouring his own stern resolution into their hearts, broke with

resistless fury through the enemy's centre, and shouted the victory.

This settled the fate of Saguntum, and gave Suchet a permanent footing in Valencia. Not thinking himself, however, sufficiently strong to besiege the city of Valencia, as Blake still had an army a third larger than his own, and the place contained a stronger garrison, together with a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants he sent to Napoleon for reinforcements.

But, in two months after the battle of Saguntum, his army was before the town, and the governor had been summoned to surrender. Blake, with his large army, endeavored to stimulate the garrison to a brave defence, but the courage of the soldiers was broken, for the French commander had taken every city he had attacked; fortresses, and walls, and rocky heights seemed to present no impediment to his victorious troops.

Without waiting to make regular approaches, the latter, in utter contempt of his adversary, swept with his army around the centre city, and extending his lines over a space fifteen miles in circumference, beat back all the outposts, and began to bombard the place. In the meantime Blake, at the head of fifteen thousand men, undertook to cut his way through the French army, but, after a short struggle, was driven back within the walls. He then offered to capitulate on certain conditions. These were sternly rejected; and he was finally compelled to surrender at discretion.

By this glorious victory Suchet got possession of one of the richest cities in Spain—made sixteen thousand prisoners of the best troops of the army—took nearly four hundred pieces of cannon—thirty thousand stand of arms—immense military stores, and laid at his feet

one of the finest provinces of the Peninsula. Instead of drawing resources from abroad for his own troops, he was now able to furnish them abundantly to the other portions of the army. In reward for his great services, Napoleon created him Duke of Albufera, with the investiture of all its rich domains.

Having fortified himself at every point, and furnished a solid basis in Catalonia and Valencia to all his future operations, he the next year resumed the offensive—but his after-career, to the downfall of Bonaparte, presents no striking features. The defeat of Marmont at Salamanca darkened the prospects of the French cause in Spain, yet still Suchet held firm his conquered provinces: but the battle of Vittora completed the ruin, and made all his conquests comparatively worthless. With a heavy heart he was compelled to retire behind the Ebro: and, though defeating the English in some minor combats, his army took no important part in the after-struggles. Napoleon was endeavoring to drive back the allies from France, and the great conflict in the Peninsula, was between Wellington and Soult.

After the abdication of the Emperor, Suchet received King Ferdinand, and conducted him to the Spanish army, and then, handing over his authority to the Duke of Angouleme, bade farewell to the brave troops he was no longer permitted to command. Made peer of France by Louis XVIII., and governor of the fifth military division at Strasburg, he remained at the latter place till the return of Napoleon. He continued firm to the royal cause till the king left France, and then, finding the tide of public opinion too strong to be resisted, hastened to Paris, and gave in his adhesion to Bonaparte. Placed over the army of the Alps, consisting of only ten thousand men, he defeated the Piedmontese

and afterwards the Austrians. But the advance of the main Austrian army, of a hundred thousand men, compelled him to retreat to Lyons. Surrendering the city on honorable terms, he went down with the mighty genius for whom he had combatted so long and so bravely.

On the second restoration he was deprived of his civil, though he was permitted to retain his military honors. In 1822, however, he was restored to the peerage, but died, four years after, in Marseilles, at the age of fifty-six.

Suchet was one of those well-balanced characters which is known more by what it accomplishes than by any striking feature it exhibits. There was less personality in his achievements than in those of such men as Murat, and Lannes, and Junot, because his intellect had more to do with his success than his arms.

Destined to act in a field more unfavorable to his fame than any other in Europe, he, nevertheless, succeeded in placing himself among the first military leaders of his time. Spain was a sort of graduated scale which tested the altitude and real strength of every general who commanded in it; and of all the marshals who, from time to time, directed the French armies there, Massena, Soult, and Suchet alone stood the test; while of the English leaders Wellington was the only one that exhibited the higher qualities of a great military chieftain.

Suchet was a noble man, both intellectually and morally. With a mind that grasped the most extensive plans, and yet lost sight of none of the details necessary to success, he also had a heart that delighted to bestow blessings the moment stern duty allowed him to sheathe the sword of war.

Cautious and prudent in his plans, he was sudden

and terrible in their execution. He was impetuous without being rash, and rapid without being hasty. He calculated his blow before he made it, but it was a thunderbolt when it fell. His mind was so perfectly balanced that he never exhibits obstinacy in carrying out a favorite plan, so common to one-sided men of strong character. Graduating itself to circumstances, it was careful or headlong, tardy or swift, as the case demanded. In one respect he resembled Napoleon—he knew when to abandon a minor for a greater good. This was one great secret of Bonaparte's success in his first campaign in Italy. Flinging from him one advantage to gain a better, and relinquishing one conquest to secure a greater, he kept his forces constantly so concentrated that he could at any time bring his whole power to bear on a single point. This is indispensable to success with a small force arrayed against a great one, and it was a remarkable characteristic of Suchet's career in Spain. This seems not so striking a quality at first sight, but it is one of the rarest possessed by any man.

The campaigns of Suchet in Spain will always remain among the most wonderful of military achievements. With a small force—in the midst of a hostile territory, compelled to carry on a guerilla war with separate chiefs—a regular campaign, with a large army, and at the same time, reduce fortresses, assault cities, and administer the government of conquered provinces—he brought to the task before him a mental resource which stamps him the great man.

Amid the most overwhelming difficulties, and pressed constantly by superior force, he did not remain on the defensive, but steadily advanced from one victory to another—now fighting the enemy in the open field, and now planting his cannon against strongly-fortified

cities—till, at length, Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, lay at his feet, and his task in the Peninsula was nobly accomplished. Uniting the profoundest military science with the greatest personal bravery, the highest practical power with the most skilful theories, he planned and executed every military movement with extraordinary precision and success. He brought the same powerful mind to the administration of civil affairs, and not only conquered the provinces, but governed them with an ability that exhibits a breadth of character and extent of knowledge possessed by few of those stern leaders whom Napoleon clustered around his throne.

XXII.

MARSHAL PONIATOWSKI.

His efforts under Kosciusko to save his Country—Appointed Minister of State in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw—Joins Napoleon in his Invasion of Russia—His last struggle at Leipsic—His Tragical Death and Imposing Funeral—His Character.

I INTRODUCE a short sketch of Poniatowski, for the same reason I did one of Brune, simply to make the gallery of marshals complete. Though his life and battles would make a volume by itself, still he does not occupy a prominent part in the history of the French Empire, nor form one of the chief characters in the great Napoleonic drama.

JOSEPH PONIATOWSKI was born at Warsaw in 1763 of noble parents. Eleven years after his birth, in 1774, Stanislaus his uncle ascended the throne of Poland, and the family received the title of prince. He first appears on the stage of action in 1794, just before the final partition of Poland. This unhappy republic, which Providence, from some inscrutable design of its own, has allowed to be trampled under foot, and blotted out from the map of nations by tyrants, as no other country ever before has been; was destined to see its final overthrow under the brave, noble-hearted, and patriotic Kosciusko Divided and partioned off in 1772 by the two Imperial robbers who sat on the thrones of Russia and Austria, and re-divided in 1793 by Russia and Prussia, the cur

of her suffering seemed full. The royal plunderers kept two immense armies marching over the territory to take care of the rich booty that already began to burn in their hands; until, at length, the energy and courage of despair, took the place of submission, and a devoted band of patriots, maddened by the injustice and outrage everywhere committed, resolved to save their country, or perish in the effort. Kosciusko, a name which can never be spoken in an American assembly, without sending a thrill of emotion through every heart, was chosen their leader. This patriot and warrior had just seen a band of freemen hurl from their necks the yoke of oppression, which a tyrannical power sought to fasten there; and, side by side with their chieftains, had nobly struggled in their cause. With joy he had witnessed the triumph of freedom on these shores, and then, when his work was done, sheathed his sword, and with a sad heart turned his footsteps towards unhappy Poland. When the war-cry was shouted from the streets of Warsaw, and he was declared the leader of the patriots, he knew it was a dreadful struggle in which he was to engage. But he had learned from the success of our almost hopeless struggle to have faith in the power of Right; and firmly stepped before the little band that had nobly thrown themselves between their country and the armies of two powerful despots.

Poniatowski took command of one of the divisions in Kosciusko's army, although in 1792 the latter served as major-general under him in his expedition against the Russians—and during the short but sanguinary struggle that followed, exhibited that valor which afterwards won the highest praise from Napoleon. The Poles, though at first successful, were finally utterly routed at

Maciejowice, and Kosciusko covered with wounds was taken prisoner. Poniatowski then fled to Warsaw, determined to defend it to the last:—thither also the Russian thousands swarmed, with the pitiless Suwarrow, at their head. The Poles in Praga, on the other side of the river, fortified themselves, and planted a hundred cannon so as to sweep the bridge of the Vistula; but the indomitable Russian hurled his massive columns in such strength on the patriots that in spite of their utmost endeavors they were rolled back towards the river Forced in a confused crowd on the bridge, they crushed the yielding structure under their feet, and were precipitated headlong into the stream.

Warsaw shrieked in dismay and anguish, as she saw her brave sons cut off from her protecting walls—the river ran blood, and amid the flames of the burning houses, and cries of despair, Suwarrow raged with his bloodhounds amid the defenceless multitude. Women and children fell in the indiscriminate massacre, infants were carried about on the points of Cossack lances, and over eleven thousand bodies were piled in the streets of Praga, and along the banks of the Vistula.

Warsaw fell, and Poniatowski, dejected and disheartened, went to Vienna. The Emperor and Empress, Paul and Catherine, used every endeavor to reconcile him to their sway—but his uncle was a prisoner in Petersburg, his family driven from the throne, and Poland rent asunder, had been divided like a carcass among wild animals; and he wished no connection with the doers of all this wrong. His heart burning with indignation, and his memory still fresh with the bloody scenes he had seen at Warsaw, he rejected all their offers, and lived in retirement on his estate.

Here he remained inactive, while Europe was shaking

with battles, apparently indifferent to the strife going on about him, since Poland was no more, till 1807, when Napoleon overthrew the army of Russia at Friedland In the treaty of Tilsit that followed, it was stipulated that the provinces, which before the partition in 1772, belonged to Poland, and had since been held by Prussia, should be formed into the Duchy of Warsaw, and given to the King of Saxony. This initiatory step towards wresting back from those grasping powers their ill-gotten territory, aroused Poniatowski from his indifference, and he accepted the office of Minister of State in the new Duchy. He now began to look on Napoleon's movements with the deepest anxiety, and gradually identified himself with his interests, till he fell in the struggle to sustain his tottering Empire. He felt that the only hope of his country was in the success of the French Emperor, and he bent all his energies to secure it: he had faith in him, and knew it was the wish of his heart to re-establish the fallen throne. Many of the patriot Poles have wronged Napoleon, in condemning him for not doing more for Poland than he did, but will they lay their finger on the spot where he could, without endangering the welfare of his own country, have emancipated theirs? It required a stronger hand than even his, to wrest away the plunder the three most powerful governments of the Continent had divided among themselves. It would have been the cause of an endless quarrel; and instead of struggling for France, he would have been compelled to devote all his energies to the safety and existence of Poland. It is true the Poles poured out their blood for him like water, and glad to scourge the nations that had trampled them under foot, and at the same time strike tyranny in any part of the world—flocked to his victorious standard, and

bore him triumphantly over many a battle-field Their great services demanded a great reward, and could Napoleon have succeeded in his invasion of Russia, they would have had no cause to complain of his want of generosity. Russia's share of Poland would certainly have been given back to her, and Poniatowski knew it. Beloved by the Emperor, he was made aware of his designs and wishes, and hence felt that in helping him to crush the powers about him, he was preparing the way for the resurrection of his country. Bonaparte declared at St. Helena, that he intended, if he had succeeded in Russia, to have placed him on the throne.

He continued in the Duchy of Warsaw, protected by the powerful arm of the French Emperor, till 1809, when Austria, for the sole purpose of frightening Saxony out of her friendship for France, invaded it. Russia was then the ally of the latter, and had promised to protect Warsaw, so that Napoleon had made no provisions for its defence. More than thirty thousand Austrians were moving down on that dependent province, to meet which Poniatowski could bring only twelve thousand men into the field. Scorning, however, to ask the co-operation of his Russian allies, whom he hated as cordially as he did the Austrians, he prepared alone to meet this formidable array. He drew up his inconsiderable force at Raszyn, and there, for four hours, withstood the whole shock of the Austrian army. But, twelve thousand against thirty thousand was too great an inequality; and he was compelled to fall back on Warsaw. Forced, at length, to capitulate, he marched with a heavy heart out of the capital, accompanied by the authorities, and all the principal inhabitants of the city

The Archduke Ferdinand supposed he would immediately abandon the Duchy and retreat to Saxony

but Poniatowski boldly resolved to dispute his territory to the last; and returned up the Vistula, towards Gallicia, whither the Russian army was slowly marching, in order to co-operate with his troops. In the meantime, however, he surprised an Austrian division and took fifteen hundred prisoners. But, in pursuing up his advantage, he effected a more important capture, and made a discovery which showed how little reliance could be placed on the good faith of those governments with which Bonaparte was compelled to treat A courier, on his way to the Austrian head-quarters, was intercepted, and in his despatches was found a letter from a Russian general to the Archduke Ferdinand, congratulating him on his capture of Warsaw—confidentially predicting complete success to his efforts, and winding up with the wish that their arms might soon be united in the same cause. This certainly was a most peculiar letter to be sent from an ally to an enemy, and calculated to throw some doubts over the honesty of the Russian Emperor. Poniatowski immediately forwarded it to Bonaparte, in whom it aroused the most violent indignation. He despatched it instantly to the Emperor Alexander, and demanded, in language that could not be misunderstood, an explanation. The Emperor declared it was written without his authority; and, as an evidence of his sincerity, immediately removed the unlucky general who was its author. Napoleon professed to be satisfied, but it was evident that the great sin of the general consisted in being found out. Conversing with Savary about it afterwards, he said, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians? What have I gained by their alliance? It is more than probable that they would

have declared openly against me, if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; *they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not the courage openly to set out thither.* That the Emperor Alexander should not come to my assistance is conceivable, but that he should permit Warsaw to be taken, almost in presence of his army, is, indeed, hardly credible; it is plain that I can no longer rely on an alliance in that quarter * * * * *. And yet, after all, they will probably say that I am wanting in my engagements, and cannot remain at peace."

Soon after, Napoleon's operations on the Danube calling the attention of Ferdinand from Warsaw, he withdrew his forces, and was finally compelled to leave the Duchy. The battle of Wagram and the peace of Vienna followed, and among the stipulations of the treaty, a territory, containing about 150,000 inhabitants, was taken from Russia, and added to the Duchy of Warsaw. Thus, Poland seemed to be getting back by slow degrees her ancient possessions. The outcry that Russia made about this strip of land, although a piece was cut from Austria and given to her as an offset, should convince the friends of Poland how difficult it would have been for Bonaparte to have wrenched from the sordid grasp of those monarchs, the entire kingdom they had dismembered. It is pitiful to see with what greediness those royal plunderers gloated over their ill-gotten gains, and how narrowly they watched every shiver of the corpse they had mutilated.

At length, all other considerations were forgotten in the contemplated invasion of Russia. Napoleon, by his wonderful genius, had, at length, subdued his rivals; and, not only induced Austria, and Prussia, and the

whole territory from the Rhine to the Neiman to allow his armies a free passage, but he had prevailed on each monarch to furnish his quota of men to march under his banners and fight for the accomplishment of his plans. Among those who opposed the expedition, yet, when resolved upon, gave soul and heart to it, was Poniatowski ;—bringing nearly forty thousand Poles to swell the myriad numbers of the Grand Army. He fought bravely at the head of his followers, and at Smolensko and Borodino, and throughout the desolate retreat, brought a good sword, a noble heart, and a strong intellect to the aid of the Emperor. And then was seen the just retributions of heaven. Poniatowski had witnessed the degradation of his country by Russian power, his capital sacked by Russian barbarians, and its women and children butchered in thousands by Russian soldiers. His proud heart had been compelled to bear and to suffer all this, and now the day of vengeance had come. He poured his victorious Poles through the burning streets of Smolensko, and bade them pitch their tents amid the ruins of the capital of his haughty enemy. The fire and the sword had been carried back to the homes of the invaders, and the cup they had compelled Poland to drink pressed to their trembling lips.

In the fatal retreat the Poles suffered less than any of the other soldiers, and exhibited great bravery and endurance. The first man across the Beresina was a Pole, and Napoleon never had better or more devoted troops than Polish soldiers.

Poniatowski still clung with his diminished army to Napoleon in his falling fortunes, and at Leipsic fought his last battle, and poured out his life-blood for him and his cause.

The defection of Bavaria previous to the battle of Leipsic, and the treachery of the Saxon troops in the heat of the engagement, determined its issue and settled the fate of the French Empire. The allies brought to the encounter nearly three hundred thousand men, and thirteen hundred cannon, while Bonaparte had but a hundred and seventy-five thousand, and seven hundred and fifty cannon. The latter were drawn up around Leipsic—with the city and the river Elster lying in rear—awaiting the onset of the immense host that was moving to the attack. On the last fatal day, at nine o'clock, the battle opened, and nearly half a million of men engaged in mortal combat. The scene at this moment was indescribably awful—the whole plain was black with the moving masses, save where the myriads of glittering helmets arose and fell in the sunlight, while eight hundred cannon, in one huge semicircle, opened their united thunder on the French. Clouds of dust filled the air, and amid the roar of artillery, the strains of martial music, the shrill neighing of tens of thousands of horses moving to battle, and all the deafening clamor and solemn murmurs of a mighty army, the shock came. Nearly two thousand cannon opened with terrific explosions on the living masses, and the frightful carnage began. Poniatowski on the right, was first engaged. Made Marshal of France the day before by the Emperor, he burned to distinguish himself; and though at first forced back by the heavy charge, he firmly held his position against the united onsets of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, that from morning till night thundered in overwhelming numbers and power on his diminished troops. A wilder day this earth never saw, and when darkness separated the combatants, both

armies sunk down exhausted; and silence, solemn and awful, fell over the bloody field.

Napoleon was beaten, and soon gave orders to retreat. All night long the weary thousands went pouring over the bridge, and when daylight dawned, the allies beheld with joy the retiring masses of the enemy. A general movement on Leipsic immediately followed, and the victorious columns went rushing with shouts to the attack. All was uproar and confusion. Artillery, infantry cavalry, ammunition and baggage-wagons, and chariots, were crowded and rolled together, and went streaming over the only remaining bridge. A rear guard under Macdonald, Lauriston, and Poniatowski, was formed to cover this disorderly retreat. As Napoleon gave his directions to each, he said to Poniatowski, "Prince, you will defend the suburbs of the south." "Sire," he replied, "I have but few followers left." (He had but two thousand seven hundred remaining out of all the brave Poles he led two days before into battle.) "What then," added Napoleon, "you will defend it with what you have!" "Ah sire," replied the exhausted, but still unconquered chieftain, "we are all ready to die for your majesty!"

I have already spoken in my sketch of Macdonald, of the heroic defence these two leaders made, and of the consternation and woe that followed the premature blowing up of the bridge. Poniatowski struggled bravely to arrest the victorious allies, until he heard the explosion that sent it into the air; and then he drew his sword, saying to the officers around him, "Gentlemen, it now behooves us to die with honor." With the little band around him, he dashed on a column of the enemy that crossed his path, and though severely wounded, fought his way through to the Pleisse, a small

stream he must cross before he reached the Elster. Dismounting from his horse, he passed it on foot, but finding he was fainting through fatigue and loss of blood, he attempted to mount another. With difficulty vaulting to the saddle, he spurred boldly into the Elster. His good steed bore him safely across, but as he was struggling up the opposite bank, the earth gave way under his feet, and he fell back on his rider, and Poniatowski disappeared in the water and never rose again. Weary, wounded and bleeding, this last calamity was too much for his strength;—and he had done as he said, "died with honor."

The allies celebrated his funeral with great magnificence, and those kings who had driven his family from the throne, buried his capital in ashes, blundered and divided his country, as if it were common booty, now gathered in solemn pomp around his coffin. Countless banners drooped mournfully over the fallen chief—mighty armies formed his funeral procession, and elegiac strains from a thousand trumpets were breathed over his grave. But amid all this imposing mockery of woe, the noble-hearted Pole was not without some *sincere* mourners. His few remaining followers who had battled by his side to the last, pressed in silence around the coffin, and with tears streaming down their faces, reached out their hands to touch the pall. There lay the Prince they had loved—the leader they had followed—the last of the royal line, and the only hope of Poland—cold and stiff in death. Ah, the tears of fthose rough warriors were worth more than all the pomp and magnificence imperial pride had gathered around that bier, and honored the patriot for whom they were shed more than royal eulogies or splendid pageants.

"Poniatowski," said Napoleon, "was a noble character,

full of honor and bravery,"—a short but comprehensive eulogium. A skilful commander, a bold warrior, and true friend; wise in counsel, of pure patriotism and unsullied honor, he was beloved by his friends and mourned by his enemies. He had redeemed all the follies of his weak relative Stanislaus, and proved that he was worthy to sit on the throne of Poland. Tried by misfortune, he was never found wanting:—his enemies could not bribe him, nor his friends allure him from that deep devotion to his country which was the great passion of his life. He left no spot on his name, and at the last preferred death to surrender, and proudly let his enemies dig his grave, conscious that when they laid his sword across his coffin none dare point to a stain on the blade.

XXIII.

MARSHAL GROUCHY.

His Bravery and Capture at Novi—His Desperate Charge at Raab—At Wagram—At Bordino—Commands the *Sacred Squadron*—Gallant Charge at Vaux Champs—His conduct at Waterloo.

GROUCHY's bad management at the battle of Waterloo has ruined his fame, and placed him in an unenviable position before the world. In the intense excitement the final overthrow of Napoleon created, Grouchy's name became the theme of universal obloquy, and he was accused of weakness, want of energy, and, finally, of having sold France to the allies. It is true, English historians, with that liberality they always show towards those enemies who, through treachery or weakness, injured the cause of Napoleon, have endeavored to defend him, not only against the charge of treason, but also of inefficiency. Indeed, to throw much blame on him, would be to confess that the victory of Waterloo was owing more to accident than to skill.

Still EMMANUEL GROUCHY was a brave man, and through a long and honorable career, sustained the reputation of an able commander. A count of the ancient regime, he was born at Paris in 1766, and entered the service when only fourteen years of age. At nineteen he was an officer in the King's body-guard, but threw up his commission at the breaking out of the Revolu

tion, and joined the cause of the people, and was made colonel of a regiment of dragoons. Soon after, however the republican government decreed, that no person of noble birth should hold any rank in the army, and he was left without employment. He retired into the country awhile, but becoming weary of his inactive life, entered the National Guards as a private, and fought against the Vendèans. He seemed to have joined the cause of freedom sincerely, and said, "Though I am not allowed to fight at the head of the republican phalanxes, they cannot prevent me from shedding my blood in the cause of the people." In 1792, however, he was re-instated in his former rank of commander of a regiment of dragoons, and the next year was placed at the head of all the cavalry in Savoy and the Alps. In the campaign of 1794, against the Vendèans, he distinguished himself, especially at Queberon, where he attacked and defeated the emigrants, and the next year was made general of divison.

In 1796 he was joined to the expedition under Hoche, to aid the Irish in their attempts to recover their liberty. The fleet was dispersed by a storm, and only a portion of it reached Bantry Bay, yet still Grouchy, with only six thousand men under his command, wished to land, but was over-ruled by Admiral Bouvet, and the expedition abandoned. In 1798, he was sent into Piedmont as commander-in-chief of the forces there, and took possession of the country, and the next year fought gallantly at the disastrous battle of Novi.

A short time previous to this engagement, Joubert was appointed to supersede Moreau in the command of the dispirited army of Italy, which had met with nothing but defeat since Bonaparte's departure for Egypt. Just married. he left his young wife, saying, "You wil'

see me again either dead or victorious." With his ut most efforts he could muster but forty thousand men to resist Suwarrow, marching against him with sixty thousand victorious troops. Forced to accept battle at Novi, he struggled nobly against this overwhelming force, and strained every nerve to save his army and secure a victory.

The French were formed in a semicircle on the slopes of Monte Rotondo, which commands the whole plain of Novi. Grouchy commanded a division on the left, and was the first engaged. Joubert fell at the commencement of the fight, and as the charging battalions rushed over him as he lay dying, and hesitated whether to advance, he shouted faintly forth, "*Forward, my lads! forward!*" The battle raged with frightful carnage during the hot August day, and the Russians were again and again repulsed; but the invincible Suwarrow —dressed in his usual costume, a shirt and pantaloons —kept pouring his strong legions into the battle, until at length Moreau, who had succeeded in the command, ordered a retreat. Grouchy had fought with the most obstinate courage during the day, and, though wounded, still led his columns again and again to the charge. Foremost in the fight, he moved undauntedly through the hottest of the fire, cheering on his men by his enthusiastic appeals, and still more by his heroic example. Once, his troops reeling back from the shock, he threw himself at their head, and seizing a standard, cried, "Forward!" and drove headlong on the foe. The standard being wrenched from his hand in the close and fierce struggle, he took off his helmet, and, lifting it on his sabre over his head, continued to advance, when he was wounded, and overthrown, and trampled under foot. Extricating himself from the dying

multitude amid which he lay, he again put himself at the head of his followers, and rushed to the charge.

In retreating, in obedience to the orders of Moreau, he was exposed to a succession of heavy onsets, against which his men could with difficulty bear up; while to complete his overthrow, a Russian battalion crept around into a ravine, and poured their unexhausted fire on his exhausted troops in the rear. This threw them into disorder, and artillery, infantry and cavalry disbanded and fled in wild confusion over the fields. Grouchy, though severely wounded, bravely attempted, with Perignon, to stem the tide; and, rallying a few followers, again charged on the overwhelming numbers that were sweeping over the broken ranks. Again overthrown and almost cut to pieces, he was made prisoner, after having received *six sabre wounds.* Nothing but the most desperate hand-to-hand fighting could have caused him to receive so many sword cuts, and he this day proved himself worthy to command the troops that had fought under Napoleon.

His wounds would have proved mortal but for the kindness of the Grand Duke Constantine, who sent him his private physician, and made his own domestics attend upon him. After four months of suffering, he recovered his health, and in the exchanges that followed the battle of Marengo, was restored to the army, and joined Moreau, then combating on the banks of the Rhine. He was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, and was one of the chief actors in that great tragedy. Struggling side by side with Ney, his actions were not eclipsed by those ever of "the bravest of the brave."

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

The Iser and the Inn, as they flow from the Alps towards the Danube, move nearly in parallel lines, and nearly forty miles apart. As they approach the river, the space between them becomes one elevated plain, covered chiefly with a sombre, dark pine forest, crossed by two roads only, while the mere country paths that wind through it here and there give no space to marching columns. Moreau had advanced across this forest to the Inn, where, on the 1st of December, he was attacked and forced to retrace his steps, and take up his position on the farther side, at the village of Hohenlinden. Here, where one of the great roads debouched from the woods, he placed Ney and Grouchy.

The Austrians, in four massive columns, plunged into this gloomy wilderness, designing to meet in the open plain of Hohenlinden—the central column marching along the high road, while those on either side, made their way through, amid the trees as they best could.

It was a stormy December morning, when these seventy thousand men were swallowed from sight in the dark defiles of Hohenlinden. The day before, it had rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable; but now a furious snow storm darkened the heavens, and covered the ground with one white, unbroken surface. The by-paths were blotted out, and the sighing pines overhead drooped with their snowy burdens above the ranks, or shook them down on the heads of the soldiers, as the artillery-wheels smote against their trunks. It was a strange spectacle, those long dark columns, out of sight of each other, stretching through

the dreary forest by themselves; while the falling snow sifting over the ranks, made the unmarked way still more solitary. The soft and yielding mass broke the tread of the advancing hosts, while the rumbling of the artillery, and ammunition and baggage-wagons, gave forth a muffled sound, that seemed prophetic of some mournful catastrophe. The centre column alone had a hundred cannon in its train, while behind these were five hundred wagons—the whole closed up by the slowly moving cavalry. Thus marching, it came, about nine o'clock, upon Hohenlinden, and attempted to debouch into the plain, when Grouchy fell upon it with such fury that it was forced back into the woods. In a moment the old forest was alive with echoes, and its gloomy recesses illumined with the blaze of artillery. Grouchy, Grandjeau, and Ney, put forth incredible efforts to keep this immense force from deploying into the open field. The two former struggled with the energy of desperation to hold their ground, and although the soldiers could not see the enemy's lines, the storm was so thick, yet they took aim at the flashes that issued from the wood, and thus the two armies fought. The pine trees were cut in two like reeds by the artillery, and fell with a crash on the Austrian columns, while the fresh fallen snow turned red with the flowing blood. In the meantime Richenpanse, who had been sent by a circuitous route with a single division to attack the enemy's rear, had accomplished his mission. Though his division had been cut in two, and irretrievably separated by the Austrian left wing, the brave general continued to advance, and with only three thousand men fell boldly on forty thousand Austrians. As soon as Moreau heard the sound of his cannon through the forest, and saw the alarm it spread amid the enemy's ranks, he or-

dered Ney and Grouchy to charge full on the Austrian centre. Checked, then overthrown, that broken column was rolled back in disorder, and utterly routed. Campbell, the poet, stood in a tower, and gazed on this terrible scene, and in the midst of the fight, composed, in part, that stirring ode which is known as far as the English language is spoken.

The depths of the dark forest swallowed the struggling host from sight; but still there issued forth from its bosom shouts and yells, mingled with the thunder of cannon, and all the confused noise of battle. The Austrians were utterly routed, and the frightened cavalry went plunging through the crowds of fugitives into the woods, the artillerymen cut their traces, and leaving their guns behind, mounted their horses and galloped away, and that magnificent column, as if rent by some violent explosion, was hurled in shattered fragments on every side. For miles the white ground was sprinkled with dead bodies, and when the battle left the forest and the pine trees again stood calm and silent in the wintry night, piercing cries and groans issued out of the gloom in every direction—sufferer answering sufferer as he lay and writhed on the cold snow. Twenty thousand men were scattered there amid the trees, while broken carriages and wagons, and deserted guns, spread a perfect wreck around.

Soon after this decisive battle peace was proclaimed, and Grouchy returned to Paris, and was appointed inspector-general of cavalry. Here he remained several years, and during the trial of Moreau, rather took sides with his old commander; for he had fought by his side at Novi, and in the forest of Hohenlinden, and could not bear to see him disgraced. Napoleon, however, retained him in command, though he did not honor him

with those places of trust to which his long services entitled him.

But in 1807, at the battle of Friedland, he was put over the cavalry of the left wing, and charged with his accustomed impetuosity, rendering efficient aid in securing the victory. He soon after, in reward for his bravery, was named Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honor, made Count of the Empire, and commander of the iron crown. The next year he was sent with Murat into Spain, and in the insurrection in Madrid—the commencement of the Spanish war—he had a horse shot under him while charging on the mob. After the riot was quelled, Murat, enraged at the slaughter of his troops by the populace, ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission and shot. Grouchy was president of this court, and is accused of having put forty to death after orders had been received to stop the execution: but the charge has never yet been substantiated.

In 1809 he was sent into Italy, and after fighting bravely under Eugene, passed with him into Hungary, and helped to gain the battle of Raab. This action took place on the 14th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Marengo, and both armies were anxious to commemorate it—the one to wipe out its disgrace, and the other to add to its glory. The Austrians were forty-five thousand strong, while the French had only thirty-five thousand. The conflict, from the commencement, was fierce and close; and around the centre, victory for a long time wavered to and fro. One moment the Austrians would be driving the French before them with victorious shouts, and the next moment sallying back under the fierce onsets that met them Thus the battle raged with changing success, till, at

length, the French yielded, and the Austrians and Hungarians carried away by the excitement of the moment, advanced rapidly, and too far, for the purpose of outflanking them. The French generals immediately took advantage of the error, and closed on them in a dense column, which rolled the disordered mass before it as a resistless current beats back the waves from the shore

Grouchy and Montbrun commanded the right wing, the former having charge of the heavy dragoons, and were compelled to sustain the whole weight of the Hungarian cavalry, seven thousand strong. When this formidable body of horse put itself in motion, and came thundering down on the French lines, it threatened to crush every thing before it. Montbrun's division was broken into fragments, and those fierce horsemen swept onward, trampling down the helpless ranks with resistless power, and sending dismay over the field. At this crisis, Grouchy ordered his terrible cuirassiers to advance, and sounded the charge. Their burnished helmets and glittering sabres were one moment seen flashing above the dark mass below, like foam on the crest of the wave, and the next moment driving furiously through the shattered squadrons that attempted to stay their progress.

The Austrians were routed, and Eugene hurried on his victorious troops to the Danube, where Napoleon lay with his defeated army, in the island of Lobau. In the battle of Wagram which immediately followed, Grouchy sustained his hard-earned reputation. In the attack on Neusiedel, he, with Montbrun and Arighi, commanded ten thousand horse, and made fearful havoc with the enemy's ranks. Friant and Morand, the heroes of Auerstadt, boldly mounted the heights in the face of a wasting fire, and, after a furious contest, reached the

plateau. It was then the Austrian cavalry came down on the heavy-armed cuirassiers of Grouchy with their tremendous onset. Again and again did these two powerful bodies of horse meet in full career, and as often were the Austrians broken and rolled back, till at length, heavy reinforcements coming up, they rallied, and charged again, and drove the now exhausted Grouchy, whose horses were blown in the long encounter, before them in confusion. Just then Montbrun rushed to the rescue, and by a gallant charge again turned the tide of success.

During this protracted and doubtful contest, Grouchy cast himself fearlessly into every danger, and rode sternly and fiercely at the head of his squadrons, and by his cheering and enthusiastic words carried his men again and again to the shock, with an impetuosity and daring worthy of Murat. He acted over again his great deeds at Novi, and seemed determined to fall on the field or win the victory.

His bravery on the plateau of Neusiedel, where Davoust struggled so desperately to redeem the day, should cover a multitude of sins.

Three years after this he was joined to the Russian expedition, and went through it with honor. He commanded the cavalry on the extreme left, at the battle of Borodino, and after Caulincourt had fallen at the head of his cuirassiers, whose charge nothing could withstand, he hurled his own cavalry in overwhelming power on the enemy, till at length, struck by a ball, he was borne wounded from the field. During the progress of the fatal retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow, the cavalry all disappeared as well as the different corps of infantry, and Grouchy, among a multitude of officers, was left without a command; and like a common

soldier rode amid the cloud of fugitives, as they slowly swept forward through the dreary winter, toward the Beresina. He had fought, endured, and suffered, and seen with sad forbodings the mighty amay lie down to die in the snow, yet still, amid the utter wreck of all things, his good steed was left him, on whose back he toiled through the wilderness. The magnificent cavalry were buried in the snow-hills, and as the splendid wreck slowly drifted through the storm into the dark forest that spread away from the banks of the Beresina, Napoleon gathered around him all the mounted officers that remained, and formed them into one company, which he called "*the sacred squadron.*" Over this stern band, composed of five hundred officers, Grouchy was placed as commander. Generals of divisions were made captains, generals of brigade and captains common dragoons, and all poorly mounted at the best. The specific duty of this *sacred squadron* was to guard the person of the Emperor—and as he plunged into the gloomy forest of Minsk, already alive with the columns of the enemy, Grouchy closed around him with this devoted band. Holding the Emperor in sacred trust, it moved on toward the Beresina, and towards apparent destruction in stern silence. It enfolded him on the banks of the river, and cleared a terrible path through the distracted crowds to the bridge, that formed the only hope of the army; and during the wild night that followed, kept watch around his frozen tent.

It was dissolved when Napoleon left the army for Paris, and Grouchy once more mingled in the throng that composed the Grand Army.

After this, for some cause or other, he lost the favor of the Emperor, and remained idle while the world

was ringing with the deeds wrought on the fields of Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, and Leipzic.

In the last struggle, however, of Napoleon, on the soil of France, he was again given a command, and fought with his accustomed bravery. At Brienne he charged with the same desperate valor he did at Novi, and in the retreat of the Russians from the battle field of Vauxchamps, came near taking Blucher prisoner. While Bonaparte was pressing the retiring column in rear, he ordered Grouchy, with three thousand horse, to make a circuit round the village of Champ Aubert, and take possession of the road beyond, before the enemy could arrive. In a moment those splendid horsemen were clattering through the fields, and after an hour's hard riding found themselves two miles in advance of the Prussian army. Blucher was mowing his way through the enemy that pressed with increased vigor on his weary columns, leaving a bloody pathway behind him, and had got within a half mile of Etoges, where his greatest danger would cease, when all at once, as he ascended a slight eminence in the road, he saw before him Grouchy's fierce horsemen drawn up in order of battle. The sun was just sinking behind the western hills, and his farewell beams fell full on the glittering helmets of the cuirassiers before him, revealing the destruction that awaited him. His fate now seemed sealed, for, blocked in front and rear, while his flanks were constantly ravaged by the enemy, he could see no way of escape. Disdaining, however, to yield, he stood for awhile in front of his men waiting for a shot to strike him down—but aroused at length from his despair by the expostulations of his friends, he gave orders to march straight on that mass of cavalry. Closing up his column, and placing the cannon at its

head he moved sternly forward. Grouchy stood for awhile, and let the balls mow down his riders, and then charged fiercely up to the very muzzles of the guns. Had his horse artillery been with him he would have taken the entire army prisoners, but, impeded by the mud through which the drivers were compelled to drag their pieces, it had not yet arrived, and he had nothing but his naked horsemen, with which to resist the onset. Compelled to fall back, he let the heroic column march forward; but, enraged to see his enemy thus escape his grasp, he fell on their flanks and rear with such fury that the last square gave way, and were cut to pieces. He rode like a demon through their broken ranks, and sabred down two battalions—took ten entire regiments prisoners, and, following up his success, continued the work of carnage till ten o'clock at night, when he drew off his troops.

Through all this melancholy struggle—in this last convulsive throe of the empire, he exhibited his noblest qualities, and, finally, at Craon, fell, severely wounded.

On the abdication of Napoleon, Louis XVIII. allowed him to retain his titles and rank. He, however, appointed the Duke of Berri to the command of the chasseurs in his place, which so exasperated him that his after allegiance was but ungraciously kept. The monarch, however, made him knight, and afterward commander of the order of St. Louis: still, on Napoleon's return from Elba, he hastened to give in his adherence, and was immediately entrusted with the command of three military divisions, and appointed governor of Lyons. On his arrival in the city, he issued a proclamation in favor of Napoleon, calling on the National Guard to rally around their old emperor. For his zeal

and energy he was made marshal of the empire. This long-withheld honor was never deserved, for Grouchy, with all his bravery, did not possess the qualities belonging to a great commander.

In his new capacity, he soon after accompanied Napoleon to Belgium. He commanded the right wing at the battle of Ligny, in which Blucher was defeated, and was left with thirty-five thousand men to watch his movements, while Napoleon should attack the English at Waterloo. Stationed at Wavres, his orders were explicit and simple, namely, to prevent Blucher from succoring Wellington; but he failed to perform them, and Napoleon lost the battle. There has been a vast deal written about the management of Grouchy on this day, and more uncertainty than really exists thrown over the whole affair by English writers, in endeavoring to prove that Wellington did not owe his success to an accident. The French, on the other hand, have accused him of treachery: but the truth is, he designed to do his duty—for, fighting as he did, with a rope round his neck, he was not likely to put it purposely in the hands of his enemies. Still he failed egregiously: he was to keep watch of Blucher, and yet Blucher marched on Waterloo without his knowledge. The latter was a defeated general, and yet he carried heavy reinforcements to Wellington, while Grouchy did not send a man to Napoleon. Both heard the tremendous cannonading that told where the great struggle was going on and one hastened to turn the scale of victory, while the other remained at his post. Even if Blucher had not stirred, if Grouchy had been an able general he would have despatched some divisions to the field of battle, while, with the remainder, he kept the Prussians at bay. The Prussian general did this, and in it show

ed his ability as a commander. But if he had failed in this stroke of policy, he should never have allowed the very army he was appointed to watch to march away from him unmolested. The only excuse for him is, he obeyed orders. But he did *not* obey orders. It is mis erable shuffling to declare he obeyed implicitly the directions given him, because he continued his manœuvres at Wavres, when the only person they were designed to effect had departed for Waterloo. English writers would have us believe Grouchy acted the part of a faithful officer, simply because he staid where he was placed. A thousand changes are rung on the words, "he obeyed orders." By this mode of construction, he would have been an equally faithful officer—performed his duty just as fully, had he quietly bivouacked his army at Wavres, while the Prussian columns, one and all, were marching to join Wellington. He should not have stirred though he had been left without an enemy to oppose him, unless he had received *orders* to move. It would be equally unreasonable to say that his duty required him to stay at Wavres when the hostile army had *all* gone, as to declare he performed it in remaining, when forty or fifty thousand had left. He was not wanted there if he could not keep Blucher from forming a junction with Wellington; and to remain was simply to carry out the *letter* of his orders, and neglect entirely their *spirit*. The generals under him knew their duty better, and besought him to let them march their divisions to the spot where the heavy and incessant thunder of cannon told that the decisive battle was passing; but he refused his permission. *They* did not wish for orders, for they knew if Bonaparte was acquainted with the state of affairs, they would be given soon enough. There is one thing however

which needs clearing up. Napoleon declared, when a prisoner at St. Helena, that he despatched an order to Grouchy the night before the battle, to occupy a defile which would have obstructed the march of Blucher on Waterloo, which order Grouchy asserts he never received. In speaking of it, Napoleon remarked that he must have had some traitor in his staff, and it is very probable this was the case, and Blucher, and not Grouchy, received the important tidings he had sent. But even if this were so, still he showed great weakness of character in the course he adopted. The truth is, he was not an able officer. A brave fighter and a good general when acting under immediate orders, he was not equal to a separate command, and never would have been entrusted with the great interests he was, had the marshals who had grown up around Napoleon been with him in this last struggle.

Nothing can show the imbecility of Grouchy, more than a remark he once made at a dinner-table in New York city, in company with several exiled French generals. In speaking of their old campaigns, one of the generals turned to Grouchy and said, "How is it, Marshal Grouchy, that you did not, when you heard the heavy cannonading at Waterloo, leave Blucher, and march thither?" "Why," replied the other, "you see if I had, Blucher *might have marched on Paris.*" The idea of Blucher's marching on Paris, with Napoleon at his back, was too ludicrous even for the politeness of Grouchy's friends, and they could not refrain a smile at the reply. General Vandamme, who was present at the table, immediately said, "I wanted to go with my division, but Grouchy would not let me, and when I insisted, he threatened to treat me as an insubordinate officer."

Grouchy wanted the energy and self-reliance of a strong character—there was a lightness and frivolity about him, incompatible with a vigorous mind. He lacked judgment entirely, and though his charge was brilliant, his comprehension was anything but clear. He failed miserably, fatally failed at Waterloo, but he was not guilty of treachery. The only charge that can be brought against him is that of incapacity. He failed through weakness, not from design—but what a failure it was. The destiny of Europe hung on the feeble intellect of a single man, and his sluggish arm in its tardy movements, swept crowns and thrones before it, overturned one of the mightiest spirits the world ever nurtured, and set back the day of Europe's final emancipation half a century. It is painful to see how the plans of the loftiest mind, its best combinations, and the hopes of an entire nation, are sometimes, from circumstances, made to hinge on the determination of one weak or careless man.

After the defeat at Waterloo, Grouchy retreated to Laon, where he arrived with thirty-two thousand men and over a hundred cannon. On the second abdication of Napoleon he came to the United States and remained here several years. Being at length allowed to return, he was restored to his rank, and given a seat in the Chamber of Peers. He is still living, though at the advanced age of eighty.

It is a little singular, that the two generals who inflicted the greatest disasters on Napoleon, were both of noble parentage. Nearly every marshal was born of poor parents, and rose from the ranks, except Marmont and Grouchy—and the former hurled him from his throne at Paris, and the latter at Waterloo.

XXIV.

MARSHAL NEY.

His Early Life—Taking of Manheim—His Character—Bravery at Jena—Awful Retreat of the Grand Army from Russia—Ney commands the Rear Guard—Battle of Waterloo—Charge of the Old Guard—His Death.

Michael Ney was born in 1770, in the town of Sarre Louis. He was the son of a cooper, and at the age of thirteen became notary of the village. But the stirring events passing around him inflamed his youthful imagination, and four years after, he entered the army as a hussar, and commenced his military career.

I do not design to follow him through all his history, but shall select out those acts which illustrate the great and striking qualities he possessed. His air and bearing stamped him, at an early age, as a soldier, and made him from the first a great favorite in his corps. Being selected by his regiment to challenge the fencing-master of another, for some real or supposed insult, he gladly undertook the commission. The day was appointed to settle the difficulty, and the combatants met; but just as they crossed their sabres, they were arrested by their respective officers and thrown into prison. As soon, however, as young Ney was released, he renewed the quarrel, and having met his antagonist in a secret place, where they would not be disturbed, fought and wounded him in the hand, so that he was unable to

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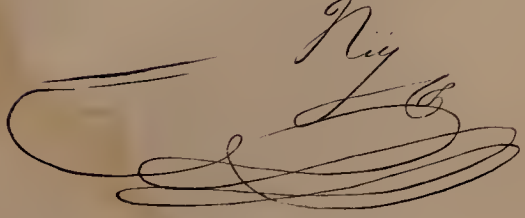

practice his profession, and was consequently reduced to poverty. But Ney did not forget him in the day of his greatness, and settled on the poor fencing-master a pension for life. In 1793 he was promoted for his bravery and skill, and the next year, being then twenty-four years of age, was presented with a company. General Kleber having noticed his admirable qualities, placed him at the head of a corps composed of five hundred partisans, who received no pay and lived on plunder. It was their duty to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and cut off their convoys, which exposed them to many hair-breadth escapes, and fierce encounters. Young Ney being resolved on promotion, brought to this perilous service all his mental and physical powers. His iron will seemed to compensate for the loss of sleep, and food, and rest. Daunted by no danger, exhausted by no toil, caught by no stratagem, he acquired at the head of this bold band of warriors the title of the "Indefatigable." Three years after he found occasion to distinguish himself in the engagements of Dierdorf, Altenkirchen, and Montabour. With one hundred cavalry he took two thousand prisoners and obtained possession of Wurtzburg. He led two columns straight into the river, and forcing the opposite banks, though lined with cannon, made himself master of Forsheim.

For these exploits he was appointed general of a brigade. At the battle of Neuwied he had command of the cavalry, and in a furious charge passed entirely through the Austrian lines; but being surrounded by a superior force he was compelled to retreat. The enemy, however, closed on him with such numbers and impetuosity, that his ranks were broken through, and he and his steed overthrown together. While he lay entangled under his horse, six dragoons made at him,

against whom he defended himself with his usual dar ing, and finally sprung to his feet, and laid about with his sabre till it snapped in two, leaving but the stump in his hand. With this he continued to keep his astonished antagonists at bay, till a company of thirty horsemen came up, who succeeded in capturing him. Taken to head quarters, he was one day strolling through the camp, when he saw several officers standing round his good battle steed, admiring his fine proportions and high spirit, yet utterly unable to manage him. The moment one undertook to mount his back, he reared and plunged so wildly, that the venturesome rider was glad to find himself safe on the ground again. Ney stepped up, and remarking that they did not know how to manage his horse, politely asked permission to mount him. It being given, he vaulted to the saddle, when the noble animal, conscious of bearing his master, stepped proudly away. After making one or two circular sweeps, he darted off in a straight line, and stretched across the plain in a gallop that outstripped the wind. As he continued to flee on in that headlong speed, they began to fear he would attempt to escape, and immediately mounted in pursuit, when Ney wheeled, and with a smile rode back to his captors.

Having been liberated by exchange, he was raised to the rank of general of division. For awhile, after the peace of Leoben, he remained in Paris, but the commencement of hostilities in 1799, found him again in the field of battle, struggling with the allied forces on the banks of the Rhine. Here occurred one of those adventures that belong rather to the period of romance, than to the practical history of our times. The Rhine flowed between him and the city of Manheim, which was strongly garrisoned and filled with

stores of every kind. It was a matter of much discussion how this key of Germany should be captured, and the generals of the army met in frequent consultation on the proper mode of attacking it. Ney, in the mean time, thinking it could be better taken by surprise, resolved to visit it in disguise and ascertain its weak points: so, one evening assuming the garb of a peasant, he entered the city, and, after satisfying himself as to the best plan of attack, returned. Selecting a hundred and fifty brave men, he recrossed the river at eight in the evening, and at eleven made a furious assault on the outposts. A portion of the garrison having made a sally, he repulsed them, and following hard after the fugitives, entered the town with them, and after a short but desperate engagement captured it. This fixed his rising fame. Soon after, at Worms, and Frankenthal, and Frankfort, and Stuttgard, and Zurich, he maintained the character he had gained.

In 1802 he returned to Paris, as inspector-general of cavalry, and there married Mademoiselle Augnè, an intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais. Bonaparte presented him at the nuptials with a magnificent Egyptian sabre, which eventually cost the bold marshal his life. In 1803, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary into Switzerland, where he exhibited those higher qualities of justice and kindness so uniformly, that the Swiss Cantons presented him with a medal on his departure. The next year Bonaparte made him a marshal. The year following this, he was created Duke of Elchingen, in honor of the battle he there fought. In this engagement he exposed himself so recklessly, that Jomini says of him, "he seemed to court death." Dressed in full uniform, he marched at the head of his division along streets completely swept by grape-shot; and though

constantly surrounded by fire and enveloped in the blaze of batteries, he unaccountably escaped death. In the campaigns of 1806–7, he reached the height of his fame and power, and ever after Bonaparte regarded him as one of the strongest pillars of his throne. In 1808 he joined the army in Spain, where he remained till called to take part in the expedition to Russia. After the failure of this, he fought at Bautzen, Dresden, and Leipsic, and on the soil of France, in almost every great battle with his accustomed bravery, nobly struggling to the last to save his country from the feet of invaders—and at Waterloo delivered his last stroke for the empire.

The three distinguished characteristics of Ney were great personal bravery—almost unparalleled coolness in the hour of peril, and an excellent judgment. In the first two, all writers are agreed, while the last is not generally conceded to him. No man dare deny he was brave, for there can be no appeal from the decision of an army of heroes, who named him "bravest of the brave." Such a distinction among the men and in the times he lived, was not won by ordinary actions. In an army where Davoust, Junot, Macdonald, Murat, and Lannes commanded, to be crowned "bravest of the brave," was the highest honor a military chieftain could desire. Napoleon when at St. Helena said, "*Ney was the bravest man I ever saw.*" But his courage was not the rashness of headlong excitement, like that of Junot and Murat. The enthusiasm born in the hour of battle amid the tossing of plumes, the trampling of the host, the shout of trumpets and roar of cannon, has always been found sufficient to hurl man into any scene of horror or of peril. Junot could cooly sit and write to Bonaparte's dictation, while the shot whistled around

him, and laughingly shake the paper as a cannon-ball plowing past him threw the dirt over it, with the exclamation—"This is lucky, I shall have no need of sand." Murat could ride on his magnificent steed up to a whole company of Cossacks, and disperse them by a single wave of the hand. Lannes could forage like a lion mid the foe at Montibello, while the cannon shot wasted so awfully around him, that he himself said afterwards, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like hail-stones against a window." Yet each of these was but one among a thousand heroic acts, and gained for their authors no such title as that given to Ney. There was a reason for this. Theirs was a heroism called forth by sudden emergencies, such as the commonest soldier often exhibits in the heat of battle. Ney's courage was something more and greater: it dared just as much without the least apparent excitement. His thoughts were just as clear, and his eye as quiet amid the falling ranks, as if he were standing on some far observatory and looking over the scene of slaughter. He would sit almost within the blaze of two hundred cannon, and while his horses were sinking under him, and whole companies melting like frost-work before his eyes, give orders as calmly as though manœuvering at a grand review. It was his wonderful, almost *marble calmness* in the most sudden, and extremest danger, that struck even heroes with astonishment. He would stand within musket-shot of a most terrific and hotly worked battery, and while the storm of bullets swept where he stood, eye all its operations, and scan its assailable points with imperturbable quietness. The fierce shock of cavalry, and the steady charge of English bayonets, could not for one moment divert his gaze, or disturb the clear and natural operations of his mind

The alarming cry through his own rank, "*Sauve qui peut*," or the full belief that all was lost, could not shake his steadiness. One would have thought him an iron man, and incapable of excitement, had they not seen him in a desperate charge. Then his eye glanced like an eagle's, and with his form towering amid the smoke of battle and flash of sabres, he seemed an embodied hurricane sweeping over the field. Much of this doubtless was constitutional, and much was owing to his wonderful power of mental concentration. He could literally shut up his mind to the one object he had in view. The overthrow of the enemy absorbed every thought within him, and he had none to give to danger or to death. Where he placed his mind he held it, and not all the uproar and confusion of battle could divert it. He would not *allow* himself to see anything else, and hence he was almost as insensible to the danger around him, as a deaf and dumb and blind man would have been. He himself once expressed the true secret of his calmness, when, after one of these exhibitions of composure, amid the most horrid carnage, one of his officers asking him if he *never* felt fear, he replied, "*I never had time.*" This was another way of saying that fear and danger had nothing to do with the object before him, and therefore he would not suffer his thoughts to rest on them for a single moment. It would not require much "*time*," one would think, to see the danger of marching straight into the flash of a hundred cannon, or to feel a thrill of terror, as the last discharge left him almost alone, amid his dead and dying guard. But he had trained his mind not to see these things for the time being. This devotion and concentration of all his powers to a single object, gave him great advantage in moments of peril, and when the fate of a battle

was turning on a single thought. Where other men would become confused in the confusion around them, he remained clear as ever, and was able frequently to redeem every thing, when every thing seemed lost.

His tenacity of will was equal to his bravery. *He would not be beat*, and in the last extremity, rallied like a dying man for a final blow, then planted it where the clearest practical wisdom would have done. He disputed every inch he yielded, as if it were his last hope, and fought on the threshold of the next as if that were but the commencement of the struggle. So, in encountering obstacles in the execution of any plan he had formed, he would scarcely admit their existence, and seemed to think he could wring the decree against him out of the iron hand of fate itself. These qualities rendered him an invaluable ally to Bonaparte in his great battles. Standing in his observatory, and looking over the conflict, Napoleon often saw where the whole issue turned on a single point. Such a column *must* be shaken—such a place in the lines broken, or a certain battery carried, or the day was lost. On such missions he would send Ney, knowing if human skill and valor could avail, it would be done; and when he saw him start with his column and move down towards the spot where the fate of the battle was vibrating, his countenance always wore a complacent look. Again and again did he fling his crown and France into his keeping, and that of his legions, and almost without fear, see them borne on into the smoke of battle. The bold marshal never disappointed him, and it was for this reason Bonaparte placed his throne and empire into his hands, and saw them both go down in the last charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo. Even here Ney would

have saved his master, if bravery and devotion could have done it.

During the whole campaign of 1806–7, Ney moves before us as some hero of former ages. At Jena, borne on by his impetuous courage, he charged and took a battery, and the next instant found himself surrounded by an army that no other man would have thought of resisting. But though hemmed in, and apparently overwhelmed, he immediately formed his men into squares; and kept up such a rolling, devouring fire, on every side, that the crowding ranks fell by hundreds at every discharge. Bonaparte, seeing the imminent peril of his brave marshal, detached Bertrand with several regiments of horse to his relief. No sooner was he extricated, than he unrolled his men again into column, and with a firm and rapid step ascended the hill on which Vierzhen Heiligen stood, and after a fierce conflict, took it. This was the centre of the enemy's position, and Napoleon saw from a distance with delight his favorite marshal in the very heart of the Prussian lines. Repulsing for awhile with prodigious slaughter every attempt of the enemy to regain it, he again unrolled his squares into column, and marched through a most scourging fire, straight on the Prussian right. The tempest of musketry and grape through which he advanced, drove like a storm of sleet in the face of his men; but nothing could resist the impetuous charge, and the right line of the allies was swept away. Around the wall of Erfurt and Magdeburg—crossing the Vistula—at the terrible battle of Soldau—annihilating a Russian corps at Deppen, at Gustadt and Amskerdorff—he is the same calm, determined, and terrible man.

In the picture the imagination draws of the battle of

Friedland, Ney always occupies the foreground. There the tried veteran was appointed to commence the action The engagements with detached corps had ceased, and both armies were drawn up in battle array. For several hours there had been no firing, and it being now four o'clock, the Russian general supposed there would be no engagement till morning. But at five o'clock the sudden discharge of twenty cannon from the French centre, the signal of attack, announced to the Russian army that the day was to end in blood. The troops were ordered to stand to their arms, and the next moment the head of Ney's mighty column was seen to emerge from a wood behind Posthenen and stretch itself, in a huge black line, into the open field. In close array and quick time it moved straight upon Friedland. The sun was stooping to the western horizon, as if hasting from the scene of carnage about to open, yet his departing light gave new splendor to the magnificent array. A forest of glittering steel seemed moving over the field, while from the steeples and towers of Friedland, the countless thousands of those that still remained in the wood were visible. But all eyes were directed on Ney and his magnificent column, that, crossing the field at a rapid step, scattered like a whirlwind everything that opposed their progress. Whole regiments of cavalry and Cossacks, the chasseurs of the guard, militia and all, went down, or were driven before its tide-like movement. On every side were seen flying horsemen and scattered infantry. The other division now advanced to the attack, but the victory seemed about to be won by Ney alone, for he was close upon Friedland, and a shout rolling along the whole column and heard above the roar of battle, announced that the town was

about to be carried by assault. But just at this crisis the Russian Imperial Guard was ordered to advance. With fixed bayonets, this mass of living valor hurled itself on its adversary. The head of Ney's column went down before the charge, and the whole body was rolled back over the field. But falling on Victor's corps rapidly advancing to sustain him, he rallied his broken ranks and again pressed to the assault. Friedland was carried after an obstinate resistance and immense slaughter, and soon the bridges in the rear over the Alle were in flames. The smoke rolled over the field of battle like that of a burning forest—the sun went down in gloom, the dead lay piled over the ground, and Ney had made Bonaparte again conqueror by his indomitable valor.

Napoleon's confidence in him was almost unbounded. During the battle of Bautzen he lay on the ground, sheltered by a height in front of the town, at his breakfast, when suddenly he heard the sound of Ney's guns thundering on the left. At the same instant a bomb burst over his head. Without noticing the bursting shell, he sat down and wrote to Marie Louise that the victory was gained. He waited only to learn that Ney was where the crisis turned, to be sure of victory.

Yet the latter has been often accused of wanting generalship. Mr. Alison makes him a brave man and no more. This decision is based on a single declaration of Bonaparte,—speaking once of Ney, he said "he was the bravest of men ; there terminated all his faculties." But this disparagement of Ney was doubtless made, after contemplating some failure in which the marshal was implicated. The whole history of Bonaparte's career—the confidence he every

where reposed in Ney's skill as well as bravery, pronounce this declaration false; while the manner in which the latter managed the rear guard in that unparalleled retreat of the grand army from Russia, shows the injustice of the declaration in every way. Something more than bravery was needed to cover the retreat of the French there, and Bonaparte knew it. He never placed Ney at the head of the army in invading Russia, and in the rear when retreating from it, simply because he was a *brave* man. His actions and statements here contradict each other, and the former is more likely to be honest than the latter. The two great and ruinous errors of Bonaparte's ambitious career would have been prevented had he listened to Ney's counsel. The conquest of Spain brought nothing but disaster, and the invasion of Russia overturned his throne. Against both these Ney urged his strenuous remonstrance as long as it seemed of any avail, and then did his utmost to prevent the ruin he knew must follow. One day at Madrid Napoleon entered the room where Ney and several officers were standing, and said in great glee, "Everything goes on well; Romana will be reduced in a fortnight; the English are defeated and will be unable to advance; in three months the war will be finished." The officers to whom this was addressed made no reply; but Ney, shaking his head, said, with his characteristic bluntness, "Sire, this war has lasted long already, and our affairs are not improved. These people are obstinate, even their women and children fight; they massacre our men in detail. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces, to-morrow we have to oppose another twice as numerous. It is not an army we have to fight, it is a whole nation; I see no end to this business." Bonaparte followed his own inclinations and was eventually de

feated. Ney saw the difference between conquering an army and a people. Though engaged in no general battle while in Spain, he exhibited his wonted skill and bravery in Austria.

But it is in the Russian campaign that he displayed his greatest qualities as a commander. The history of the Grand Army in its invasion of Russia and retreat from it, combines more of glory and of gloom than anything of its kind in the annals of man. The contrast between that army of nearly half a million of men, crossing the Niemen in the presence of Napoleon, as he sat in his tower, and saw those glorious legions move in beautiful order and high spirits before him; and the remnant of that scattered army in rags, wan and ghastly, staggering like a band of spectres over that same river, always fills one with the profoundest melancholy. At Smolensko, Ney made a last effort to dissuade the Emperor from passing into Russia so late in the season. But neither he nor the other generals that formed his council could divert his purpose. The battles of Valentina and Krasnoi soon followed, and last of all came Borodino, in which Ney "outdid himself," and earned the title Napoleon gave him on the spot of "Prince of Moskwa."

At the commencement of that action Bonaparte kept Ney close beside him, and would not for a long time allow him to take part in the conflict. There they stood within hailing distance of each other, and gazed on the battle that raged on the right. At length the former called Ney to him and gave his last orders. The trumpets sounded, the drums beat their hurried charge, and Ney with his three divisions hurled himself on the foe. The enemy's artillery swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, and it seemed impossible that a body of men

could stand there a single moment. But with a firm and rapid step that unflinching column moved forward, till it at length entered the storm of grape-shot, when the head of it sunk down and disappeared like snow when it meets the stream. Yet Ney still moved unhurt at its head, and without faltering a moment, led the remnant straight through the destructive fire, up to the very intrenchments, and carried them. Then commenced that terrific struggle for the heights of Demenowskoie. Davoust and Ney strove together with more than human valor to gain the eminence. After four hours of steady, unparalleled effort against superior force, and in the midst of incessant discharges of artillery, Ney sent to Bonaparte for help. The Young Guard and the reserved cavalry were ordered down, though they still, at the command of Napoleon, remained idle spectators of the fight, while he directed four hundred cannon on the redoubt. Under cover of this terrible fire, the intrepid columns moved to the assault. The Russian artillery from the batteries stretched whole battalions on the field at every discharge. But it was all in vain. The rent columns closed again as before, "each treading where his comrade stood," and pressed on like the in-rolling wave of the sea. Finding the French were gaining ground, the Russian commander ordered his whole left wing to leave the intrenchments and meet the French in the plain below. The shock was awful. Eighty thousand men were crowded into a small space, and for more than an hour raged against each other in all the ferocity of war, while seven hundred pieces of cannon played incessantly upon the dense masses of living flesh. Ney moved amid this wild storm calm and collected, though heated by the battle, like some terrible spirit of the fight. His uniform riddled

with balls, and his face begrimed with powder and smoke, he still, with his clear clarion voice, cheered on his troops, and by his cool bravery held his exhausted men to the encounter with a tenacity that could not be overcome, and which saved Bonaparte that day from a ruinous defeat.

Napoleon often gazed with astonishment on the movements of his favorite marshal. The quiet determination with which he set out to execute the most hopeless order—the progress he would make against the most desperate odds, and the victory he would wring from defeat itself, brought even from him bursts of admiration.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

The blazing towers of Moscow, the turning point of Napoleon's invasion and his fortune, had scarcely crumbled to ashes before the fated army turned their faces homeward. One would like to be made acquainted with the conversations of Ney and the other marshals as they sat together in the Kremlin, and talked over the disastrous issue they had met, and the only way of escape from total annihilation. The fiery and impetuous harangues of some, and the blunt characteristic replies of others, while the crackling of the flames and the falling of columns and walls without were borne to their ears, must have been in the highest degree dramatic. From the heap of ruins and from the solitude which was more prophetic than the uproar of the storm, the Grand Army commenced its retreat. A hundred and fifty thousand men and fifty thousand horses, with nearly six hundred pieces of cannon, march

ed in separate columns over the open country, while behind in three separate files—stretching away till they were lost in the distance—followed forty thousand stragglers, with an endless train of carriages and wagons, loaded with the rich booty of the capital, and surmounted by countless standards, and the cross of Ivan the Great. Multitudes of women were mingled in this confused throng, and among them Russian girls, who were willing captives. Thus this mighty caravan dragged its slow length along, gradually diminishing, day after day, under the fatiguing march and increasing cold, strewing the roads with the costliest furs, and stuffs of the East, together with wagons and carriages.

At length, fighting its way, the army approached the field of Borodino, on which, nearly two months before, that "Battle of Giants" had been fought. As the column slowly toiled on, they came upon heaps of human skeletons, and corpses half devoured. Thirty thousand mutilated forms covered the plain, and amid them deserted drums, broken helmets, shattered wagons, gun-stocks, and fragments of uniforms, and torn and bloody standards sweeping the ground over which they lately floated in pride. The earth was all furrowed up, and desolation and gloom reigned over the scene. The height, on which stood the great redoubt, where the heat of the conflict had been, was white with skeletons that lay unburied where they fell. The field seemed a great cemetery which an earthquake had suddenly rent asunder,—emptying all its inmates upon the surface. Oh! it was a melancholy spectacle—that sad and dispirited throng treading amid the wreck and skeletons of a dead army.

At Wiazma Ney was appointed to relieve Davoust, and with his corps cover the retreat. In this act Na-

poleon utters more distinctly his opinion of that Marshal's generalship than language *can* do. The whole history of Ney's conduct during that memorable retreat seems to belong rather to some hero of romance than an actual man. The wonderful details appear incredible, and would not be believed if the evidence was not incontestible. With a mere handful of men he placed himself between the French and Russian armies, and by his marvellous exertion, desperate valor, and exhaustless ingenuity, saved a portion of that host which would otherwise have been totally annihilated. That retreat alone would make him immortal. With all the fault found with his generalship, there was not a commander among either the French or allied forces during the whole war, that ever did or ever could accomplish what Ney performed in that memorable flight. Had he fallen Bonaparte would probably have fallen also, and the former *really* saved the army, which the latter without him never could have done. Without provisions, almost without arms, he battled the well-tried and countless legions of Russia back from his Emperor: and over the wintry fields of snow and amid the driving storm, with a heart untamed and a will unsubdued, he hovered like a protecting spirit around the divided and flying ranks of his countrymen. The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snow-drifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army struggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns.

while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked cold and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet-note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions.

On the rear of such an army, and in sight of such horrors, did Ney combat. Nothing but a spirit unconquerable as fate itself could have sustained him, or kept alive the flagging courage of his troops. Stumbling every moment over the dead bodies of their comrades who had marched but a few hours in advance of them, thousands threw away their arms in despair, and wandered off into the wilderness to die with cold, or be slain by the Cossacks. Yet Ney kept a firm band around him that all the power of Russia could not conquer. Now ordering his march with the skill of a general, and now with musket in hand fighting like a common soldier, the moral force of his example accomplished what authority alone never could have done. At length the brave and heroic commander seemed to have reached the crisis of his fate, and there appeared no escape from the doom that hung over him. The Russians had finally placed themselves between the French army and that rear guard, now dwindled to a few thousand. Ignorant of his danger, Ney was leading his columns through a dense fog to the banks of the Lossmina, on which were strewed the dead bodies of his countrymen, when a battery of forty cannon suddenly poured a destructive storm of grape-shot into the very heart of his ranks. The next moment the heights before him and

on either side appeared lined with dense masses of infantry and artillery. Ney had done all that man could do, and here his career seemed about to close. He was ordered to capitulate. He replied, "A Marshal of France never surrenders," and closing his column marched straight upon the batteries. Vain valor. His noble and devoted followers proved themselves worthy of their heroic leader, but after a loss of half their number they were compelled to retire. Finding the army gradually extending itself on every side to hem him in, he returned back towards Smolensko.

He had left this city on the 17th of November, supposing that Davoust was to sustain him; but he soon found that he must fight his way alone to the army. Despair then seized every heart, and a fathomless abyss yawned beneath that lone Rear Guard; and all discipline would have been lost, but for the sway which the lofty mind, rather than outward command, of Ney held over his troops. His kindness to the sufferers, and his care for the wounded, and the great generosity and self-denial he exhibited, were more potent than discipline to bind his devoted band to him. As they left the gates of Smolensko, a French mother finding she had not room in her sledge for her infant child, cast it from her into the snow in spite of its piercing cries and pleading tones. Ney, touched by the spectacle, lifted up the infant himself, and replaced it on the mother's breast, bidding her cherish and protect it. Again did she cast it away, and again did he carry it in his own brave arms back to her—and though the mother was finally left to die on the frozen ground, that tender infant survived all the horrors of the retreat, and lived to see France. What an eulogy on this man of steel was this single act! With destruction staring him and his army in

the face, he, though hardened in a hundred battles, and called "the bravest of the brave," could forget his own dangers and duties in the efforts to save the life of a single infant. Countless acts of this kind showing that in that fearless heart dwelt the kindliest sympathies of our nature, created a bond of affection between him and the meanest soldier, and enhanced ten-fold their awe of him when he moved in such terrible strength through the carnage of battle.

Pressing eagerly on, Ney and his six thousand men came upon Krasnoi, where Napoleon had struggled so nobly to save Davoust. Ignorant of the battle that had been fought there, the soldiers still knew its whole history;—for by the caps lying amid the corpses, and the uniform scattered here and there over the frosty ground, they could pick out even the regiments that had suffered most. Hurrying over this sad field where they stumbled every moment over their unburied comrades and horses lying still alive in their harness, amid broken muskets, and helmets, and dismounted cannon—kicking up along every ravine where the snow had drifted, these horrid relics as they marched forward, they came at length to the Lossmina.

It was back over such a road that Ney, after his repulse, ordered his soldiers to march. They stood and gazed in amazement at him, as if they could not have heard aright, and then wondering, as they afterwards said, at their own submission, quietly obeyed him. It was a dark and cold night—a night of sixteen hours in length, when the shattered and bleeding column began its retreat, and retrod the battle-field over which it had marched with shuddering only a short time before. At length coming to a ravine, Ney halted and ordered the snow to be cleared away, thinking there must be a stream

beneath leading to the Dnieper. The men soon came to ice, when the Marshal taking out his map and looking at it for a moment, ordered the army to keep along the ravine. After proceeding a short distance, he directed the fires to be kindled as if he intended to bivouac for the night in order to deceive the enemy. As the lights blazed upon the darkness, the Russians fired off their cannon in joy, for their foes now seemed within their grasp. Ney listened a moment to the sullen echo, thinking at first that Davoust had come; but the next moment, understanding the language it spoke, "he swore he would give the lie to their joy," and immediately recommenced his march. In the hurry and darkness, many, who from wounds and exhaustion, lagged behind, wandered out of the way, as the column, without the sound of a drum or trumpet, swept silently and swiftly across the fields; so that when he reached the Dnieper, Ney saw that but a part of his followers had arrived.

As good fortune, or rather kind heaven above, ordained it, the river where they struck it was frozen across, while above and below the ice was all afloat. Still this narrow bridge was weak, and would bear only one at a time, and the position of Ney was perilous in the extreme.

To save himself and his army no time was to be lost, for not only were forty thousand men in his rear, but the ice was gradually giving way. But here he again exhibited that greatness of heart which honors him more than his bravery, and makes our love for him exceed even our admiration—for, having arranged his fragment of an army so as to march over the ice at a moment's warning, he waited *three hours* before crossing, to allow the weak and wounded stragglers to come in. Pressed by the most appalling dangers, he still yielded to the dic

tates of mercy: and there on the banks of the frozen river and during this time of intense anxiety, with the ice melting before him, did this strange, indomitable man lie down with his cloak around him, and sleep.

Bonaparte, far in advance, struggling forward on foot with a birch stick in his hand to keep him from falling on the ice—surrounded by his few exhausted yet faithful followers, was pressed with anxiety for the fate of Ney—his now last remaining hope. As he strode on over the desolate track, he was heard continually murmuring to himself,—and "Ney, Ney," almost momentarily escaped from his lips, accompanied with passionate exclamations of grief.

But the marshal, of whom he had heard nothing for so long a time, had crossed the Dnieper with his three thousand men, although he had left in its frozen current scores under whose feet the treacherous ice had given way. Still there was a wilderness between him and his Emperor, and that wilderness was filled with Cossacks. For sixty miles he struggled on with his weary columns amid six thousand of these wild warriors—standing in order of battle by day, and marching through the deep snow by night. At one time they got in advance of him, and fell unexpectedly upon his advanced posts, which were immediately driven in, and all was given up as lost. But Ney ordered the trumpets to sound the charge, and with the cheering words, "Comrades, now is the moment; forward, they are ours," rallied their courage to the assault, and the Cossacks fled. Thinking their general saw what they did not see, and that their enemy were cut off, the soldiers pressed forward where otherwise they would have yielded. At length with only *fifteen hundred* men out of the forty thousand with which he had started, he ap-

proached Orcha, and sent forward fifty horsemen to ask for help. Davoust, Eugene, and Mortier, were there, and had just got their soldiers nicely quartered for the night—the first night the poor fellows had had a house to shelter them, or sufficient food to eat—when these horsemen galloped into the village. But as soon as it was known that Ney was near, asking assistance, the brave men turned cheerfully out into the cold, while Eugene and Mortier disputed the honor of going to his relief. Eugene carried it on the ground of superior rank, and at the head of four thousand men plunged into the deep snow, and marched six miles without getting any tidings of the fugitives. He then ordered a halt, and directed some cannon to be fired. Their thunder rolled away through the gloom, and when silence again fell on the illimitable snow-fields, there came the dull report of musketry on the air. Ney had no cannon with which to answer those of Eugene, and his reply was like his army, weak and languishing. Eugene however, heard it, and marching swiftly up, saw the black column of the brave marshal moving over the snow. Rushing up he clasped him in his arms, and wept like a child on his neck. Ney strained him to his manly bosom, and then began to sternly upbraid Davoust for thus endangering him, and through him the French army. The soldiers also threw themselves into each other's arms with the most enthusiastic exclamations, and with joy retraced their steps to Orcha. Arrived there, the provisions, and fire, and beds were cheerfully shared, and the tired armies, after recounting to each their toils and dangers, lay down to sleep in each other's embrace. Still Ney could not forgive Davoust, and when the latter attempted to make some explanation of his conduct, he only replied in a stern voice

"Monsieur le Marechal, I have no reproaches to make to you; God is our witness and your judge."

When Bonaparte heard of his arrival, he exclaimed, "I have three hundred millions in my coffers in the Tuilleries, I would willingly have given them to save Marshal Ney." Well he might, and half his empire with it, for without him he had been a throneless Emperor. The meeting of Bonaparte and this brave man shows the profound impression the conduct of the latter had made on him. As his eye fell on the worn, yet still proud, unconquerable veteran, he exclaimed, "What a man, what a soldier!" But words failed to express his admiration, and he clasped the stern warrior to his bosom and embraced him with all the rapture with which one hero embraces another.

But Ney's exhausting efforts were not yet over; Bonaparte dared not relieve him from the important and dangerous post he had filled with such honor, and another rear guard was put under his command. At the awful passage of the Beresina he again stood between the army and destruction, and while Victor on one side of the river, he on the other side—after Oudinot was wounded—kept back with a mere handful of men the Russian thousands. From this time on his duty became still more painful. At every step he came upon corpses—the whole country was covered with hillocks formed by the snow drifting over fallen soldiers, while the piercing cold, and gnawing hunger and fatigue, thinned his ranks with frightful rapidity. Even when the enemy kept at a distance, the work of mortality went on; and all along the edges of the column, men were seen staggering from the line of march, and with a groan, pitching into the snow-drifts. Others, unable to proceed, would sit down, and resting their chins on their clinched hands

gaze with a look of unutterable despair on their retiring comrades. Others still, would drop upon their knees, and with tears of real blood streaming from their inflamed eyes, rest a moment in that pleading attitude, and then fall on their hands, while the most pitiful sobs and moans would escape their breasts. Struggling still for life they remained a short time in this position, and then their heads would begin to sway backwards and forwards, and the next moment they lay stretched stark and stiff amid the snow, while the blinding storm rapidly wove their winding-sheet. When the weather cleared up it was so cold the very air seemed frozen, and the birds dropped dead from the trees, and then the benumbed and stiffened column would go staggering over the frosty fields in dead silence–the crackling of the snow crust and flakes of ice under their feet the only sounds that disturbed the solitude that surrounded them. At night the poor creatures would sit in circles all doubled up to retain the warmth of their bodies, and in the morning were stil seen in that attitude frozen stiff, and left thus by their retreating companions. The bivouacs could be traced through the wilderness by the circles of the dead that marked their locality. Some became delirious, and roamed about, howling and gnashing their teeth, or making the clear cold air ring with their demoniacal laughter. These, when a fire was built, would cast themselves frantically into the flames, and perish in horrible convulsions. Piteous moans, and prayers, and cries, arose on every side, as the frozen, bleeding column dragged its weary length over the icy plains; and hunger, and madness, and pain filled every heart. At the head of such an army, and in the midst of such difficulties was Ney compelled to struggle, and with such soldiers was he compelled to fight. But undaunted by

the dangers that surrounded him—unsubdued by the despair that rested on every face—gnawed himself by the pangs of hunger, and his limbs stiffened with the frost, he still endeavored to keep alive the courage of his men; and with his noble heart bleeding at the sights and the sounds he saw and heard, still spoke encouraging words of France and of safety. Now helping a poor wretch to his feet, and now fighting with his musket beside the dispirited soldiers, he shamed even despair, and made the dying give another effort, then bless him as they fell. None but a man of wonderful intellect could have held the moral power he did over soldiers in such calamities. There was a grandeur and nobleness in that character, which secured obedience long after bravery and authority were forgotten.

At length the scattered remnants of the French Legions reached the Niemen, the boundary of the Russian territory. Ney arrived destitute of troops—the rear guard had again melted away. Collecting in haste a few hundred men he found in the town (Wilna), he planted twenty-four cannon on the redoubts, and kept back the enemy all day, while the army was retiring. The next morning he continued his defence, but the soldiers, seeing their comrades bending their footsteps towards France, and away from the bullets of the Russians, began to follow after till he was left almost alone. Still true to his duty he continued to cover the retreat of the army he had so often saved. All had not yet passed the Niemen, and by dint of persuasion, and threats, and promises, he collected *thirty* men around him, and with musket in hand, defended with this handful the gate of Wilna. These too finally deserted him; and then he fought alone, slowly retiring through the streets with his face to the enemy, and crossing the

river, "*was the last of the Grand Army who left the Russian territory.*"

Gumbinnen was the first place in Germany, after passing the river, at which rest could be obtained. General Dumas, who was sick, had just entered the house of a French physician in this town, when a man accosted him whom he took to be a perfect stranger. His powerful form was wrapped in a large military cloak—his beard was long and untrimmed—his countenance begrimed with powder, and his whiskers half burned off, while his emaciated face spoke of toils and privations of no common magnitude. But his eye still burned with that lustre no one ever forgot who once saw it in battle. "What," said the stranger, "General Dumas, do you not know me?" "No," replied Dumas; "who are you?" "I am the rear guard of the Grand Army—Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket shot on the bridge of Kowno; I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms; and I have walked hither as you see me across the forests." He had done all that man could do—fought till his army was annihilated, then formed another—created means where they did not exist—sustained the sinking courage of his followers when all before him was blank and hopeless—struggled at last with a few hundred, and then thirty, and then alone, as rear guard of the army, and finally on foot and unattended, crossed the forests to join his companions.

After the abdication of Napoleon he lived in Paris in almost entire seclusion. Too rough for the polished society of the French capital, and too stern and grave to be dissipated, he dwelt by himself. His palace was elegantly furnished; and his wife, fond of gaiety and luxury, entertained her friends there, while he would be

dining by himself, musing over the stormy and adventurous life he had led. Sick of the inactive, monotonous life of the city, he retired to his country-seat, where, in the sports of the field, he could find some relief to his restlessness. It was here he received his unexpected order to join the Sixth Military Division. On arriving at Paris he learned to his astonishment that Bonaparte had left Elba, and was on his way to the capital.

Here occurs the only dark passage in his whole history. Bonaparte's star had apparently set for ever at his exile, and Ney did perfectly right to sustain the government of France; but he had no right to betray the trust his Monarch reposed in him, and go over with his army to the side of the invader. He, by this act became a traitor; but his treason had more excuses than the like crime ever had before. At first he regarded the descent of Napoleon on the shores of France as the most extravagant rashness, and designed, as he declared, to bring him a prisoner to Paris. But he had hardly set out on his expedition, before Bonaparte began to ply him with those arts he knew so well how to use. He had made Ney what he was, and he appealed to the gratitude of the noble-hearted veteran. He had stood by his side in the smoke and thunder of battle, and he recalled those scenes to his imagination. They had been warriors together in danger, and Bonaparte excited him with those recollections, so calculated to move a heart like his. He kept his emissaries constantly about him, representing to him the utter feebleness and imbecility of the Bourbon throne—he called him again the "Bravest of the Brave," and entreated him not to fight against his old companion in arms. At the same time he promised peace to France, and all that Ney could de-

sire. A plain blunt soldier—with a heart full of great affections for heroes like himself, what wonder is it that his constancy shook! Added to all this, the emissaries of Bonaparte had at length affected the fidelity of the army, and while Ney was wavering, his soldiers had already determined for Napoleon. He felt that he could not resist the tide if he would, while he evidently had lost all desire to do so. His act of treason has many palliations: still it was unworthy of him. If his old affection and gratitude were too strong to allow him to fight against his *former* monarch, his honor should have prevented him from fighting against his *new* one. He should have returned and resigned his command, and retired from the contest. He himself afterwards felt so. The excitement and enthusiasm under which he had acted had passed away, and he saw the transaction in a clear and just light. It weighed on his heart, and he grew melancholy and spiritless. He had lost his self-respect; and his honor, which he heretofore had kept bright as his sword, was tarnished. Kindly feelings had conquered him whom no enemy could subdue, and now the eye no danger could daunt or hardship dim, became dull and lustreless. That glorious forehead that had been the terror of so many hundred battles, had a spot upon it, and Ney felt feebler than in the hour of extremest peril. Remorse gnawed at his heart, and the feeling of personal dignity was gone for ever. He became morose and restless, and not until ordered by Bonaparte to Lille, "if he would see the first battle," did he evince any of his old fire.

This single fact is the best excuse that could be offered for him. It shows that, whatever his *act* may be, his *heart* was right. It was not deliberate treason, but the sudden impulse of a man too frequently governed by his

feelings. He afterwards doubtless hoped, in the excitement of battle, to rid himself of his remorse, and perhaps by his valor to wipe out the disgrace he had brought on his name.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

After the hundred days preparation, Napoleon advanced to the Low Countries, to meet the allies, again banded together for his overthrow. He attacked Blucher at Ligny, and defeated him,—and so hard pressed was this old veteran that he was overthrown, and lay entangled under his horse in the darkness, while the French cavalry passed twice over his body without observing him: he then extricated himself, and joining his troops retreated to Wavres. Ney had been less successful at Quatre Bras in his attack on Wellington, but he had retired in good order, and effected a junction with Napoleon, and the two together moved down on Waterloo, where the Duke had taken up his position—entirely separated from the Prussian army.

To understand the field of battle, imagine two slightly elevated semicircular ridges or rather slopes, a half-mile apart, curving gently forward, somewhat in the form of a parenthesis, and you have the position of the two armies. On the summit of one of these slopes was drawn up the French army, and on the other that of the English and allies. The night of the 17th of June was dark and stormy—the rain fell in torrents, and the two armies lay down in the tall rye drenched with rain, to wait the morning that was to decide the fate of Europe and of Napoleon. From the ball-room at Brussels many English officers had been summoned in haste to the field, and shivering and cold were compelled to pass

the night in mud and rain, in their elegant attire. The artillery had cut up the ground, so that the mud was ankle-deep, while the tall rye lay crushed and matted beneath the feet of the soldiers. The morning of the 18th opened with a drizzling rain, and the two armies, benumbed with cold and soaking wet, rose from their damp beds to the contest. Eighty thousand French soldiers were seen moving in close, massive columns on the crest of the height, as they took up their several positions for the day. After all was completed Bonaparte rode along the lines in the highest spirits, confident of success, and exclaiming, "now to breakfast," galloped away, while the shout "*vive l'Empereur!*" that rolled after him shook the field on which they stood, and fell with ominous tones on the allied army. Two hundred and sixty-two cannon lined the ridge like a wall of death, ready to open their fire on the enemy. At eleven o'clock the signal of attack was given, and the columns moved in beautiful order down the slope. Wellington's lines occupied two miles in extent, with the right resting on the Chateau Hougomont, which from the defences it furnished was equal to a redoubt. The centre was protected by a farm-house, La Haye Sainte, while the left stretched out into the open field. First, Jerome Bonaparte led a column of six thousand men down on Hougomont, who in the face of a most destructive fire pushed up to the very walls of the chateau, and thrust their bayonets through the door. But the Coldstream Guards held the court-yard with invincible obstinacy, and he was compelled at length to retire, after leaving 1400 men in a litt e orchard beside the walls, where it does not seem so many men could be laid. In a short time the battle became general along the whole line, and heroic deeds were performed on every rod of the contested

field. The heavy French cavalry came thundering down on the steady English squares, that had already been wasted by the heavy artillery, and strove with almost superhuman energy to break them. Driven to desperation by their repeatedly foiled attempts, they at length stopped their horses and cooly walked them round and round the squares, and whenever a man fell dashed in, in vain valor. Whole ranks went down like smitten grass before the headlong charges of cavalry and infantry. In the centre the conflict at length became awful, for there the crisis of the battle was fixed. Wellington stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with the cannon shot over head, and nearly his whole guard smitten down by his side, anxiously watching the progress of the fight. His brave squares, torn into fragments by bombs and ricochet shot, still refused to yield one foot of ground. Napoleon rode through his ranks, cheering on the exhausted columns of infantry and cavalry, that rent the heavens with the shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and dashed with unparalleled recklessness on the bayonets of the English.

The hero of Wagram, and Borodino, and Austerlitz, and Marengo, and Jena, enraged at the stubborn obstinacy of the British, rode over the field, and was still sure of victory. Wellington, seeing that he could not much longer sustain the desperate charges of the French battalions, wiped the sweat from his anxious forehead and exclaimed, "Oh, that Blucher or night would come!" Thus from eleven till four did the battle rage with sanguinary ferocity, and still around the centre it grew more awful every moment. The mangled cavalry staggered up to the exhausted British squares, which, though diminished and bleeding in every part, seemed rooted to the ground they stood upon. The he-

roic Picton had fallen at the head of his brigade, while his sword was flashing over his head. Ponsonby had gone down on the hard-fought field, and terror and slaughter were on every side;—still the charge of the French cavalry on the centre was terrific. Disregarding the close and murderous fire of the British batteries, they rode steadily forward till they came to the bayonet's point, and then firmly urged their horses' heads against the barrier, but in vain—pierced through, and broken, they were rolled back over the field, but rallied again and again to the charge, and prodigies of valor were wrought, and heroes fell at every discharge. The rent and trodden field ran blood, yet through the deep mud the determined foemen pressed on, while out of the smoke of every volley arose from the French lines the shout of "*Vive l' Empereur!*"

CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blucher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them seperately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which

were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the "bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l' Empereur!*" answered him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew that it was to be victory or annihilation.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paleing before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column,

and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rung on every side, "*la garde recule*," "*la garde recule*," make us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle, to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sunk to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink beneath him, till *five* had been shot down. Then, his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and metal into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the

artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not wholly withstand it. They reeled, shook, and staggered back. While in this state of confusion, and before they could fully rally again, a column of English infantry, advancing on the left flank, poured in their rapid and destructive vollies. The noble Guard, lifting heavily against the overwhelming masses, swerved one side to meet this new shock, when suddenly, with loud shouts, a brigade of cavalry broke upon the disordered right flank and rode straight through the shattered column. All now was confusion, and to the terrific shout, "THE GUARD RECOILS," "THE GUARD RECOILS," the mighty mass rolled down the slope. Ney was born back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone, and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to yield, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plow through them. Michel, in one of them, being called upon to surrender, replied, "*The Guard dies, but never surrenders;*" and fell a noble sacrifice to save its honor. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star

that had blazed so brightly over the world, went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle It was worthy of his great name, and the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, with him at their head, will be pointed to by remotest generations with a shudder.

We now come to the expiation of his treason by a public execution. The allies, after they assembled in Paris, demanded some victims to appease their anger. Many were selected, but better counsel prevailed, and they were saved. Ney was a prominent example; he had routed their armies too frequently, and too nearly wrested their crowns from them at Waterloo, to be forgiven. It was intended at first to try him by martial law, but the Marshals of France refused to sit in judgment on so brave, generous, and heroic a warrior. By a royal ordinance, the Chamber of Peers was then directed to try him. Scorning to take advantage of any technicalities of law, he was speedily found guilty and condemned to death, by a majority of a hundred and fifty-two. Seventeen only were found to vote in his favor. That he was guilty of treason in the letter of the charge, is evident, but not to that extent which demanded his death. No man had done more for France than he, or loved her honor and glory with a higher affection; and his ignominious death is a lasting disgrace to the French nation. Justice was the *excuse*, not the *ground* of his condemnation. To have carried out the principle on which his sentence was based, would have ended in a public massacre. Ney and Labedoyere were the only victims offered up to appease an unjust hatred Besides, Ney's person was sacred under a solemn treaty that Wellington had himself made. One of the articles of that treaty, expressly declared that "no person should

be molested for his political conduct or opinions during the hundred days." On such conditions was Paris surrendered, and there never was a more flagrant violation of national honor than the trial of Ney. The whole affair, from beginning to end, was a deliberate murder, committed from feelings of revenge alone. Napoleon never did so base an act in his life—and on Wellington's forehead is a spot that shall grow darker with time, and cause many a curse to be muttered over his grave. He should have interfered to have saved so gallant ar enemy at the hazard of his life, but he let his honor go down before the clamor of vindictive enemies, and became a *murderer* in the sight of the world. *Ney was publicly shot as a traitor.*

His last moments did not disgrace his life. He was called from his bed and a tranquil sleep to hear his sentence read. As the preamble went on enumerating his many titles, he hastily broke in—" why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney,—now a French soldier and soon a heap of dust?" The last interview with his wife and children shook his stern heart more than all the battles he had passed through, or his approaching death. This over he resumed his wonted calmness. In reply to one of his sentinels, who said, Marshal, you should now think of death," he replied, " Do you suppose any one should teach me to die?" But recollecting himself, he added in a milder tone, " Comrade, you are right, send for the Curate of St. Sulpice; I will die as becomes a Christian!" As he alighted from the coach, he advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle. An officer stepping forward to bandage his eyes, he stopped him with the proud interrogation, " Are you ignorant that for twenty

five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?" He then took off his hat, and with his eagle eye, now subdued and solemn, turned towards heaven, said with the same calm and decided voice that had turned the tide of so many battles, "*I declare before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, vive la France!*" He then turned to the soldiers, and gazing on them a moment, struck one hand upon his heart and said, "*my comrades, fire on me.*" Ten balls entered him, and he fell dead. Shame upon his judges that for a single act could condemn one braver and nobler than they all, to so base a death. A sterner warrior never trod a battle field—a kinder heart never beat in a human bosom, and a truer patriot never shed his blood for his country. If France never has a worse traitor, the day of her betrayal will be far distant, and if she has no worse defender, disgrace will never visit her armies. Says Colonel Napier, in speaking of his death, "thus he who had fought *five hundred battles* for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor."

His wife was on her knees before the king praying for his pardon when the fatal news was brought her, and immediately fainted away, then went into convulsions, which well nigh added another victim to this base murder. His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and though he lived twelve years after

never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died.

The great fault in Ney's character was indolence Unless his energies were summoned from their repose by some pressing danger, he was inclined to inactivity Yet this tendency, which has so often been severely censured, is almost necessarily associated with the prodigious power and resolution he possessed. The Lion is not easily roused, and strength is always immobile till there is a call equal to its capacity. The heavy English squares can never be converted into light troops without losing their invincible tenacity.

He was also plain and direct even to bluntness, and often offended his friends by the freedom with which he spoke of their errors. He never lost sight of his low origin, and was never ashamed of it. To some young officers boasting of their rank, titles, &c., he said, "Gentlemen, I was less fortunate than you. I got nothing from my family, and I esteemed myself rich at Metz, when I had two loaves of bread on my table." Simple and austere in his habits, he reminds one of an old Greek or Roman hero. The vacillation of feeling which caused him to commit the great error of his life, adds to our sympathy for him, while it injures the perfection of his character. It led him to be a humane soldier, and when second in command, frequently to disobey orders for the execution of criminals. He died in debt, having saved nothing from all his toils. His last words were for France, and his last injunction to his children, not to treasure any feelings of animosity towards those who had slain him.

A small monument still stands in the garden of the Luxembourg, on the spot where he fell, but his noblest

monument is in the hearts of men, who will take care that his fame survives that of his destroyers.

The Empire of Napoleon had departed for ever—the infamous coalitions had finally triumphed, and despotism slowly settled back to its ancient places, but not to its ancient strength. The putrid mass still heaves on the subdued but not chained billows, and its doom on the Continent is writ. Said Robert Hall, that great as well as good man, "*When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.*" Let those who so readily adopt English authorities respecting Napoleon's wars, ask themselves why this Christian divine and Englishman uttered such a sentiment.

Let all who regard Napoleon as a scourge of his race go and ask Italy and Prussia, and Sweden and Poland —the Waldenses of Piedmont—the Caucassians of Asia—the Jews of Paris, and all the people of France—how much they think they have gained by his overthrow. Let them ask Italy, groaning under Austrian and Papal tyranny till one fruitless conspiracy follows another in quick succession, ending only in the death and banishment of patriots, and the despair of noble hearts. Let them ask the people of Prussia who, when his fearless hand was ringing with such rapid strokes the death-knell of feudalism on the continent, demanded from their king a constitution and congress, and obtained the royal promise they should be given—aye, ask them now, when after long years that promise has not been fulfilled, and the bold man who dare publish the "Fier Fragen" ("four questions") demanding why it had not been fulfilled, has been condemned to two years imprisonment for his presumption. Let them ask Poland, the last symbol of whose nationality disap-

peared forever in the carnage of Waterloo. Let them ask Sweden what she gained by the victory of Dennewitz and the disasters of Leipsic; as she now sits and trembles under the frown of Russia, daring only to throw in her childish complaint as that haughty power threatens momentarily to make of her merely a dependent province in name, as she is in fact. Let them ask the brave and unconquerable tribes that still struggle for their ancient rights amid the forests and mountain gorges of Caucasus, what they think of the success which has emboldened despots to carry out those aggressions which have so long made the world mourn. Let them ask the Waldenses who, under the sword of Napoleon, for the first time saw light beaming on their darkness, and in spite of Papal complaints, and the astonishment of Catholic kings, stood up amid their countrymen, freemen—endowed with all the rights of citizenship, and free to worship God as their consciences dictated—how *they* feel when they think of Waterloo. The shout that despotism sent up from that fatal field, was the knell of their hopes and the end of their joy. From its bloody margin, the wave of oppression surged slowly back, till it covered once more their mountain homes, and the altars of their sacred religion. To them the name of Bonaparte is that of a deliverer—under his sway they sat down in peace and freedom—at his fall they fell in tears, and have wept ever since. Let them ask the thousands of the Jews of Paris who, for the first time under any Christian or infidel king, heard themselves with astonishment called to assemble like free-born subjects, and addressed as men, with promises of future protection, how they regard the Christian thanksgivings that followed the downfall of him on whom his enemies had fixed the brand of "Scourge of God."

Let them ask the people of France, and the lovers of human progress the world over, what man and liberty gained by the disappearance of that power which shed such terror and dismay on the hearts of oppressors. Let silent Italy, and rent Poland, and the starving millions of Europe, have a voice in the general outcry, before the unjust decision is ratified.

The prejudice and falsehood that have loaded France with crime begin already to be detected, and every year will see the woes and sufferings of the wars she carried on, rolled from her shoulders, and laid at the door of England and Russia, and Austria and Prussia.

I have never endeavored to justify Napoleon's wrong acts by offsetting them with similar outrages committed by his foes, nor defend an unjust war of France, because other nations exhibited equal recklessness and want of honesty. The comparisons of this kind have all been made for one single purpose—to prove that Napoleon and France do not deserve the exclusive condemnation which has been meted out to them. I have designed to place Napoleon above the Monarchs that surrounded him, both in virtue and genius—not to make him a model for the conduct of others.

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